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RAILROAD STORIES

MARCH 15¢

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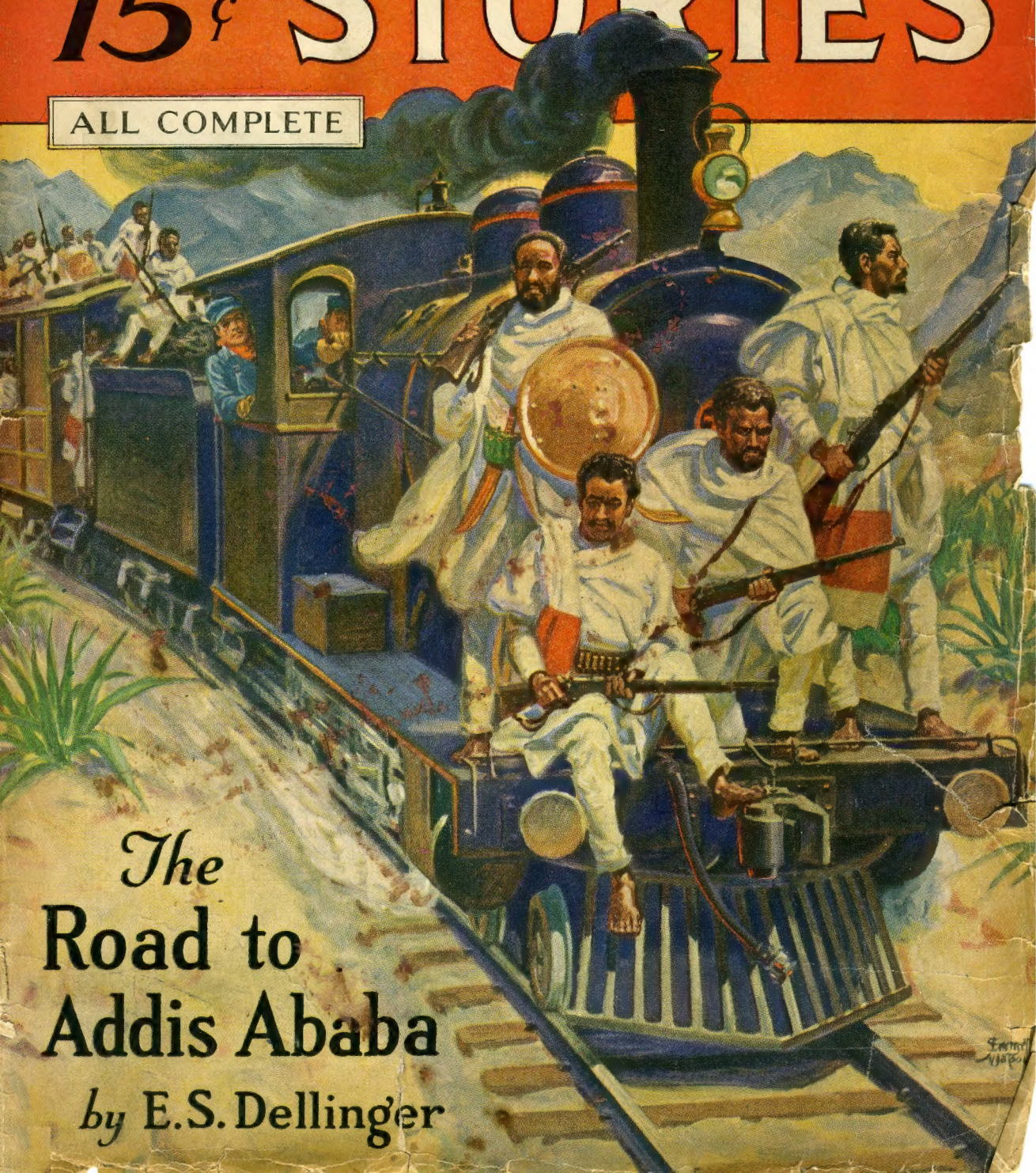

The Road to Addis Ababa

by E.S. Dellinger

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Listerine's success in reducing the number of colds is due to germ-killing action in mouth and throat

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Remember, your cold is accompanied by germs, which invade the body through the mouth and throat. Promptly killed or even held in check, they may do no damage. Allowed to multiply, these bacteria are almost certain to get the upper hand. A mean cold or a nasty sore throat often follows.

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The Safe Pipe-Tobacco

FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

RAILROAD STORIES

MARCH, 1936

This Magazine is on Sale the First of Each Month Preceding Date of Issue

Vol. XIX No. 4

Formerly RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE—*Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office*

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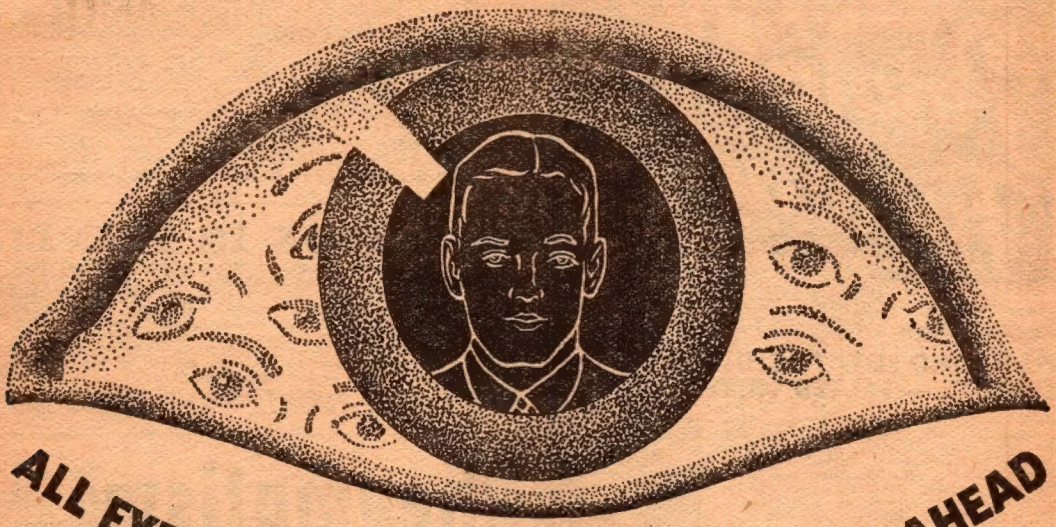

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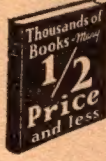

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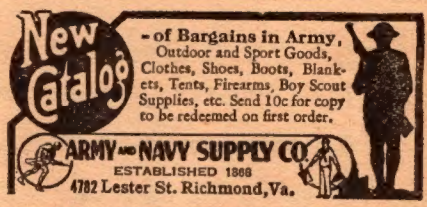
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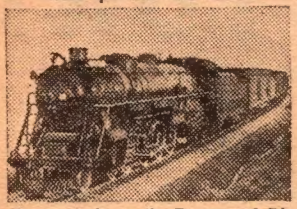

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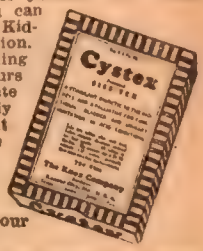

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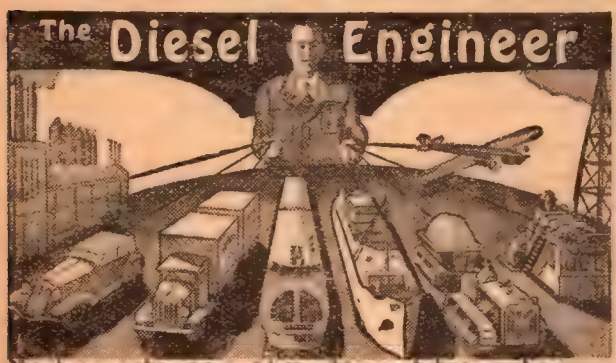

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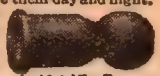

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The Road to Addis Ababa

By E. S. DELLINGER

Ex-Brakeman, Mo.P. and Frisco; Author of "Mileage Hog," etc.

BLACK night in the Southern Rockies. Shadows flitting like prowling ghosts among scattered freight cars in the S.T.&S.F. yards in Weller. "Brick" Donley coming down from the viaduct in answer to a call for a "hot shot stock train east."

Red-haired, blue-eyed, quick-witted, was Donley—brakeman and amateur detective. He located his caboose on Track 5. He followed twenty slatted cars forward, lifting his electric lantern to peer into each.

Donkeys — donkeys — donkeys! Squat, sure-footed beasts of black, drab, gray, and dun, donkeys of the type used in pack trains in the Southwestern highlands.

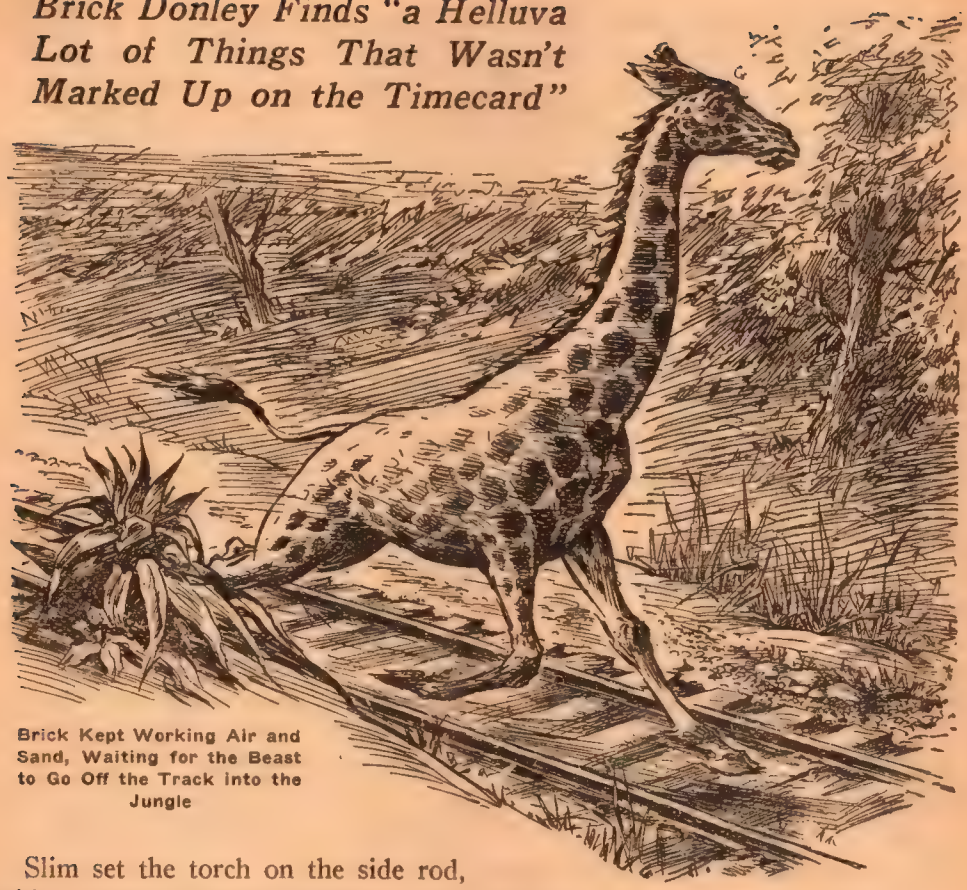
Brick's instinct scented adventure. Never before had he seen more than one car of Mexican mules in a train —yet here were *twenty* rolling east on hot shot schedule!

"Somethin' fishy," he muttered, his blue eyes kindling. "Now I wonder. . . ."

The Mikado backed down the lead. Brick stayed by the head car to make the coupling. Engineer Slim Wiggins, fat and jolly, red bandana knotted behind his thick neck, swung down with torch and tools.

. At the foot of the steps, Brick greeted him with a gay: "Hi, Slim! Could you tell me what started the donkey rush headin' east on highball time?"

Brick Donley Finds "a Helluva Lot of Things That Wasn't Marked Up on the Timecard"



Brick Kept Working Air and Sand, Waiting for the Beast to Go Off the Track into the Jungle

Slim set the torch on the side rod, laid a spanner wrench beside it, and polished a stick of pingrease.

"Ask ol' Hell Bender," he growled. "Or, maybe, seein' as you're Sherlock Holmes the Second . . ."

A man with bag and flashlight came around the end of Track 4. He approached briskly. He was clad in khaki, shod with kid, and crowned with visored cap, from beneath whose edges closely cropped hair of crinkled black protruded.

Brick shot one glance at crinkled hair, at thick lips, at olive skin approaching blackness. He decided the stranger was a Negro mule skinner. But he looked again. He saw a thin nose between piercing eyes—features that were more Arabic than Negroid—and he doubted.

The newcomer set an alligator bag on the cinders, switched off the flashlight, and asked: "Is this the special train of export mules?"

He spoke with studied dignity and in a foreign accent. It was *not* the dialect of a Negro mule skinner.

"Sure thing," said Slim carelessly. "You'll find the way car at the rear."

"Thank you!" The mysterious stranger picked up his bag, switched on his light, and went slowly toward the rear, examining each car of longears as he passed it by.

"I've got a hunch," said Brick, after the dark fellow had gone. He turned a serious face to the engineer. "Didn't your friend say them was *export* mules?"

Slim nodded uncomprehendingly.

"Listen, Slim!" Brick cried triumphantly. "That guy's an Ethiopian! I'd bet a month's pay he bought these mountain beasts to take across the pond to Emperor Haile Selassie."

"Nerts!"

"No nerts about it, Slim. When did you ever see twenty carloads of Mexican donkeys in one train?"

"But these ain't war mules, wise boy," the hogger protested. "War mules come from Missouri—"

"Not for *this* war," said Brick. "This war is mostly up in the mountains. When the Lion of Judah goes roarin' into battle, he wants mules acclimated to stand the gaff. Now, these mountain donkeys . . ."

They argued. Slim wasted good oil. The conductor came with orders. Brick started back to the caboose.

AHEAD of him, moving through the night, the flashlight was gleaming. Brick could see it plainly, knew by its movement when the mule skinner was advancing, when he had paused to flash the light through slatted doors.

The brakeman walked rapidly. Five cars from the engine, he saw a shadow ease between him and the flashlight. This was not alarming. In these gay days of depression every freight has its load of passengers.

It was 10.40 when they left Weller. The conductor remained below, filling out his work reports. The mule skinner sat on the bunk. Brick went into the doghouse to watch the train.

Against the firebox glow he could see two riders atop a car near the engine. He wondered why they were there, because wise hoboes do not ride stock trains when a drag of empties follows on its block. Reckoning they could not steal live mules out of rolling stock cars, Brick let them ride.

At Salt Creek they took siding to meet Nos. 9 and 7 and let No. 6 by them. Slim Wiggins, leaving the fireman in charge of the engine, dropped off at the switch and caught the caboose to sample a watermelon which he and Brick had slipped into the water keg on last trip over. At their invitation, the mule man joined them in their feed.

His presence and Brick's deduction that they were hauling army mules for Africa, turned the conversation to war. Both Slim and the conductor had been in France with the engineers hauling supplies to the armies on the Western Front, back in '17 and '18. They yarned about what befell at Metz and Verdun and St. Nazaire.

The dark stranger did not join the conversation. He smiled knowingly when Brick reckoned that Fate had sure dealt him a dirty deal in having him born too late to get into the fun in Flanders.

The conductor winked at Slim and suggested slyly to Brick, "If you're so keen to get into a scrap, why don't you go to Ethiopia and help King Hal lick Mussolini?"

"I'd sure like to," Brick answered quickly. "There'll be enough thrills in that man's country to last a lifetime."

"And how!" Slim agreed fervently.

The three railroaders talked about thrills, and predicted the outcome of the Italo-Ethiopian tangle. Still the black man said nothing. Only a gleam in the piercing eyes betrayed that he was listening.

Clouds and a thick mist clung to the canyon. No. 9 roared down the grade; her tail lights disappeared into the night. Slim picked up the hunk of melon which he had saved for his fire-

man, and reckoned: "I'll be gettin' on over to the head end, fellers, before it sets in rainin' again."

Brick said: "Wait a minute! I'm goin' with you."

Slim waited. Together they left the caboose, with the conductor writing on his train sheet, and the stranger buttoning on a slicker, preparatory to going out and looking after his donkeys.

BRICK took the lead. On the left were the stock cars. On the right was a storage track filled with empty reefers, separated into cuts of five cars each, with a space of several feet between. Burned-out lightning quivered in the inky sky. Its pale light touched still shadows of the reefers, fixed on two moving ones which quickly disappeared behind the reefers.

"I'd like to know what those birds are doin' around this train tonight?" Brick muttered, half to himself.

"What birds?"

"A pair I've seen two or three times. The way they dart out of sight—"

"Aw, just a couple uh guys tryin' to get over to Wind City. Forget it!"

When Brick came to the opening where the shadows had disappeared, he turned aside to walk through and look about. He could see nothing, even though another flash of light shimmered in the east.

The brakeman went to the engine with Slim. He did not remain for long. He could not shake the feeling that those two men were not following this train solely to get to Wind City. He swung back to the ground and switched off his lantern. Moving cautiously, he proceeded toward the opening where he had seen the shadows disappear.

Shuffling of restless donkeys masked his movement. Brick stopped frequently to listen. Toward the middle of the train he heard voices. They were peculiar voices, speaking in a foreign tongue. Brick tried to figure what tongue. He knew Spanish, snatches of Italian, a little of Russian and German. This was none of those.

Brick stole nearer. He stopped beside a coupling in the mule train. Scarcely two arms' length ahead was the end of a reefer. He could not see it but he knew it was there. Behind it men were jabbering. Brick listened.

A flashlight came off the caboose. Its thin beam moved through the lane between strings of cars. Against its glow he discerned the outline of a head and shoulders. It was close—so close, he thought its owner must hear the beating of his heart. Silently it slipped from sight, and a moment later a guttural voice whispering.

Scarcely breathing Brick backed in between cars to wait. Ominous silence settled over the sleeping village.

NUMBER 6 roared up the canyon, whistled signals at the caboose, and then whistled signals at the engine. Her roar went eastward and faded into a dull whisper.

The mule man came nearer. Brick heard the brisk *rap-rap-rap!* of heels on gravel. He heard the pause, and felt the darkness when the fellow turned his light from the path in front to the slatted cars at his side, looking over his long-eared charges.

And in the darkness, the waiting brakeman discerned a movement—the flash of an uplifted arm—the glint of light on steel—the steel of a gleaming dagger!

With a harsh cry he leaped into action. Right fist shot out. Struck flesh. Cracked bone.

The knife left the assassin's hand.

With an oath, the mule man whirled. His light flooded the scene.

Panic seized the attackers. One of them fled. The other, whom Brick had downed, came up leaping for life. Brick grabbed for him. Found cloth. Held tight. The fellow wrenched free, leaving the cuff of a woolen sleeve in the brakeman's grasp.

For a second or two Brick saw him; saw a black face distorted with hate or terror, saw features hard and evil, saw hooked nose, beady eyes, kinky hair cropped close. What impressed him most in that glimpse were thick lips, the upper one of which carried a deep scar to the right of the nose, as if slitted by knife or sabre.

Brick saw also the right arm with four scars forming the links of a chain which reached from elbow almost to wrist. These flashed across his vision, then the men were gone. They vanished as they had vanished before—into the darkness, out among the standing cars, fading into shadow.

Brick and the mule custodian faced each other. Both were panting, but the black man's white teeth were showing in an ivory smile, and he came forward with a slender hand before him.

"I am Taro Auri," he said simply, "humble servant of His Majesty, the Emperor Haile Selassie, King of Kings—"

"His Majesty," Brick interrupted with a nervous chuckle, "come darn near being minus a servant."

For a moment the "humble servant" was taken aback. Then his smile widened.

"Except," he answered smoothly, "for the intervention of the faithful bodyguard."

Brick had read of an old Ethiopian custom which decrees that no person of importance may go out unless attended by a bodyguard. He was not sure he appreciated the doubtful honor, but Taro Auri was continuing with disarming frankness:

"You see, I was educated in the University of Arizona at Tucson. Because I knew these Southwestern highlands, I was dispatched here to arrange for the purchase of several thousand mules, for service in the mountain regions surrounding our capital, Addis Ababa—in case," he added blandly, "prolonged war should make their use necessary. I myself am accompanying the first shipment."

"Who were those thugs?" Brick jerked a thumb toward the darkness.

"I do not know. I could not see them. Perhaps they were—how do you say it—*hi-jackers?*"

"Not them," Brick growled. "They looked like Ethiopians to me."

"In that case," Taro Auri explained, "they might be traitors to His Majesty—perhaps employed by the enemy."

THE young Ethiopian stooped to pick up the knife which his attacker had let fall. He examined it, handed it to Brick with one whispered word, "Venetian!"

Brick observed the design on its carved handle and returned it. Remembering that he, too, had a souvenir, he switched on his lantern, and examined the piece of cloth torn from a shirt sleeve.

It was woolen in olive drab, such as goes into the O.D. uniform of the American army. Attached to it was a single button. He inspected the button. It carried the emblem of the Roman eagles. Silently he handed the evidence to his companion.

The Ethiopian's eyes blazed. "The sheep," he said bitterly, "wears wolf's clothing."

He returned the trinket. Brick slipped it into an overall pocket, and they went together toward the caboose.

Until now the Ethiopian had been uncommunicative. Alone with Brick he talked freely. Finally he broached the subject of the war in his homeland —the last independent country in Africa.

"If I recall correctly, Mr. Donley," he reminded, "you expressed the desire to join us in our fight for liberty."

The brakeman nodded. "That's right. No Irishman likes to stand around and watch a little fellow get run over by a big one."

"Irishman," murmured the Ethiopian. "I can understand that. The noble president of your Irish Free State was one of our staunchest champions at the League of Nations conference which branded Italy as the aggressor."

"Yes, I know," said Brick, "but I'm really an American for two generations back. Still, I have a hankering for excitement—"

The other man interrupted gravely: "You must understand, of course, that this is a real war—a war to the finish. Whoever joins us may meet his friends in Paradise sooner than he thinks."

Brick assured the dark man that he understood. Miles went down the grade toward Weller. The mule herder painted vivid pictures of his native land.

"If you would join us," he ventured, "we might find a job for you on our railway."

"Really!" exclaimed Brick. The call of adventure was ringing through his soul.

Taro Auri beamed. "Yes. From here, I could take you as—let us say —a sort of assistant chaperon to the donkeys. Once in Addis Ababa, it could easily be arranged. We need men trained in railroad work. I am sure His Majesty would welcome you."

Later, they stopped in the yard at Wind City, and Brick went to talk the proposition over with Slim Wiggins. Since that night fifteen years ago when Slim had persuaded a railroad bull to "payroll" Brick to him and the "Widder" Haner rather than send him to the reform school for a slight blunder, the red-headed youth and the fat engineer had been pals. Now, however, Slim was not sanguine.

"You'd better stay here in the U. S. A., where yuh belong," Slim advised. "You go messin' around over there among them furriners, an' you're liable to let loose a drag uh machine-gun bullets that ain't got no brakes on 'em—"

"You messed around among the furriners in France for nineteen months," Brick reminded him.

"Yeah, but that was a civilized war in a civilized country."

"Ethiopia's a civilized country, ain't it?" the brakeman retorted. "Why, Slim, them guys was near the first Christians. Ethiopia was Christian even before Rome was. They've got a church on every hill."

"Yeah, an' they keep lions for house cats, an' eat raw meat . . ."

The railroaders argued long. After all, what railroader doesn't relish a good argument? Brick was bent on going. Finally Slim countered:

"Tell yuh what, kid. If yuhr colored friend can use a good hoghead on his iron pike, I'll get me a leave of absence an'—"

"Why, you couldn't go, Slim," the brakeman protested. "You're too fat for that kind o' life."

Slim flared up. "Me too fat? Why, you're crazy! If that kinky-head has room for a hogger, I'll put in with yuh, an' we'll go across together." The engineer was becoming enthusiastic as a youngster. "Come to think about it, I'd kind of like the feel of one of them old Frog teakettles under my heels again. Why, you know when I was runnin' troops out of Brest. . . ."

And Slim was off on another recital of what befell when he "parley-vooed" with French maidens, drank *vin rouge*, and helped Woodrow make millionaires of thieving politicians.

"Yessir," he concluded, "I'd sure love to get into the game again."

African Treachery

TARO AURI wanted Brick but was not anxious for Slim. Maybe he thought Slim was to old for strenuous service. Brick was insistent, kept telling the Ethiopian how much Slim knew about French engines, and how he had been behind the lines in the big war. Finally it was agreed that Slim Wiggins should go.

The Ethiopian went east with donkeys, while the two railroaders arranged affairs at home. At first the super scouted the idea of their going. Slim asked jokingly:

"What if we wasn't ever to come back? Why, it would jist give a lot of guys below us a chance to slip up a notch in seniority."

Official consent was finally given; and the two adventurers hurried on to meet their new employer in Kansas City.

Kansas City, Chicago, New York; the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, the mouths of the Nile, the Red Sea—all were behind. Weeks leading toward autumn had passed quickly. Aboard the British ship, the Americans had looked in daily on their donkeys, but the young Ethiopian had taken most of the time preparing Brick and Slim for their entry into his native land.

He had set diligently to the task of teaching such bits of Amharic language as they would find most useful in their calling.

Now and then he entertained them with history. He told how the Queen of Sheba had gone on her journey to Jeru Salem, to the court of Hakim (doctor) Solomon, hoping that he might heal an ailment which had made her lame from birth; and, how, returning home, she had given birth to a son of the Hebrew king, who had become Menelik I, founder of the dynasty of which the present emperor was a scion.

He pointed out that Ethiopia was a nation hedged in by potential enemies, shut off from the sea by an iron ring of European colonies. He told them how the Italians, in order to have a railway paralleling the British sea route to India through the Suez Canal, had determined to seize a strip of northern Ethiopia and build a line of their own from the Eritrean seaport of Massua through the provinces of Danakil and Harar, and across Italian Somaliland to the Indian Ocean.

In the dawn of an August morning, their ship glided to the docks at Jibouti.* Burnished sun crawled up skies of molten copper. To the east scorching rays fell on the floor of rippled

** Editor's note: Also spelled Jibuti and Djibouti. There are several different ways of spelling African names.*

glass; to the south, they sought white-washed walls jutting up from crooked streets, and groped out across the barren desert which stretched mile on mile into the south to blend with the purple horizon.

From the moment the two Americans had passed Port Said, turning their backs on that which they knew and facing the Orient with its mystery, the lure of adventure had become intensified. From the deck, they now stared over the scene, and Brick remarked:

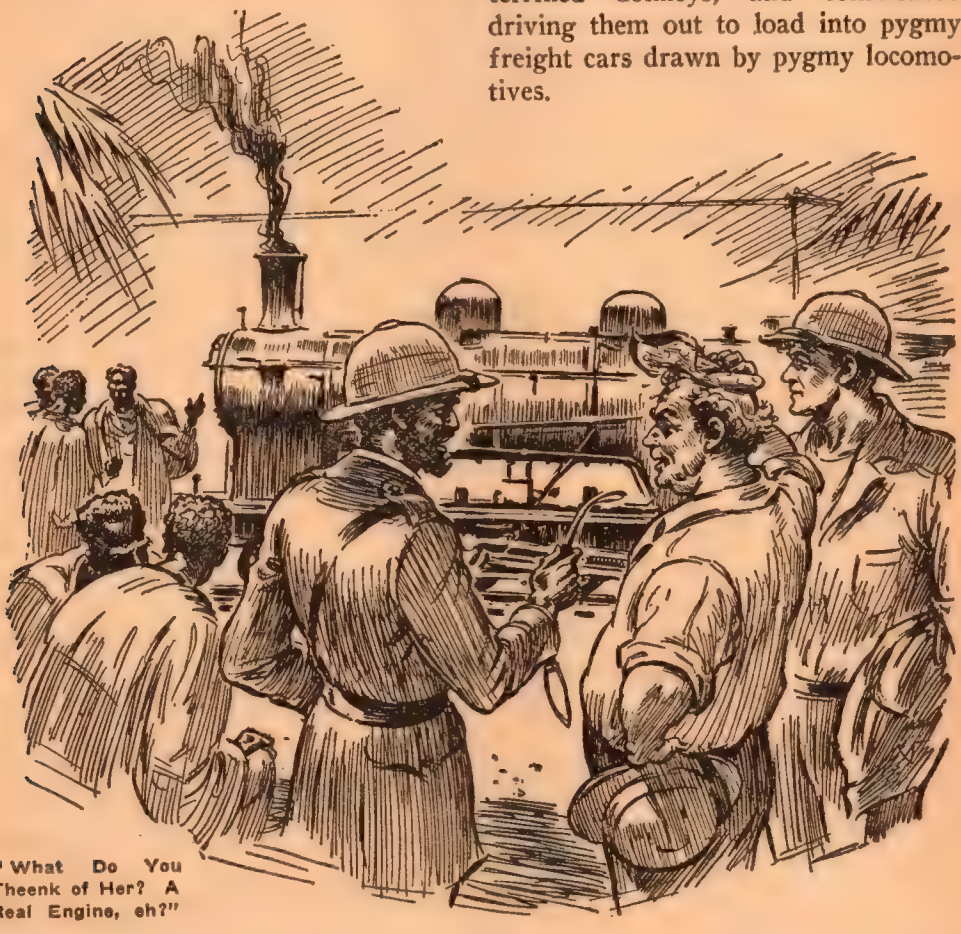
"Looks like the Mojave desert."

"Looks like hell," growled Slim.

He hushed. Taro Auri was going ashore. Clad now in the natty uniform of the service, he appeared more like an Ethiopian prince than a mule herder.

"You men can stay on board until we start discharging the cargo," he instructed, "then you can come ashore."

RED tape was soon unwound. Babbling natives took charge of the terrified donkeys, and commenced driving them out to load into pygmy freight cars drawn by pygmy locomotives.



"What Do You Theenk of Her? A Real Engine, eh?"

The Americans, relieved of their charge, were now free to explore Jibouti. They found the town alive with people of all nations, army officers in uniform, news reporters and photographers, dollar-grabbing business men

swarming like flies about the juicy morsel of Ethiopian trade.

There were American automobile salesmen, French airplane representatives, British steel and textile men, Belgian munition makers, Indian, Arabic, and Egyptian merchants—all bent on getting into the interior at the earliest possible moment.

The train for Addis Ababa pulled up to the station. She was drawn by one of the newer type locomotives. Brick and Slim wormed their way through the crowds to inspect her. The engine was a 2-8-0 type of French build. Her cylinders were 18½ by 21½ inches. Her drivers were well under four feet, with a wide platform surrounding the frame, and with the boiler set high above. She had air brakes, automatic couplers, and a superheater, and she carried 180 pounds pressure.

While they were looking her over, Taro Auri came by. "What do you theenk of her?" he beamed. "A real engine, eh?"

Brick agreed she was.

Slim said: "She looks like the narrow-gage pigs the D.&R.G.W. runs outa Durango. Why has she got such a big tank?"

"Deserts," laughed the Ethiopian. "We do not have water stations every ten miles on our railway."

Guards were loading passengers. A group of older Ethiopians came by. They were clad in white flowing *shammas* and accompanied each by his bodyguard. The brakeman watched them approach. In the movement of the center one was something familiar. When they were six steps away, Brick's eyes widened. He gulped, swallowed, laid a hand on Taro Auri's arm.

"Did you see that man?"

"What man?"

Brick jerked a thumb toward the receding trio. "The one in the middle. He's the fellow who tried to knife you that night back in Salt Creek."

The Ethiopian stiffened. "You must be mistaken, Mr. Donley."

"I'm not mistaken," Brick answered with equal firmness. "I'd know that split lip and the devil's face among a million."

"Preposterous! That man is Amada Yesus, one of His Majesty's most trusted—"

"I don't care who he is. He—"

"But it could not be, Mr. Donley," He gave Brick a warning glance. After a brief pause, he added significantly: "Do not make the further mistake of voicing your opinions in public. *Remember, you will sleep tonight in Ethiopia!*"

Taro Auri touched a knife in his belt, a knife whose handle had been carved in Venice. Brick fingered a strip of cloth to which was attached a button bearing the emblem of Roman eagles.

TARO AURI melted into the crowd. The train left town, carrying away Amada Yesus and his bodyguard. Brick and Slim remained on the platform. When the train had become a speck in the desert, Brick said to the American hogger:

"I've always read about plots, treachery, and intrigue in these eastern countries. I figured it was a lot of hooey. It seems now as if we're fixed to meet with a few sections of it here in Ethiopia."

"Seems to me," growled the hoghead, "like we're fixed to meet with a helluva lot of things that wasn't marked up on the timecard when we was called."

Before war clouds gathered, four freight trains a day and two passengers a week had left Jibouti for Addis Ababa. Now there was a steady stream of them flowing in either direction; carrying grain, cotton, guns, munitions, benzine, gasoline, automobiles and other supplies for the armies of the King of Kings, and running empties back to load and go again.

Throughout the forenoon, Brick and Slim divided their time between watching these trains move into and out of the yard, admiring the native girls, and laughing at mule skinners who loaded donkeys into freight cars.

Swarms of men, some in the dirty white, mostly in the rainbow colors of Somaliland, stormed and shouted, swore and threatened. But despite noise and bluster, it took them six hours to do a job which four New Mexico punchers would have done in two.

When the cars were loaded, they were made up into three trains, and "Frog teakettles"—as Slim dubbed the French freight engines—were coupled into them.

Taro Auri, whose word carried weight even in Jibouti, eighty miles from the frontier of his own country, had a passenger car thrown on the rear of the last train. He and the two Americans, together with armed native guards, boarded this car and left Jibouti in the waning afternoon of a day of hellish heat, to begin their trek of nearly five hundred miles on the road to Addis Ababa.

Brick did not again mention the man with the slitted lip, but that distorted face hovered like a spirit of evil in his consciousness. Its malice was enhanced by the view which passed incessantly by his window. Desert it was, desert of rocks and sand, parched and blistered by a heat which even at twilight was almost unbearable.

Daylight faded. Darkness blotted out scenes of desolation. Toward midnight they crossed the border into Ethiopia at the little town of Daounle and proceeded up toward Diredawa.

Diredawa is two hundred miles from Jibouti. In that distance the road climbs four thousand feet to the rugged plateau. From Diredawa to Awash it threads through the rocks of this plateau to the foot of the mountains, where the real Ethiopia sits perched on the rim of the world.

Daylight came. Brick noticed that the land had changed. Last night there had been the thirst-tortured desert of rock and sand with heat waves shimmering on it. This morning, there was still the desert; but now the rocks, formed of lava vomited from the very core of the African continent, were gigantic boulders piled tier on tier into the distance. The region reminded him of his own *malpai* land of New Mexico and Arizona, only vastly more rugged and chaotic.

ALL through the morning the little engine labored on the grade toward Diredawa, threading through ever-changing masses of jumbled *malpai,* climbing, ever climbing

Watching far horizons, Brick was aware that out there to the west, out beyond the farthest skyline, lay the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan with the muddy snake of the swollen Nile writhing through it, bearing life to the land which had cradled civilization.

He knew, too, that closer still than the Nile, hostile troops were marshalling on the shores of the Red Sea; that a hundred thousand or so men, under command of General Emilio de Bono had already invaded Ethiopia.

He realized with a shudder that an air squadron commanded by Il Duce's son-in-law, Count Ciano, was with them. At any moment he might come roaring over these very rails, hurling death upon helpless railroaders.

Taro Auri knew his way around the railroad. He boarded moving trains with ease and walked the tops like a monkey. Toward noon he took them over to the engine. He jabbered with the driver. The latter grinned wisely, slipped out of his seat, and watching every movement, permitted Slim Wiggins to take his place at the throttle.

Slim had been feeling blue, but from the moment his feet touched the hammering cab floor, his eyes gleamed with interest—the interest which thrills the soul of anyone who has a man's job to do and knows how to do it.

Slim had handled sister engines to this one in France in '17. He knew tricks about their moods and fancies which even the builder had never learned. When he took the throttle, the steam was down and she was hogging to five miles an hour on the grade. Slim shouted to his pal:

"Get busy and build a fire under this teakettle!"

Brick did so. Instead of coal, wood, oil or electricity, *briquettes* are used on the Franco-Ethiopian motive power—firm masses of coal dust, tar or other fuel.

He relieved the grateful fireman. Slim shouted a few directions on how to "fire this baby," and tinkered with valves and gadgets. The steam gage began climbing. The exhaust changed pitch and tempo. They topped the grade with the pop valve spouting and the wheels hammering the rails at ten miles an hour.

The driver grunted approval. Taro Auri cried gleefully:

"You're all right, Mr. Wiggins. I'm glad you've come to Ethiopia."

Slim was then . . . but before night was done, he was not too sure of it.

LATE in the afternoon they reached Diredawa. This modern village with its American-educated mayor is the first of importance out of Jibouti. It is through here to the old Moslem capital of Harar that the Italians—when and if they conquer Ethiopia—propose to build their Danakil-Harar-Ogaden railway.

This place is a division point on the Franco-Ethiopian line. The stock train pulled into the little yard. Brick and Slim followed the engine to the sheds, and then came back by their train.

It was late dusk, now. Natives were running water into metal troughs. Donkeys drank greedily. Jabbering, shouting, the attendants refilled the troughs.

Sauntering by, the two Americans watched the men and mules, with torchlight flickering over them. Near the third car from the head end, Brick noticed a small carton lying on the cinders. It looked like a package of cigarettes.

He kicked it lightly. It was not empty. He picked it up. Instead of cigarettes, it contained five small glass vials. There had been six. Each was filled with a white powder.

Brick studied the strange characters on the wrapper. He could not read them. Slim wise-cracked. They debated whether to keep the stuff or throw it away.

While they argued, a native hurried forward. He was carrying a torch and scanning the ground. When he was a half-car-length away, he stopped suddenly, stared at Slim and the pack-

age, gave a terrified grunt, jerked the fold of his dirty white *shamma* over his face, and fled into the night.

Brick and Slim exchanged glances. They did not speak. They moved with quickened step toward the lights of the station. Beside the sixth car Slim stooped. When he straightened, his hand held an empty vial. He handed it silently to Brick. *It fitted into the carton with the five!*

"What do you figger?" he queried.

"Dope, probably," Brick answered shortly. "Smugglers, maybe."

He slipped the carton into his pocket, and forgot about it—for a while.

They had an excellently cooked meal in the little restaurant. When they had eaten, they returned to the station. It was neatly built of stone and bore on the front the inscription, "*Chemin de Fer Franco-Ethiopien.*" Slim, who knew his French, explained to Brick that this "shimmin-de-fur" was what the Frenchie called a railroad.

Taro Auri was on the platform. Two natives in white *shammas* were with him. Brick and the engineer walked by. Brick noticed first that these *shammas* were of fancy weave. He observed also that the three were watching him and Slim. Then he recognized one of them as the man with the slitted lip!

He stopped and stared. The hard eyes stared on past him, as if he were not there. Unconsciously he touched the pocket where reposed the package of white powder, and a finger of ice tickled his spine.

Taro Auri called them, introduced them to "His Excellency—Mayor of Diredawa," and to *Dejazmatch** Yesus, imperial representative in a province far to the south.

Brick eyed the *dejazmatch.* He noted that slitted lip, observed that the right arm which should carry four scars forming a chain, was concealed beneath a fold of the *shamma.* He ached to say: "I believe we've met before." But he did not say it. He was in Ethiopia now.

The imperial agent was coldly formal. If he remembered a previous meeting, he did not indicate it.

THE mayor sloughed formality and shook hands American fashion. In excellent English he welcomed the two Americans to his land and to his city.

"You are from the West, Mr. Auri tells me," beamed the official.

"Yessir," returned Brick. "From Colorado and New Mexico."

"I studied four years in Denver," the mayor informed him. "Denver is a wonderful city. If I were not living in Ethiopia, I should wish—"

He hushed. Commotion had arisen among the attendants feeding donkeys. Several of them were running up the platform. Jabbering, weeping, bowing, scraping, they were all trying to talk at once. Brick could understand enough of the lingo to know they were talking about donkeys. What they said, he did not know.

Taro Auri seemed greatly disturbed. He followed the lead of the natives running back along the train. The mayor was at his heels. The eyes of the *dejazmatch* gleamed, the slitted lip curled in a snarl. He followed also, not too rapidly.

Brick and Slim trailed along. They passed many cars of donkeys. Up ahead, animals were kicking and groaning. When he reached the fifth car he became aware that in it some of

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** Editor's note: In Ethiopia "Ras" is native ruler of a province, a king; "Shum" is tribal ruler of a village; "Dejazmatch" is an agent sent out from the imperial throne to rule.*

the patient beasts were dying, many already dead. Of the entire load not one was on its feet.

Terrified tribesmen cried, gesticulating wildly. Ethiopian officials looked on. Brick remembered the empty vial and the package with five full ones. He fumbled with it, started to speak to Taro Auri. He saw the latter exchange meaningful glances with the mayor of Diredawa.

The *dejazmatch* lifted his eyes to heaven and muttered Amharic words in pious tones. Having spoken, he turned toward the station, the mayor with him.

Taro Auri started after, but Brick detained him with a silent touch on the sleeve, and asked:

"What's the matter with them?"

"The *dejazmatch*," Taro Auri murmured softly, "says that a certain hawk must have flown between them and the sun."

"Hawk?" snapped Brick. "Then, mister, I've got the eggshell the hawk was hatched out of; and I've got five more hawk eggs that ain't hatched yet."

He slipped the carton into Taro Auri's hand. The young Ethiopian glanced at it, nodded understandingly, and slipped it into his pocket.

They cut out their car of poisoned donkeys. Not another mule was afflicted. They left Diredawa three hours after dark.

Time was when trains ran this iron only in daylight. When the road was new, fierce tribesmen, defying imperial edict, had lifted rails and sent the "fire-breathing dragon" into bottomless gorge while they danced and rejoiced in orgies of glee. Only since 1932 had the Jibouti Express been put on running in the darkness. Even then the men who ran it knew they were flirting with the devil and the undertaker at every turn of the drivers.

Brick slept in the coach. Toward midnight they went into the hole at a lonely outpost station to let the Jibouti Express by. He yawned, arose and went to the head end.

It was dark. He had never known how utterly dark an African night could be.

The brakeman tried to realize that within a few hours he would be in charge of one of these freight trains, riding this weird iron, heading into lonely sidings, forced to walk alone through black night where unseen eyes could peer upon him. It was with a feeling of relief that he returned to the rear where there were lights and other human beings.

He tried to sleep. Nightmare prodded, prodded with long-handled spears, backed by evil eyes and slitted lips which curved up in ugly snarls. He awoke to stare at the swaying car roof. He was glad when came the dawn.

IN early morning they went through Afdam and pulled on toward Awash. On the left were towering mountains—the Ahmar and the Gugu. On the right, out where the horizon touched earth, was the Awash River, that tumbling stream which plunges out of the mountains of Ethiopia and loses its way in desert sands.

Throughout the morning they threaded through narrow, crooked gorges, crossed chasms on spidery trestlework, crept along ledges cut in dizzy cliffs, whence the jar of rolling wheels sent loosened gravel catapulting down a sheer half-mile to the depths below.

Fleet-footed antelope singly and in herds dashed away from the noise of the train. Ugly vultures floated in the

equatorial sky. The natives of Danakil province, clad in rags and armed with spears, filtered through insignificant hamlets.

In late afternoon the train topped a rise and rolled down into Awash. This town, with its mud huts, its mosquito-ridden hotel and its railway yards and station, is another division point.

Again they stopped to feed and water donkeys. Filthy, half-clad natives loitered. Brick eyed them closely. Taro Auri warned armed guards to watch the train. Donkeys ate and drank, and the train left Awash in the late twilight.

Leaving Awash, Brick knew they would cross the river, leaving behind the desert province of Danakil, with its poverty, rags and spears. They would enter Shoa—Shoa the magnificent, Shoa the beautiful—which was the real Ethiopia.

Shoa, Taro Auri had informed him, had once been called *Sheba.* This land of scenic grandeur had been the home of the proud queen. From it she had gone on her thousand-mile journey to King Solomon's court.

Nightfall, train again in motion, night black and stifling as the tomb. Slowly they dragged up interminable grades, grades which grew ever steeper. Toward midnight they reached one which the engine could not climb. They stopped.

Brick and his black friend had been talking. The young Ethiopian had been giving him advice, for when they reached Addis Ababa their ways would part. Brick would enter railway service, standing or falling on his ability to do the job and hold his head. Taro Auri—he did not know whither his lord might send him.

They hushed, waited, listened. They knew when the engineer had raised his steam; when he had failed again to pull up the hill; when he had cut off cars and taken half his train on up with him.

Windows were open. Breathless night hung on wet verdure which touched the very sides of the car in which they sat. Dense tropical verdure hemmed them in.

From somewhere on the night, out where the River Awash flowed, came a series of harsh, hoarse coughs, ending in a long-drawn roar. The short hairs on Brick's neck became bristles. He looked at Taro Auri. The Ethiopian smiled bleakly.

"*Tidlik ambassa Kufano,*" he explained. "The big fierce lion. A few yet remain. He roars when he smells our donkeys. He will molest neither them nor us. He fears the train."

BRICK listened. The sound came again, and yet again. Out in the cars a donkey brayed.

"We must go quiet the poor devils," said Taro Auri.

He switched on his flashlight. The American arose to follow. Halfway to the door, the Ethiopian returned, opened his bag and took out two automatic pistols. One of them he handed to Brick.

"You may not need it," he murmured, "but 'tis well to be prepared."

Brick thought then his companion referred to the roaring lion. Soon he knew otherwise.

They slipped down the steps past the guard into the weed-grown track. Wet foliage slapped their faces. Donkeys pawed and snorted restlessly. They grew quiet when the men went by.

At the forward end of the cut a native guard was stationed. He was leaning against the end of the car,

when they came around it. His rifle was standing on the ground beside him.

Taro Auri spoke. The guard did not answer. Muttering in Amharic, the young Ethiopian turned a flashlight beam upon him. The eyes were glazed. The gleam found a rent in the khaki uniform under the left armpit. It was smeared and smudged with blood, where a tribal spear had found its mark and been withdrawn.

Brick gulped and swallowed. Taro Auri grabbed the whistle from his pocket, blew a loud shrill blast. The blast was answered from the rear.

Before the echo of the answer had died in the sodden stillness, Brick heard a faint rustling in the foliage just ahead—a faint rustling, a sudden swish, a sharp blow on wood.

He jumped. Taro Auri jumped. The flashlight flickered for a second and went out. *Sticking in the wooden wall of the car squarely between them was the head of a tribal spear, its wooden handle wobbling viciously!*

Taro Auri tugged at Brick's arm, whispered, "Down!" He did not have to speak twice. Other spears followed quickly. Taro Auri's automatic clicked, spat seven spurts of flame.

Whether bullets found their mark he did not know. Three guards came rushing. Rifles at the "ready," they beat through the growth along the track. They found nothing.

Long afterward the engine returned. Guards carried the slain man to the rear. When he had been duly covered with a blanket, Slim Wiggins, who had come alive by now, asked in an awed tone: "Do such things happen often in this country?"

The Ethiopian smiled his bleak, mirthless smile. "I have many enemies," he replied. "My great country has many enemies among a people who do not understand. My enemies—my country's enemies—will be your enemies. We must be prepared for anything—any time—on the road to Addis Ababa."

The Conquering Lion of Judah

THEY proceeded to the capital. There they met Emperor Haile Selassie. An umbrella bearer shielded the Conquering Lion of Judah from the fierce African sun. Brick looked at the monarch with mingled curiosity and respect, and sized him up as a kindly man with a keen, intelligent face.

Haile Selassie greeted the two Americans through his interpreter, Taro Auri. He welcomed them to Ethiopia, thanked them for their aid to his valued agent, and accepted their proffered service. He did not entertain them. After all, Brick and Slim were only wandering rails.

Business was at a rush. Men were scarce. The Americans went immediately to work. They found railroad men of other nations already on the job. There were engineers and conductors from England, France and Belgium—boomers seeking adventure on the iron trail, adventure and the gold of Shoa.

New duties called; new sights, new adventures thrilled. Brick and Slim worked diligently learning the language, rules and customs. Trip after trip they made to Hadama, to Awash, to Diredawa.

Always there was something new, something strange. Sometimes in the

glint of the equatorial sun rising out of the Gugu Mountains, Brick saw a clumsy rhinoceros breakfasting on the banks of the Awash. Often in the dull glow of the midnight moon he would hear the roar of a lion far out in the grass lands. In streets of the capital itself he heard the laugh of hyenas—garbage collectors of the Ethiopian highlands! Seldom a day passed, but a herd of bush buck, or other antelope, galloped away, frightened by the roar of the passing train.

In excitement, rush, and bustle, the brakeman from the S.T.&S.F. almost forgot the threat which hung over him, almost forgot the flash of that knife in the yard at Salt Creek, the groans of donkeys dying in the yard at Diredawa, the *ping* of a spear into the end of a freight car on the hill beyond Hadama, almost forgot the warning which Taro Auri had uttered that night in the hush of death.

Almost, but not quite. Other scenes there were which favored not forgetfulness. There was the incessant tramp-tramp-tramp of shoeless feet through the muddy streets of Addis Ababa. There were camp fires glowing under groves of blue gum trees which the Emperor had planted to replace juniper and acacia cleared away by his people, to warm cold bodies in the mountain winter.

Yes, and booming guns and humming airplanes—reminders all that war was in the air, war in which he must act his part.

DAYS lengthened into weeks before anything happened. The rainy season had ended. A cruel tropical sun beat down upon the smiling land of Ethiopia, whose southern border is only 200 miles from the equator.

As weeks passed and reports filtered in to the capital of the Italian advance, with minor victories and minor setbacks, but no big battles, Brick and Slim observed ever increasing bustle and unrest. Vaster numbers of fierce tribesmen from mountain and desert, some clad in rags and others in costly *shammas,* swarmed through the streets on their way to the front.

Old men were seamed and battle-scarred, young men full of zeal and courage. The warriors changed quickly into khaki, padding, ever padding, barefoot through the streets, marching, twisting, turning, training under foreign military experts, training one and all to meet the enemy.

This time, not with age-old weapons of stone and steel would they meet him. These, their *Negus* told them, would bring them only bondage, defeat and death. To meet the new menace in war they must exchange spear and knife for machine gun and anti-aircraft rifles. Modern weapons would bring them victory, liberty and life.

These things he told them, but not all believed. Those there were who despised the new and sought to overthrow it.

One morning Brick and Slim brought up a train load of small arms and ammunition. They were never easy when they moved explosives, for Brick could not shake the feeling that Death was lurking in every car, in every flitting shadow. Death, driven on by a black man with a slitted lip and a chain of spear scars on the right lower arm.

They expected to return early. They tried to sleep in a hot lodging-house bed. They scarcely dozed. Gray afternoon drew toward dripping night.

Taro Auri had been promoted from imperial purchasing agent to imperial traffic manager. He steered traffic,

oversaw lading and train movement, even whispered to officials what crews should handle important trains. He did some whispering that afternoon. In the late twilight Brick and Slim were ordered, solemnly, mysteriously.

The upland came under the pall of night. Although the rainy season had officially ended, the night was dank and rainy. The two Americans were tired, sore and sleepy. Slim said things about two "damn fools who ain't go no more sense than to leave a good job in the U. S. A. an' come over here hornin' into furrin rackets instead uh stayin' home tendin' to their own business."

Brick did not argue. He was too weary to argue. They splashed down past the ornate railway station with spires thrust up into darkness. A hush was over it. Tight-lipped officials, clad in khaki, moved through the night giving low-toned commands. Brick knew something was up. He wondered what.

They trudged silently across the yards. Engines were under steam—two wrecks of the early nineties and a newer "400" type like the one they had seen the day they had arrived in Jibouti.

"I reckon," growled Slim, "we'll get one of them cussed, decrepit scrap piles with no brakes, an' no—"

"Who worries?" Brick retorted.

"The Emperor don't," said Slim.

IN the yard office Taro Auri was waiting. With him was the yardmaster, Terrence O'Grady, who had railroaded in "The Styates," in the Dominion, and on the Cape to Cairo, and had come here to organize things for the King of Kings. Both men looked worried.

Taro Auri said: "Donley, you and Wiggins are getting the Imperial Special out of here." He spoke as if he feared the walls had ears.

"The Imperial Special?" Slim gasped. He had never pulled anything but freights in this land of Ethiopia. "Where—"

"Don't ask fool questions, Yank!" the yardmaster growled. "Fetch that new jack off the cinder pit, and couple it into that streak of varnish on track Five."

He jerked a thumb toward the new yard which had been laid out since his coming, toward a short track buried between two long ones.

The Americans went out treading air. To handle His Majesty's own train—that was distinction. Then they remarked that in whatever land or station one finds himself, preferment brings hazard and responsibility. Slim whispered:

"What if somethin' was to happen to that—that gilded streak tonight, kid?"

"Nothing can happen to it, Slim," Brick answered fervently. "If it does, there'll be two guys meetin' friends in Paradise."

The imperial train. It had five cars. The head one was armored and loopholed. It carried half the bodyguard. Behind it were baggage and equipment car, a coach, and the imperial rolling palace. On the rear was a second armored car, filled as the head one had been with the new soldiery, khaki-clad and armed with machine guns.

Slipping ghostlike from the short track, they stopped the train before the stone station. There was no ballyhoo, nor noise, nor commotion. No torches flared, no trumpets blared. A string of American-built motor cars drew up at the platform. The imperial bodyguard spread out. Unheralded, unannounced, the King of Kings climbed

sedately to his wheeled palace. Guards filed to position in armored cars. Other guards took station on open platforms.

Brick and Slim, under orders giving them a clear track to Awash, with instructions to proceed at the highest speed consistent with safety, left Addis Ababa two hours after dark.

How did a treacherous *ras* in Ogaden know when that train would leave and who would run it? How does the traitor ever know? The *ras* knew, and his treacherous henchmen.

SHUM BALCHA was ruler of a village in the Gugu Mountains, east from Awash. When the railroad had been built, his fearless brother, mistaking locomotive for fire-breathing dragon which must be slain, had gone forth single-handed with his spear to do the job. Leaping bravely into the track ahead of the oncoming monster working along its trail of iron, he had met it head-on—and had been devoured.

Shum Balcha had never forgotten. That morning, at the head of a party of trusted warriors, *Shum* Balcha had come to a crossing of the swollen Awash, had swam it with his followers, and had halted near Hadama, where the iron trail of the dragon turns southwestward toward the capital.

Shum Balcha was an old Ethiopian. Most of his followers were also up in years. All were dressed in *shammas* of cheapest cotton, mounted on mules, and armed with spears.

Toward noon, a smaller party came down the trail from Awash. Amada Yesus was riding a white mule at its head. His evil eye was glittering. His slitted lip was working.

There was parley. The *dejazmatch* presented a proposition which he wished the aged *shum* to undertake that night. Again and again, speaking as the Ethiopian does in parable, he reiterated the statement:

"This fire-breathing dragon—it is he who devoured your brother. It is he whom no man has been able to slay. Although he is invulnerable to man in single combat, he, like the fierce lion can be trapped in the pit. You shall trap him. You shall lie in wait until he is in the toils. You shall slay him —him and the white devils who drive him—and the new master will give you gold."

Again and again, he urged the *shum* to the undertaking. The *shum,* although he certainly knew more of the real nature of this fire-breathing brute than foreigners would have given him credit for knowing, appeared to be strongly impressed by his urging.

Certain it is there were other reasons to influence his decision. There was a brother's blood to be avenged. There were followers, who, having cut down those bright strands of copper which lined the dragon's trail and used it innocently to adorn their persons, had been roughly dealt with by harsh *dejazmatch* sent down from Addis Ababa. Then there was promise of gold, much gold, which a new lord would pay them, "when the dragon had been snared."

The *shum* heard, thought, debated. He and his men had often dug pit traps to catch the lion, had removed earth from beneath his trail, had woven over the pit a structure of reeds and grasses.

He consented. The disfigured one guided him to a point on the railway where the iron comes down the heavy grade into a fertile bench. Here they concealed themselves. They watched the passing of three dragons drawing

—though *Shum* Balcha did not know it—dynamite enough to blow him and his warriors into kingdom come. The dragons on rails had gone up toward the capital.

When the smoke of the last had faded, the *dejazmatch* assured the *shum* that another would not come until darkness had been for hours upon the earth.

He emerged from concealment. He marked an oval on the right-of-way big enough to bury a train and engine. *Shum* Balcha's men set to work with vigor digging loose soil and carrying it away. He assured the *dejazmatch* that when the pit had been dug, their trap would be concealed. The *dejazmatch* rode back toward Awash.

SLIM wheeled the special from Addis Ababa to the top of the heavy grades leading down toward Hadama. The hogger went down to ten miles an hour. He figured that with slick rails, black night, mountain grades, and a trainload of kings and nobles, ten miles an hour was fast enough.

It wasn't. His Majesty sent for the traffic manager. Taro Auri sent for the conductor. Brick went to the engine. Slim, in high good humor now, demanded: "Well, what's on your stomach?"

"Why," demanded Brick with mock solemnity, "do we move at the pace of a sick crocodile?"

"In order," the engineer responded in the same strain, "that like the sick crocodile, we may not die."

They laughed. Rain spatted the front cab window. Foliage swished by the side. The engine wobbled. Flanges squealed. Side-rods hammered. Brick listened to the hammering, stared out through the front cab window.

"Looks like we're goin' to have to give 'er the gun tonight, Slim," he said quietly.

"What's the rush?"

Brick shrugged. "Big shot has to be in Diredawa tomorrow noon."

"Diredawa!" Brick looked back over his shoulder. Diredawa was nearly three hundred miles. "It can't be did, my boy."

"Taro Auri says it *must be*. That's why they put you an' me on this run. We've *got* to be there."

"We can't. We'd have to average twenty-five miles an hour. No train has ever done it over this pike. We'd roll off into a gorge and kill the whole caboodle."

"Emperor's orders."

"The devil with Emperor's orders. You tell that Emperor if he wants this train—"

"You don't tell emperors things like that, Slim. You ain't fooling with a trainmaster. You ain't got a lot of Brotherhoods to back you. You'd be shot."

"Might as well be shot as drownded."

Slim spent five minutes arguing. He agreed, finally, to obey the imperial order. They were running down a heavy grade. At its foot was a curve, and beyond the curve a stretch of marshy bench land, leading to another steep descent.

Five hundred feet from the curve, he kicked off the brakes, intending to use them before he hit the curve, and swing over the bench land twenty-five miles an hour. That would shake up the rear end without danger.

Brick was peering over his shoulder. The view through the front glass was not clear. The headlight—an oil lamp with a reflector—was on the smoke box. It showed weeds and grass leaning over the track as ghastly shad-

ows weaving in fantastic dance. Tonight, at a distance of two hundred feet, its feeble ray merged in a thin, white fog, which rose from reeking soil.

Both men watched outlines swim out of the fog. Brick said, "A man can sure see things here in this jungle."

"Plenty," Slim agreed. "It ain't a job for a nervous hoghead."

HE hushed. Every shadow he had seen in two miles had been low, squat, perched beside the track, shaping as it came nearer into rank vegetation.

On the border of light and fog, a different shadow was forming. It was a post thrust *high* into the fog with a knob on top of it. Brick *thought* it moved. In deceitful light and fog, it appeared gigantic, unearthly. He blinked and clutched Slim's shoulder. When he opened his eyes he did not close them.

It was nearer, now. The thing *was* moving. Two green balls of fire were gleaming in that unearthly knob. Never before had Brick seen such an apparition. He tightened the grip on the engineer's shoulder, crying:

"My God! What's that?"

Slim did not answer. He half arose from his seat. His body stiffened and his black cap raised a trifle.

At twenty miles an hour, he was running down on the thing. He gripped the brake valve. The thing was moving vigorously now. The knob became a fantastic head. Then a spotted neck. The bulk below it grew into a body, and the body moved off at an awkward lope, swinging straight down the track ahead.

Brick still stared. Slim settled back into his seat and croaked:

"It's a damned giraffe!"

They laughed loudly. The armed guard who stood in the gangway, appeared not to see anything funny. He was unsmiling. Slim did not release his brakes. He knew that gangling body could wreck his train. He kept working air and sand, waiting for the beast to leave the track and go off into the jungle.

It did not leave. Confused by light and noise, it kept loping straight on, and wobbled out of sight around the curve. They were close behind it. When straightened on the tangent, it was still in the track.

They were now running five miles an hour. The giraffe was drawing away from them. The engineer started to release his brake, and follow. He did not do so, for as his hand touched the lever, the animal stumbled, turned a flip-flop, rolled off to the right—and the whole jungle caved in with it!

The railroaders went white. Where a moment ago, tall grass had been, was now a yawning pit, big enough to hold the half of this train.

The engineer tugged at his reverse, swung it into backward motion, worked sand and throttle, moderately, then frantically.

When the dim headlight finally focussed on the spot, he saw that where the track had been were now steel rails and ties, swinging like a bridge of vine. *The unfortunate giraffe had found the dragon's trap!*

THE guard was wary. The Americans were not. Reckoning that the land had caved in ahead of them, they were going to investigate. Slim Wiggins reached for his torch. Brick Donley started boldly toward the engine steps.

The guard hissed warning. Brick did not heed it. The guard's hand

closed on his chest, shoved him rudely down. Brick came up angry, threatening.

When black men struck him, he was on the prod. He moved again toward the opening.

He did not move far, because in that instant, fierce yells came up from the rank growth to right and left. A spear whizzed past his ear and clanged on steel, and others followed.

Night sprang into life. Pistols barked; rifles boomed; machine guns stuttered; bullets mowed swaths through dense foliage. Cries made darkness hideous. There were fierce yells and screams of pain. Brick lay on his stomach, waiting for the end.

For what seemed hours the fight continued. Spears flicked through the cab window. The guard stopped one with his chest, fell groaning in the deck.

A moment Brick waited, expecting unclad bodies to come hurtling on the engine. They did not come. He groped for the fallen rifle, found shells in the belt of the wounded guard. He could see nothing, hear nothing, but he fired blankly into the bush.

Outside the yells subsided, drew deeper into the bush. Machine guns hushed their stuttering. Night grew calm once more with thin fog around and slow rain dripping. Brick called to Slim. The engineer came crawling from behind the boiler head.

He muttered: "What—what the hell kind of a holdup is this?"

"An Ethiopian holdup," Brick answered shortly.

He brushed dust from his uniform and went back to his train. Briefly he related to Taro Auri what had happened.

The traffic manager and the captain of the guard came forward with him. Using flashlights, they inspected the ingenious pit—the pit which, save for the unfortunate giraffe on the track, would have brought death to every member of the imperial party.

Ominously the two officials spoke in Amharic. They dispatched men to beat through the wet weeds, searching for the ambush. They found nothing.

They did not waste time. The Emperor's train must move. They posted guards, set men to work rebuilding the grade which tribesmen had torn down. Taro Auri and the captain of the guard took charge.

Brick Donley had other duties. He was aware that a freight was somewhere back behind him. He did not know how far. He knew it would come before the track had been repaired. Taro Auri wanted men from the village to the rear, men to help build the track.

Brick sought the train guard who acted as his flagman. The fellow, who had been posted on the rear platform, had been wounded in that first fierce rain of spears. He could not walk. Brick sought out Taro Auri. He said that he himself must go.

"Take two men as bodyguard," the manager instructed.

"I don't need a bodyguard," Brick answered curtly. "I'm not afraid."

The Emperor's Special

ALONE the young conductor started up the track. He was armed with an automatic pistol. It was three long miles to the cluster of huts on the bench

where lay the closest railroad village.

In daylight, seen from the rolling train, these three miles held no terrors; nor yet tonight when, attack repulsed, enemy routed, he stood beneath protecting guns of the royal guard.

Boldly he left the train with armed guards keeping watch in darkness. He walked a half mile. Lights were gone. Jungle night was about him. Puny rays of his lantern struggled with darkness in a hemisphere scarcely twenty feet in diameter.

His mind began playing tricks on him. He remembered that diabolical pit which had so nearly brought him death He recalled spears hurtling into the cab, and the grunt of the stricken guard. What would hinder the traitors from following him and filling him with spears? Pores changed to pimples.

Through ghastly fog, swaying reeds beside the track became walls of spears —spears with evil eyes behind them. Brick walked another quarter mile.

Stutter of machine-gun fire came up the grade. His blood froze. Were disloyal tribesmen attacking again? Was it a general uprising of all natives? Or was it merely the precaution of a jittery guard mowing weeds with machine-gun bullets? Brick did not know. He dared not return to find out.

A mile was behind him. Rain had ceased. Fog was denser still. Out to his left, he had seen a rhinoceros feeding on the banks of the Awash. Yesterday, was it? Or a hundred years ago? The American wondered vaguely if those brutes fed by night as well as day.

A hoarse, familiar cough was on the night. He stopped, listening. It came from ahead of him, far ahead. It was almost inaudible, yet unmistakable. The cough ended in whispered roar.

Longingly, he turned to glance back down the hill. Fearfully, he gripped the automatic pistol. Then he thought that the slug from an automatic pistol would not stop a charging lion.

Ahead was movement. Flick of a foot on gravel. Human foot? Brute foot? He did not know, only that something had moved, something out there ahead, something which he must pass.

HE gripped the pistol, released the catch, licked dry lips, turned his head to listen.

He waited. Waited. No *whizz* of spear. No flash of tawny body in fierce attack. The lion did not roar again.

Finally, from off to his right, a hyena laugh rang on the midnight air. It was weird, unearthly, uncanny. But he knew the sound, guessed no other enemy was near. He breathed more freely, and hurried on.

Endless hours of walking—hours, years, ages—ages in the space of fifty minutes. A halo broke on the gloom. The halo became a dim light, and the light was in the stationhouse beside the track. Brick could have shouted for joy. He did not shout. He went in to report the accident.

The telegrapher was a Frenchman who spoke in many tongues. He eyed Brick curiously.

"Walk up from there alone?"

Brick grinned. "Sure!"

"Were you not afraid those black devils would trail and kill you?"

"I—I understand now why these boys have bodyguards," he evaded, "and why they like to run their trains in daylight."

They both laughed. The first freight came. Brick and trackmen rode it down the hill.

Within three hours the track was

finished. The imperial train was on its way. Daylight came. Sun beamed on the smiling land of Ethiopia. Terrors of night were gone. That dragon's pit and the fierce attack blended back into another age, another country.

Slim, urged by Taro Auri and the Emperor himself, settled into a mile-eating pace. He whipped his train around canyon rims at a rate which caused dignitaries to hold quick-drawn breath and stare wide-eyed into bottomless pits below. He showed them what a crazy Yank could do on the road to Addis Ababa.

Maybe he was a fool, but because he drove, the Emperor made his meet with native *rases* at noon in Diredawa.

DESERTS and hills with drums and runners, cities with telephones, soon heard what had happened that night on the road from Addis Ababa.

Some did not hear all of it; some heard much more than all of it. They heard how the giraffe instead of the white devils and their dragon had gone into the bottomless pit.

They heard how the one with the hair of blood had walked right out of ambush while the spears were falling, and had gone alone far up into the hills to call his brothers.

They heard how the other white man had made the machine of iron to *fly* from Addis Ababa to Diredawa.

Brick and Slim became a pair of heroes, gods almost. Natives came to look upon them with a sort of reverence.

The incident did more than that. It impressed the King of Kings and His Majesty's attendants with the real worth of the Americans. From that night on, when the Emperor rode the iron, they were with him. It was that fact which brought them into the affair at Diredawa a short month later.

The two Americans never knew all that transpired in these early autumn days in war-torn Ethiopia, nor even much of it. There were rumors of plots and counter-plots.

They heard that Facist gold was bribing natives *rases* from allegiance to their *Negus;* that Mussolini was bringing pressure to induce them to surrender outlying provinces without struggle.

They heard that Britain and France were sicking their dogs on Italy at home, trying to block Il Duce's play for power.

"What will the League of Nations do for us?" the Ethiopians asked one another grimly.

The Americans knew when Auwa and Adigrat gave up to the men of General de Bono. They knew when treacherous *Ras* Gugsa betrayed Ogaden Province. Brick shuddered when he heard that Gugsa would be tortured to death if and when he were captured.

Brick and Slim heard whispers of uprising in Danakil and Harar; and they knew that His Majesty was striving to hold his feudal lords together and bind them closer to him.

When the edict came warning all Europeans out of Addis Ababa, Brick decided things were getting pretty hot. He guessed that the imperial agents were expecting the railway line to be cut somewhere to the north.

Taro Auri confirmed his suspicion. He informed them of the edict. He said the Americans were free to go, if they so desired. He added that their service had been highly esteemed, but that they might do well to go before it was too late.

"The Italian outrages against our population," he said seriously, "are

arousing native prejudice against *all* white men. This is unjust, but—"

Ever since he had come, Slim had been raving that the first chance he had to get home to the U. S. A. and save his face, he was sure going. Now he swung into reverse. He asked Taro Auri:

"Do you still aim to keep this iron pike open and run trains over it?"

"We aim to run trains here as long as we can keep rails nailed down to run them on," the Ethiopian returned. "But any day now the enemy may cut our communication, and then you can't get out."

"Even so," said Slim, "I reckon we'll stay. Won't we, kid?"

Brick reckoned they would.

SO they kept on hauling troops and supplies to beat back the wave of Italian invasion.

They wondered what had been done to catch the men who had dug the pit for them that night. They never did know definitely. They heard rumors that the dreaded *aforsata* had been invoked by imperial agents against a certain village in the Gugu Mountains. Men had talked, and one of His Majesty's most trusted advisors had been involved.

Brick wondered if it would be the fellow with the slitted lip. He even broached the subject to his Ethiopian friend.

"You do not like the man?" Taro Auri countered.

"No," said Brick. "Do you?"

The Ethiopian shrugged. "Do you still think it was he who tried to kill me that night in America?"

"I know it," Brick asserted. "If you'd look among that guy's old clothes, you'd find the very shirt sleeve that this button was torn off of."

He held out the wrist band with the button bearing the emblem of the Roman eagles.

A few days later, he and Slim brought the imperial train again from the capital to Diredawa. They were ordered to remain in the latter city, to await instructions. The imperial party went east. The railroaders did not know what was in the wind.

Listening in the hotel lobby, they heard that His Majesty had gone to Harar, the old Moslem capital, thirty miles across the mountains. There was speculations as to the object of his journey. One figured he was negotiating with the enemy to effect a compromise which would stop hostilities and permit the Italians to build the Danakil-Harar-Ogaden line. Another guessed there had been intrigue in high places, and that His Majesty had gone to the inland city to locate and punish traitors.

Brick, listening, wondered if the slit-lipped *dejazmatch* had let his sins catch up with him. He did not ask. On the second day, seeing Amada Yesus piously filtering through Diredawa's clean-kept streets, clad in his white *shamma*, Brick reckoned he was still above imperial suspicion.

At noon of the fourth day, it was rumored that the Emperor's party would return at evening. At noon of the fourth day, also, a hoghead with more nerve than brains came down from Afdam trying to imitate Slim Wiggins' mode of running. He let his train get loose on a heavy grade, and when he stopped he was in the bottom of a chasm, with a train and some railroad on top of him. That tied up the line to Addis Ababa and put one of the road's fifty-four engines out of commission.

A trainload of benzine and petrol

was in the yards at Diredawa. It could not move. Toward the middle of the afternoon, two more trains pulled in, the one behind the other from Jibouti. They could not move.

No sooner had they come than a cordon of soldiers, of whom the town was full, was thrown around the whole railway yard and terminal until even a cat could not crawl through. Rumor whispered that the first train carried a million rounds of small arms ammunition, while the second had high explosives and poison gas.

Slim said: "It looks like we're mighty close to the hot place right now, kid."

"If those cars are loaded like they say they are," Brick answered, "there is enough stuff in 'em to blow us there and back."

"I hope somebody don't take a sudden notion to strike a match."

A BLISTERING sun rode down the desert sky. Brick and Slim loafed in the village and talked war with salesmen from home.

Toward night the imperial party returned. Soldiers over the village, until now inconspicuous, suddenly began patrolling the streets, methodically, slowly, as if seeking someone or something.

Brick and Slim saw them but paid them little heed. Believing that they would go out as soon as the wreck in the south was cleared, the Americans hung around waiting for a call.

The thin rind of moon was far down in the west. Desert stars were burning. When the moon had been OS'd into Egypt the crew was ordered for the Imperial Special. The engine was soon on the train. The men waited —waited for the mighty one to come. He did not hurry.

New soldiers still formed that iron-tight ring around the railway yards. Armed guards kept watch on every opening of the train. No man could get by unless he had business on the line.

An hour passed. Brick was nervous. Since that night when he had almost run afoul of the trap above Hadama, he had never been easy when he had important trains. He had a hunch that something was going to happen, and that eternity would be close by when it was done.

He went to the engine to pass a word with Slim. Guards eyed him critically. Because they knew him, knew he belonged there, they did not molest him.

Brick went up the light side, the side next the station. A string of freight cars blocked the track beyond. He kidded Slim, asked how his pulse was.

Then he climbed through the gangway, and went down the dark side, down the alley between his train and the standing cars. He sniffed the tainted air, knew these cars held petrol and benzine.

Approaching the car in which His Majesty would ride, the American heard voices. They were beyond the freight cars on the second track. They were low-toned Ethiopian voices, talking earnestly. The gutturally spoken words which he caught, but did not understand, called up another night, in another railway yard, a half a world away.

He stopped. Voices hushed. No sound. He knew that two men were about six feet away. They were not moving. Brick listened closely. Came the gentle *tchk-tchk-tchk* as of an alarm clock running. The sound reminded him of the bomb which

"Goofy" Elers and his pal had planted under Salt Lake Creek Dam one night years ago. The sound stopped.

Stooping slightly, the conductor peered under the car. He could see two pairs of bare feet on cinders, bare feet above which were tight-legged khaki. Two pairs of feet and the butt of *one* rifle.

What made him do it, he never knew. Maybe it was the sub-conscious conclusion that where there are two pairs of soldier feet, there should be also *two* rifles. Maybe it was that *tchk-tchk-tchk* which stopped as suddenly as it had come.

Certainly he had no business beyond that car of petrol. Still, he took two steps to the next coupling, swung quickly up and over, and dropped into the lane beyond.

In the dim light of the lantern, he saw two khakied figures tense, grow rigid. One flicked a hand behind as if to hide contraband. The other jerked a rifle up to ready.

BRICK stared. They stared back from beneath visored caps which almost concealed their features. Almost, but not quite. Under the cap of him with the hidden hand, he saw that which made his blood run cold. He saw a face with a slitted lip, and evil eyes above it. *Dejazmatch* Yesus, in here without the sacred *shamma*.

Instinct told him that one slightest sign of recognition, and a bullet from that ready rifle would ventilate his brain. The conductor did not show surprise nor alarm. He started back along the train. He knew that the gun came down; that men spoke anxiously, arguing in Amharic.

At the next coupling Brick recrossed to his own train. He returned, and came up on the platform. He peered toward where he had seen the men. He knew when they parted, knew when one went back to his post in the cordon of guards, knew when the other went padding barefoot toward the freight yards, where whisper said there were cars of gas and high explosives.

Brick tied that rumor to other rumors, to the presence of a man who, he was sure, had gone halfway around the world to wield assassin's knife, to the ticking of an alarm clock in a railroad yard. He left his light on the platform and hurried to the engine to talk to Slim.

"What do you aim to do about it?" Slim inquired. "Tell the Emperor?"

"I don't aim to tell it to anybody till I find out what Old Slit-Lip's up to."

"How do you aim to find out?"

The conductor did some quick thinking. He knew his man was already a hundred yards ahead. He could not follow, because he would be in silhouette against the lights at the station. He would be discovered before he had gone a hundred yards.

So he told Slim: "We're going down the main line with the engine."

"I ain't got any business down there with the engine. What'll I tell—"

But Brick had already gone to cut off. When he came back he said: "Tell 'em anything. Tell 'em we fooled around here so long you had to go take water, or load up with briquettes. We'll run down there even with that drag of munition cars, and I'll lope off. You hop across and get a few squirts of water, and come back and couple up. I'll watch that old duffer an' see what he does. If he goes on about his business, I'll be right back. If he tries anything, I'll crown him."

"Or get crowned yourself."

Brick chuckled grimly. "Outguessed him at Salt Creek, didn't I?"

"Yeah, but Salt Creek's a helluva long ride from Ethiopia."

The conductor pulled off his shoes. He left his socks on. When they were even with the munitions train, he jumped from the moving engine, slipped quickly between two cars, and crossed them.

That put him between the two munitions trains. Brick figured if Amada Yesus were up to deviltry, he would come down that lane. The American squatted low, peered searchingly into the darkness. Station lights glowed far away. Against their light he could have seen a moving object, but he saw nothing.

AFTER a long wait, he crossed the second train, and squatted down again to peer toward the lights. This time he saw a shadow moving—slowly, stealthily.

He watched it, trying to figure how far away it was. He estimated it was ten carlengths or more. He debated whether to wait here or to move on. He decided to move, because he thought he did not dare let the man pass him.

Brick moved two carlengths and squatted down again to watch.

This time, when he looked back, he saw that the shadow had gained rapidly on him—either that, or another shadow was in that same opening. The American did not try to move again.

Soundlessly as a ghost, the man was coming along. He passed the conductor within arm's reach. At the middle of the car he stopped. He ran a hand along its wall. His fingers fumbled with a thing which rattled, rattled ever so lightly.

Came a faint *click*. It was like the slipping of the catch on an automatic. Brick cowered back, wondered if his presence had been discovered. It was not that. Into the night came the insistent *tchk-tchk-tchk* which was the ticking of a clock.

The *tchk-tchk* grew fainter. Though he could not hear the sound of bare feet on cinders, Brick figured it was moving farther away. Finally he could not hear it.

He realized that he was in a tight spot. If he slipped between the cars he would show clearly against the lights at the station. If he remained still a time bomb might explode any minute and blow the village into ten thousand pieces.

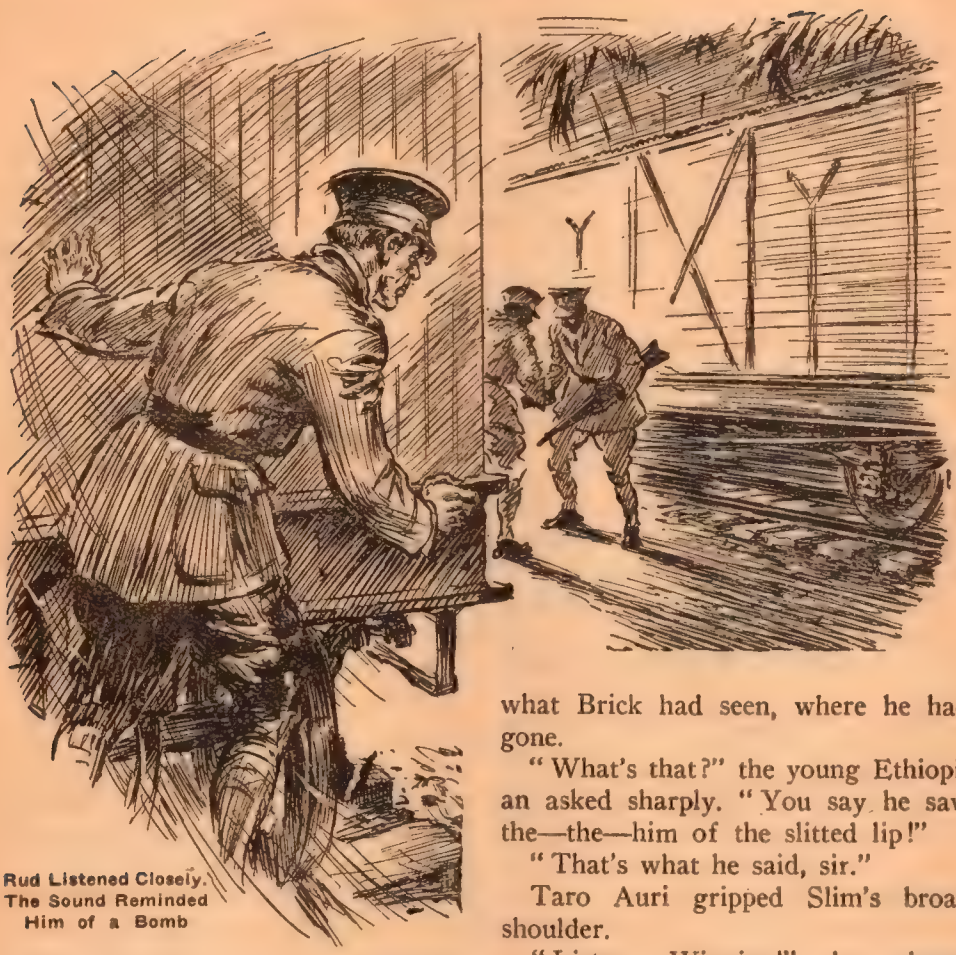
Finally the American could remain no longer. He edged out of hiding. Keeping close beside the wall, he moved one step at a time. He tried to move soundlessly. His sock feet whispered on gravel. He was not an Ethiopian.

Step by step the conductor advanced in darkness. Moved. Paused. Listened. At last he heard a familiar sound. It was the steady rhythmic *tchk-tchk-tchk* of an alarm clock. He advanced three steps; the sound was louder now. Two steps more. Louder still.

Brick glued his eyes ahead. Against the starlit heaven he saw only dark bulks of cars. The conspirator must have gone.

On he went. Sound growing louder. *Tchk-tchk-tchk!* On—on—on! Mechanism in his brain racing madly, mechanism in the bomb bringing eternity nearer. On—on—on! The American could not be careful now. He must get to that damned thing and fish it out of there!

It was ahead. It was at his side. It was down. Down under car floor, down on wheel truck. Brick stooped to feel for it. He groped in darkness. He heard a sudden swish . . .



Rud Listened Closely. The Sound Reminded Him of a Bomb

MEANWHILE, Slim took water at the tank and backed up to his train. The engineer waited a long time. He wondered uneasily why Brick did not come back. Brick had said he'd come soon unless the slit-lipped one was up to deviltry.

Taro Auri came, came hunting Donley, said His Majesty would be on his way.

"Where is the fellow?" he asked.

Slim hesitated He did not want to spoil his partner's play, but he could not stall. Then, too, he felt that Brick should have come back before now. Perhaps something had gone wrong.

The hogger explained briefly, told what Brick had seen, where he had gone.

"What's that?" the young Ethiopian asked sharply. "You say he saw the—the—him of the slitted lip!"

"That's what he said, sir."

Taro Auri gripped Slim's broad shoulder.

"Listen, Wiggins!" he almost groaned. "We've been looking all day for that devil. He is the arch traitor of the empire! He worked with the treacherous *Ras* Gugsa. He betrayed our mighty *Negus* to the enemy!"

Slim listened in silence.

"We were certain he was in Diredawa," the Ethiopian went on. "Other traitors have hidden him. Other traitors have informed him what was in those freight cars. Other traitors still have let him pass the lines and get within these yards. Donley was right. Donley knew. Unless someone intercepts him before—"

"Fer Pete's sake, let's get busy then!" Slim bellowed. "That kid's out

there in the dark huntin' for him. If the black devil outwits him, Donley won't last as long as a snowball in Jibouti. I told him, the danged fool!"

Taro Auri sounded his whistle. A dozen men came running. They cut off the engine. They left the Emperor and his nobles waiting on the platform. They roared up to the freight yard where Brick had jumped off.

Slim and Taro Auri hurried down the first lane. Soldiers took the second. Other soldiers covered the third. They played flashlights along the cinders.

A shout came up from the second alley. Slim and Taro Auri raced to the sound. Native troopers were jabbering. A body was huddled under a freight car. Blood was streaming from a freckled face, and red hair was matted with it, already clotting.

Slim was first at his side. Slim picked up his head. He felt of the pulse. He called for water. Taro Auri found a canteen. Slim bathed the bloody face. The blue eyes flickered. They opened and closed again.

Passed many seconds, with the clock ticking on unheard. Brick's eyes became clearer. He tried to get up. He mumbled:

"Infernal machine—ish—ish under —under car!"

"What car?" cried Taro Auri. "What car?"

The listening men bent low to catch his words.

"Thish—ish car!" Brick passed out again.

The men scrambled madly around looking all over the ground. They did not find it. Brick was out a minute, two minutes. Water brought him to again.

"Where is it?" Slim asked.

"Where'sh what?"

Slim groaned.

"That infernal machine, that bomb!"

"Ish—ish under the car. . . . On—on the truck—over the wheels."

The engineer dropped his pal, and leaped to the forward truck. Taro Auri was a step behind. He was holding the flashlight, crying: "Hurry! Hurry! It may be timed to go off now!"

THEY searched frantically. They found a package. Slim grasped it gingerly. He knew that with a railroad yard full of TNT and benzine and poison gas, and everything else that belongs in hell, he did not dare let it go off in the weeds close to the right-of-way.

He did not understand how to stop the thing—did not know whether it could be stopped like a clock. But he did know that unless it was moved like a hot-shot, the Emperor, the railroad yards, Diredawa, Brick, and himself would go heavenward in pieces. Nothing would escape, once a jar turned loose the devils of war.

Shouting to Taro Auri to look after Donley, Slim held on to the infernal machine and raced for the engine. He never knew how he got into the cab, whether he climbed or flew. He got there.

The switches were lined for the south. Slim laid his burden in the deck. He shoved his native fireman off the engine. He widened his throttle and left town like a skyrocket leaving the ground.

When he went over that switch his stack was shooting sparks at the desert stars; the exhaust was a roaring torrent. Never had anyone else run a "Frog teakettle" through Diredawa like that. The guards shouted in alarm.

They fired a broadside at him. Every time a bullet zipped by, Slim groaned. He was afraid that his bomb was going off.

Half a mile out the engineer figured he was far enough. He grabbed the damned thing out of the deck and flung it far into the desert. He held his breath waiting for it to go off. It did not explode.

He slipped under his reverse and raced back to town. He backed into the Imperial Special. The guard coupled him on. Still no explosion. Taro Auri was there. Brick was with him, a bandage already wrapped around his head.

OUT to the south, out where Slim had left it, came a terrific explosion—a boom which jarred their teeth and set the earth to quivering. The quiver ceased; and silence settled on the station.

The Emperor did not hurry out of Diredawa. He was hot on the trail of a false *dejazmatch.* Blood in his eye, he himself took charge of the search. The way they combed the village, a lowly louse could not have hidden in it.

The slit-lipped one did not hide. Long he had bribed his way on three continents. He met men at last he could not bribe. When they found him an empty vial was clutched in an outspread hand at the end of an arm on which were four spear scars forming a chain. His soul was somewhere else.

The Ethiopians had a midnight feast in the hotel that night. It was a feast without formality. His Majesty ordered it that way. Brick Donley and Slim Wiggins ate with exalted ones. When the banquet was done, the ruler spoke through Taro Auri.

"Tell the Americans," he said, "that we are fully aware what service they have rendered us, how they have saved our lives by risking theirs. Such service shall not go unrequited. Whatever favor they may ask shall be granted. We shall make medals of gold for them, set with jewels, as tokens of our deep gratitude. . . ."

Later His Majesty dismissed them with his blessing. Brick and Slim returned to their stations. The imperial bodyguard led out to the train, and in the wee small hours of morning they were climbing safely back once more on the road to Addis Ababa.

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PROBAK JUNIOR

8 R

The Boomer Trail

I CLAIM to be the youngest boomer in railroad service. My service record begins as operator, Cincinnati Northern, June 7, 1907, at West Unity, O., where I remained 7 years. Since then I have worked for the Big 4, Wabash, N.Y.C., and B.&O.

Now I am operator for the Standard Oil Co. My office is half a mile from town and 500 feet from a garage storing $25,000 worth of trucks, adjacent to a natural gas pipe line carrying 30,000,000 cubic feet annually. No watchman around. One evening I glanced out of a window and saw that garage enveloped in flames. It was a total loss.—DAY F. ALLREAD, Sugar Grove, O.

* * *

I ENJOYED "Memories of an Old Train Dispatcher," by Wm. H. Overley (Nov., '35, issue), and his troubles with the engine whose tank number had been changed. A similar incident happened some 25 years ago while I was working a trick on a Western road.

We had a redball train going west, while an extra east with a big drag of empties was going against the redball on a time order. The crews on all eastbound freight trains and on some on westbound freights usually ate at G. The extra east had ample time to make G. for the redball on what it had. I figured when they reached G. I'd give them more time on the redball.

Meanwhile, a bunch of stock had been reported to be delivered us at M. Chief dispatcher said to hold the redball for it. When this caucusing was over I rang G.—we used an all-telephone circuit then—and told the operator to report when the extra east was coming. He reported it by at 9.12 A.M. I asked him if he was sure the crew did not stop at the east end to eat and he replied: "No, they went by here 50 miles an hour."

It was about one hour's run to the next open office. I called this office and gave the operator an order for the redball, stating that he got the order and met the extra east at H. That was all. Just at this time the operator at M., where the stock was to show up, came in and said the stock had been diverted and wouldn't come our way after all.

I told him to let the redball go. This would put the redball at H. in about one hour. We were not to give drags a meeting point with drags, but this was, as the "higher-ups" say, an emergency for which a man should use his head.

Between G. and H. there was a "blind siding." That is, it had no agent or operator, but an emergency telephone set for the use of train and enginemen when they got stuck. I waited a few moments and listened closely. I thought that maybe the crew, after they left G., would tumble to the fact that they had nothing on the redball and would phone me. Other things came up to be handled. I worked here and there with trains, closely watching that emergency telephone.

Extra east had now been out of G. forty minutes and I was afraid it would keep going on down the main at H. If that happened, everybody on the railroad would know it. I didn't want to see the crew get in trouble, as they were all fine fellows.

A few minutes more; someone came in on the phone. I recognized the conductor's voice. I didn't wait for him to utter a word, but I said: "Meet 21 at H." Not another word was spoken. The extra went to H. and headed in. I took the order up to the redball train so as not to stop him.

About 4.10 P.M. I left the office and started home. I met the conductor, who asked me what I was going to do about the performance. I told him I had done all I expected to do, unless he wanted something more. The con assured me that he did not, as he had fixed it with all the crew to keep their mouths shut if I would do likewise.

No one else, to my knowledge, ever knew a thing about it. But nowadays it's different; you'd better tell all you know and all you've heard.—J. L. CROSS (Rock Is. train dispatcher), Elreno, Okla.

* * *

DOES anyone know the whereabouts of O. B. Kidwell, formerly of Louisville, Ky., who worked on the L.&N. in the 1927 coal rush?—I. G. ("AIR-BRAKE") WILSON, Oakland City, Ind.

* * *

INFORMATION wanted about Thomas Wallace Jones, known as "Buck Jones," born Port Huron, Mich., 1872. He was special engineer for 17 years on the S.P. at Tucson, Ariz. Formerly he was fireman, then engineer on the G.N., Northern and Dakota Divisions, until about June 30, 1897, when he disappeared. My sister, Mildred, his daughter, is ill and longs to see her father—WALLACE JONES, 1130 42d St., Rock Island, Ill.

* * *

J. E. BRADY (Nov. issue) asked for the address of Barney O'Reilly. I wrote to Mr. Brady at the address he gave (17237 Wallen Ave., Chicago), but my letter was returned "Misdirected." He can get Barney O'Reilly's address by writing to H. STRAUB, 3819 Clairmount, Detroit, Mich.

I HAVE worked on the railroad 17 years. My experience includes various divisions of the National Rys. of Mexico—Mexicano del Sur, Mexicano Michoacan-Pacifico, etc. Standard and narrow gages, link and pin and standard couplers, wrecks, washouts, rebel attacks, cold, rain, dust, Villistas, Carranzistas, and other "istas" all have helped to prevent life from being dull.

My relatives are railroaders; conductors, trainmasters, operators, etc., all of which contributes to my love for the rails.—RICARDO VELASQUEZ V., Hotel del F. C., Villa Frontera, Coahuila, Mexico.

* * *

"HAM FACTORY DAYS" (in this issue) is almost a true incident from my boomer career, so much of it is based on actual facts. The old Central Vermont was a hams' paradise 30 years ago.—RALPH A. SNYDER, Brawley, Calif.

* * *

IN my many years as boomer machinist and big hook engineer, the strangest wreck I ever saw was on the D. & R. G. I was general foreman at Chama, N. M. One night I got an order to take a wrecker gang to Lumberton. There we found a passenger engine in a box car. The roof was knocked off, but the sides were standing.

This engine had split the switch and taken the siding, on which stood a string of freight. Pony truck and tender stayed on the rails, but the engine plowed for 4 ft. into a carload of silver and lead, which may give an idea of its speed. Nobody hurt. We moved the car 100 yds. to a crossing and then rerailed the engine.—W. D. ADAMSON, 1701 E. 6th St., North Platte, Neb.

MY dad, Felix H. Wehman ("Texas Jack," now deceased), ran engines on a number of roads mentioned by "Turkey" Moore (Oct. issue). Dad began firing as a lad of 16 for Chas. Kennedy on a wood-burner in Florida. He was running an engine on the S.A.&A.P., the Aransas, now part of the S.P. System when he was 19; then went to Mexico. If any old-timers who knew Dad would write to me, I'd appreciate it.—JACK W. WEHMAN, 1209 E. Iowa St., Evansville, Ind.

* * *

I FIRED for "Turkey" Moore on the S.P.'s Coast Division out of San Francisco 20 years ago. Never heard of him afterward until I read his story in your Oct. issue.—C. P. MCDONNELL, 253 Rhodes Court, San Jose, Calif.

* * *

IF "Turkey" Moore had been kept in Guadalahara calaboose for years instead of hours, he might have saved yours truly a lot of grief when we were together on the Cerro de Pasco Ry. in Peru. However, he was one of the best locomotive engineer ever employed on a mountain railroad.—CHAS. SHAW (retired trainmaster), P.O. Box 652, Sewaren, N. J.

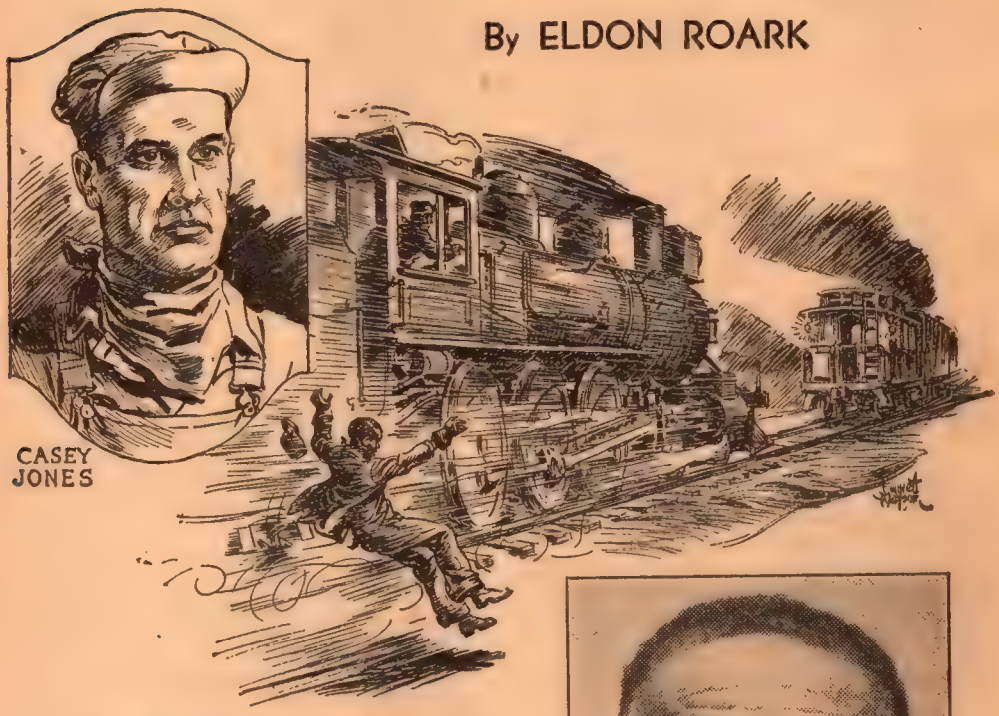
* * *

SOMEONE questioned the use of electric headlights in 1904 in a Dellinger story. However, the Cincinnati Southern (now part of Southern System) had them on all heavy passenger engines as far back as 1891. These engines also had speed indicators, skylights on cab roofs, vestibuled tenders, and banjo block signals.—F. GREGG, 165 N.E., Miami Terr., Miami, Fla.

The D. & R. G. Baby Shown Here Is Probably the Only Engine Which Stopped Herself by Burying Her Drivers in Silver. For Details Read W. D. Adamson's Letter On This Page

Casey Jones's Fireman

By ELDON ROARK



SIM WEBB sits in the warm sunshine on the porch of his little shotgun house, sniffs the coal smoke drifting from the railroads to the west, and goes back in memory to that tragic night 36 years ago when death rode the Cannonball with Casey Jones and himself—the Casey of the famous song:

Casey Jones—
Mounted to his cabin—
Casey Jones—
With his orders in his hand—
Casey Jones—
Mounted to the cabin,
Took a farewell trip to the Promised Land.

Sim Webb, as He Looks Today

Sim was Casey's colored fireman. He was the man who kept No. 382 hot as they roared through the dark, ominous night, hitting 80 miles an hour at times while making up an hour and a half.

Sim is no longer a railroad man. In 1919 he asked for a leave of absence because of ill health—and he never went back. "But I see now I made a mistake," he says. He loved the life, and there are times when he gets mighty homesick.

But now, of course, it is too late. Sim

is still tall and straight and trim, but the years are beginning to creep up—he is 61—and there are little fingers of frost in his kinky hair. He is a brown man with a rather sad smile, and he does not talk at all like the traditional Southern Negro.

Sim Webb grew up among the railroad shops and shanties at McComb, Miss. His father, John Webb, was with the Illinois Central Railroad for 48 continuous years as a carpenter.

John Webb was able to provide well for his children, and Sim was sent to school in New Orleans. There he learned a trade—bricklaying—as well as reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic. But young Sim was too crazy about locomotives to think about laying brick or doing something else equally as unromantic. He just couldn't leave the railroad yards, and in time he got a job as a call boy. He held it down for more than a year, and then he started firing a switch engine.

Sim smilingly explains that he wasn't supposed to get a job like that till he was 21, of course, but on account of his father's fine record it was "all fixed for him."

He fired there in the yards two years, and then came the big day when he was transferred to road service. For the next six years Sim fired freights on the Louisiana, Mississippi and Tennessee Divisions of the I.C.

Jan. 1, 1900, John Luther (Casey) Jones and Sim were transferred from Water Valley to Memphis to go into passenger service. Up to that time Casey had been on freights with a white fireman named Wesley McKinney. Sim had never fired for him.

"The reason we were transferred," Sim explained, "was that Engineer William Hatfield and his colored fireman, George Lee, were giving up their run. Bill Hatfield was in poor health, and Lee was getting along in years. Firing a passenger in those days was considered hard and dangerous. Railroading wasn't as safe as it is now.

"We were assigned to Number One out of Memphis, known as the Chicago and New Orleans Fast Mail. Some folks called it the Cannonball, just like they called almost any fast train a cannonball. The run was to Canton, Miss., 188 miles. Then coming back we pulled Number Four.

"On the night Mr. Casey made his last run, we were called at Memphis at ten P.M. That was Sunday, April thirtieth, 1900. Number One was reported to be thirty minutes late. We had doubled over on Mr. Sam Tate's run on Number Three and Number Two, and had come into Memphis that morning at 6.25. But that gave us time to get a good rest and get ready for our regular run, and we were both feeling good when we answered the call that night.

"We reported at the McLemore Avenue roundhouse and found old 382 hot and ready to go. The 382 was known as a Ten-wheeler engine, with six drivers and four truck wheels. Well, we looked her over good, saw that we had tools, plenty of oil and everything, and got ready.

"The regular time for us to leave the Poplar Street depot, which was the main station in those days, was 11.35 P.M., and thirty minutes late would have put us out at 12.05. But it finally turned out that Number One was an hour and 30 minutes late.

"WE got going, ran down the tracks along the river, over the Beale Street trestle, and on in to the Central Station where we had to stop five minutes. We held a late order saying that we were running 90 minutes late from Memphis to Sardis. There was a freight train coming north, and that was the only thing in front of us.

"We had been having rainy, foggy weather for two weeks, and the clouds were mighty dark and low that night. But Mr. Casey's spirits were high. He seemed to be in an extra good mood. As we pulled out of Central Station he opened her up.

"'We're going to have a pretty tough time going into Canton on time,' he said, 'but I believe we can do it, barring accidents.'

"And I replied: 'You can depend on me. I'll sure keep her hot.'

"Sardis was our first stop. That's about 50 miles. It took us one hour and two minutes from the Poplar Street Station in Memphis to Sardis, which included the stop at Central Station, Memphis. Our actual running time was between 45 and 47 minutes.

"On south we roared, with everything working just fine. At some places we got to clipping off a mile every 50 seconds. Old 382 was steaming exceptionally well that night—and using very little fuel. I hadn't even taken down the top coal gate. We made Grenada—50 miles from Sardis—in what seemed like no time.

"Then came Winona, 23 miles from Grenada, and next Durant, 33 miles from Winona. Everything was still going fine. We were whittling that lost time away to nothing, and Mr. Casey was still in high spirits. As we left Durant, he stood up and hollered to me over the boiler head. He said: 'Oh, Sim! The old girl's got her high-heeled slippers on tonight. We ought to pass Way on time.'

"Way was just six miles north of Canton, and he had it figured out that we'd be back on time when we hit there and could coast on in. We hadn't received any more orders.

"Well, what Mr. Casey hollered to me—that joke about the high-heeled slippers—was the last thing he ever said.

"Down the track we went, approaching Vaughan, which is 12 miles above Canton. Vaughan was at the lower end of a double 'S' curve. The north switch was just about the middle of the first 'S,' and as we roared down on it I looked ahead and saw two big red lights. They appeared as big as houses to me, and I knew it was a train not in the clear.

"I could see the lights and Mr. Casey couldn't, because it was a deep curve to the fireman's side. I hollered to Mr. Casey, 'Lookout! We're gonna hit something!'

"He was sitting down at the time. I heard him kick the seat out from under him and apply the brakes and emergency. About that time I swung down as low off the engine as I could and hit the dirt. When I came to 35 minutes later I was on the floor of the station. Mr. Casey was dead—broken all to pieces.

"Our engine had plowed through the caboose of the freight and two other cars—a car of corn and a car of hay. But the engine didn't leave the track. It was just stripped. They found Mr. Casey down by the back driving wheel of the engine—out in the clear. Our coal tender was turned at right angles across our boiler head, and one end of our mail car had climbed up on our water tank.

"Mr. Casey was the only one killed. Nobody else was even hurt very bad. I was just badly shaken up and bruised.

"What had happened was this: The freight had sawed No. 25 by just a little while before. No. 25 was a New Orleans-bound train, too, running from Jackson, Tenn., to New Orleans by way of Water Valley. Well, the freight had pulled out some drawheads in sawing No. 25 by, and they hadn't got in the clear for our train. The caboose and two cars were out on the main line. The crew was chaining up the drawheads, and apparently had forgot to put out a flagman.

"There were two freights at Vaughan—one northbound and one southbound. The northbound was at the south switch.

"It was all too bad. Mr. Casey was a fine man—a good man to fire for. If you kept 'em hot for him, you got along. Running on time was his hobby. Like he said when we pulled out, 'We'll go into Canton on time.' We hit that caboose at 3.52 A.M., and we were due at Vaughan at 3.50. We would have passed Way on the dot.

"I was out of service about three months, and then I went back on that same run. Mr. Harry A. Norton took Mr. Casey's place."

Sim looked westward from his house at 246 Iowa Ave. toward the railroad yards and gazed at the smoke plumes.

"Since 1919 I've been laying brick, but work in the past few years has been mighty scarce. Yes, sir, I can see now I should never have left the road."

Old Days on the Diamond Jo Line

"Diamond Jo" Reynolds as He Looked at the Height of His Career

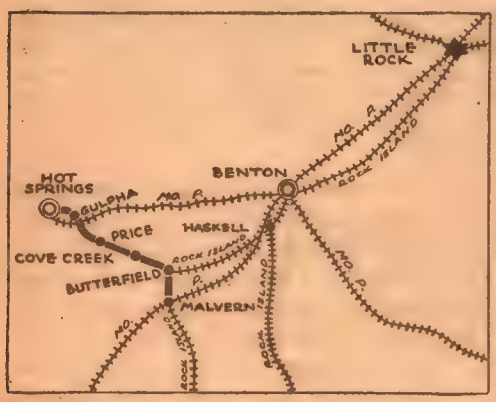
By W. A. ANDERSON

Former Train Dispatcher on the Hot Springs R.R. Photos from the Author, 3644 Southwest 22nd Terrace, Miami, Fla. Some of the material in the article was supplied by E. B. Chesnutt, Little Rock, Ark.

THE 22-mile branch of the Rock Island System between Malvern and Hot Springs, Ark., locally and familiarly known as the "Diamond Jo" line, is famous beyond its size and importance. Maybe it's because of the well-known terminus; maybe it's the lure of its name, recalling the old days when men not only had money to burn, but actually burned it; or maybe—which is more probable—it's because the "Diamond Jo" line, mile for mile, boasts one of the most glamorous histories of any road in the country.

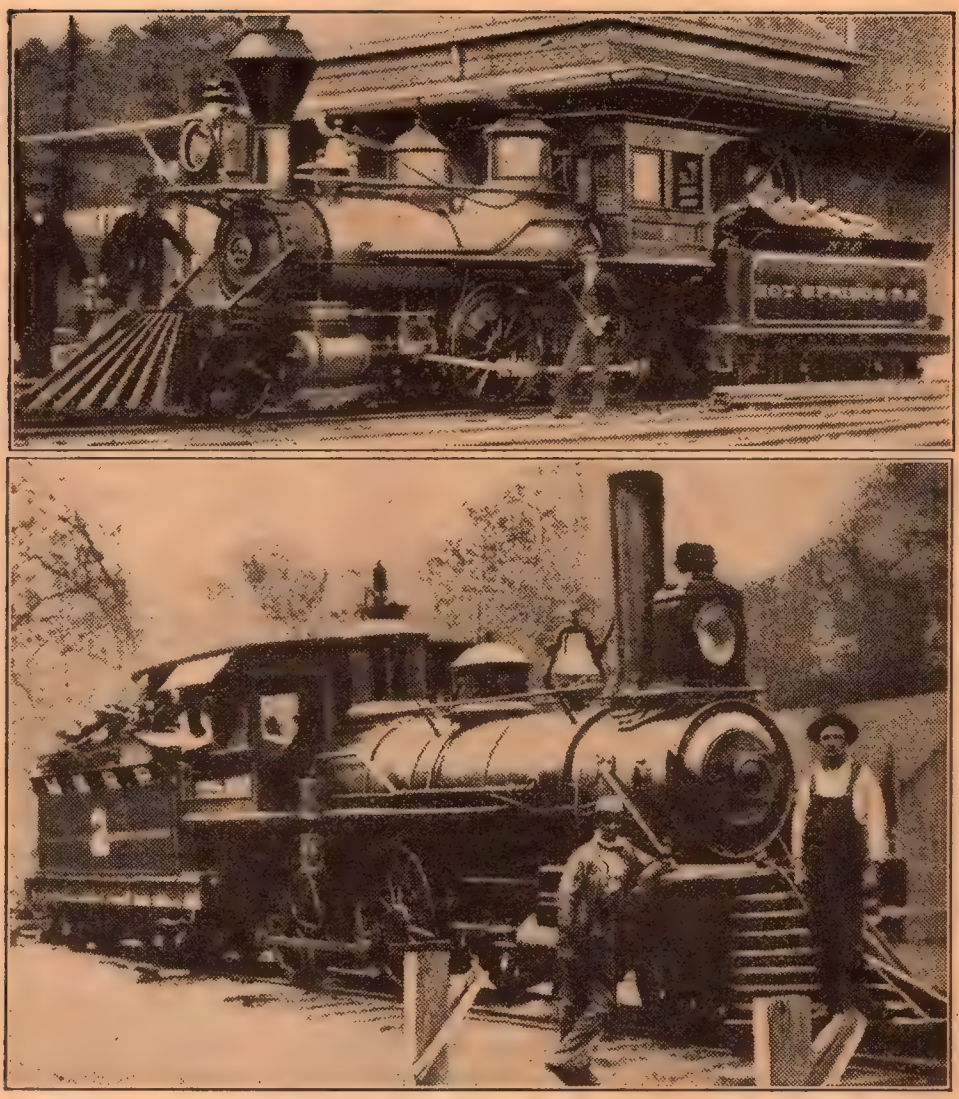
Right from the start it was unique. It was inspired by rheumatism and repartee. "Diamond Jo" Reynolds supplied the rheumatism and the money, while a talkative stage driver furnished the repartee.

Who was "Diamond Jo"? His real name was Joseph Reynolds, and the story of his career reads like that of an Horatio Alger hero. Starting as a poor boy, he gained fame and fortune dealing in grain. From his sacks of wheat, marked "Jo" and set in a diamond, and also from his his habit of wearing a huge stone on his cravat, came the nickname that stuck to him throughout his life. Frugal and thrifty in early life, he amassed a fortune, and left an estate worth twelve millions. Among other things, he organized a Mississippi River steamboat line, between St. Louis and St. Paul, which he named the "Diamond Jo" Line, and painted his old flour-sack trademark on all its boats.



The Railroads of Arkansas Just Southwest of Little Rock. The Heavy Line Represents the Old Diamond Jo, Now Part of the Rock Island

To get back to the railroad. Reynolds suffered from rheumatism. Since he wore No. 14 shoes, his feet provided generous territory for extensive and vigorous rheumatic twinges. In the late 60's he went to Hot Springs, Ark., every winter for his health. Hot Springs was reached by a 60-mile stage ride from Little Rock over the old military road until the summer of 1873, when the Cairo & Fulton R. R. was extended south from Little Rock and the stage connection changed to Malvern, 25 miles from Hot Springs and the nearest station to it. (A year later the C. & F. merged with the St. Louis & Iron Mountain and became the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern.)



Engine No. 2 of the Hot Springs R.R., an Old Porter-Built 2-4-0 Type: (Upper) Snapped Outside the Station in Hot Springs While in Service on the Diamond Jo. The Gent with the Oil Can Is Engineer J. H. Ryan. (Lower) At Leeper, Mo., in 1891, After She Had Been Sold to the Missouri Southern

Late in the fall of 1873 Reynolds, with Frank Quinn and a party of friends who were interested in locating mineral deposits, went to Hot Springs for the baths, and to prospect in the adjacent mountains. In changing from the train at Malvern they questioned the stage driver about minerals and ore-bearing rock.

"I know every rock between Malvern and Hot Springs," the driver bragged.

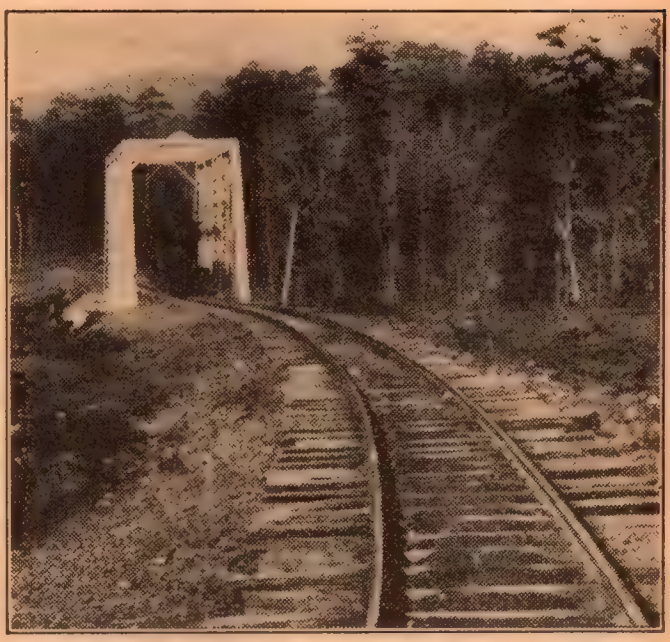
Before half the journey was accomplished Reynolds and his friends, irked by the rough driving, freely and emphatically conceded that there was no doubt about the driver's personal and intimate acquaintance with the rocks.

But the driver had a sense of humor. "I not only know them, but I have not missed a single one," he boasted. He told them, moreover, that the jolting of the

stage would benefit them more than the baths!

When Reynolds protested further, the driver asked what he was going to do about it.

"If you don't like our way of getting to Hot Springs, you'll have to make a better one," he jeered; and he laughed contemptuously when Reynolds said he would build a railroad and put the stage out of business. Twelve miles out of Hot Springs the stage broke down, and the party had to walk two miles in a cold rain to the home of John Moore, in Magnet Cove. While drying his clothes before Mr. Moore's fireplace, Reynolds announced he was in earnest about constructing a railroad from Malvern to Hot Springs.



Hot Springs R.R. Engine No. 1 on the Gulpha Creek Bridge, a Half Mile East of the First Temporary Hot Springs Depot. This Photo Was Made in 1876

BEFORE his departure from the Springs early in 1874, work was started, and the 24-mile Hot Springs Railroad was completed that year. Three sisters of Hot Springs, daughters of a town notable named Morse, drove the first spike at Malvern early that summer, the "golden" spike being the first, instead of the last. One of the sisters, Mrs. George L. Gibbs, still lives in Hot Springs.

The road was laid with 35-pound steel and the gage was three feet. The first three locomotives, Nos. 1, 2 and 3, were diamond-stacked 2-4-0's. Constructed by Porter, Bell & Co., they had 13 by 18-inch cylinders and drivers 42 inches in diameter. No. 1 was built in 1874; Nos. 2 and 3 in 1875. (When the road was changed to standard gage in 1889, No. 2 was sold to the Missouri Southern Railroad at Leeper, Mo., where it was in service many years as M. S. No. 2. Then it was given the name, "Murrill Springs," a new pilot built, and a straight stack installed in place of the original diamond stack. There seems no record of what became of Nos. 1 and 3.)

Wood was used for fuel and stacked in cords alongside the road. When it was necessary to "wood up" the brakeman and conductor came forward and helped the fireman throw fuel on the tender. Often passengers joined them, and even "Diamond Jo" assisted.

In the fall of the year passengers from the north would stroll to nearby fields to cut stalks of cotton as souvenirs. When he was ready the engineer would summon them back to the train with the whistle.

Practically all the famous people of the day rode over the line, and many of them made the trip in the walnut-fitted, brass-bound engine cab. Mrs. Ryan, wife of Engineer J. H. Ryan, hung lace curtains in the cab windows, and the cab equaled if not surpassed the luxury of the cars behind.

Among the well-known passengers was the baseball player Billy Sunday, later to become a great evangelist. One day he was a passenger between Malvern to Hot Springs. Engineer Ryan climbed into the cab and started. He was unaware that some time during the night a forest fire had burned away most of the supports of a bridge across a narrow gully.

To make matters worse, the bridge was located around a sharp curve. Several of the ties remained, and that was all. On came the engine, traveling at what was considered a high speed. Rounding the curve, Ryan took in the situation. But it was too late to stop. He made his decision and yanked her open wide.

Engines and coaches leaped ahead. There was a creaking and a grinding of timbers, but the diminutive locomotive and its five trailing coaches gained the opposite side before the tortured trestle rails sank. Ryan stopped his train and went back with the passengers to survey the scene of their miraculous escape.

"It must be that God still has some mission for the persons on this train to perform," the profoundly moved baseball player declared to the still somewhat shaky engineer.

THERE never was anything pompous about "Diamond Jo." One day he arrived in Malvern just a few minutes after the train had left for Hot Springs. He decided it would be a good time for him to make a personal inspection tour of his line. Purchasing several sandwiches, he started out down the right-of-way. He had not gone out of sight before somebody at the depot undertook to get word to Hot Springs that the millionaire had undertaken his long-threatened jaunt.

When Engineer Ryan pulled into Hot Springs and received word of what "Diamond Jo" had undertaken, he immediately backed his train out of the line and began looking for the president of the road.

"When I found him," the veteran engineer recalls, "he was sitting on a log between two hoboes, near Butterfield. The three of them were calmly eating the sandwiches 'Diamond Jo' had bought in Malvern. And the diamond he wore was gleaming like a headlight in the sun. After I whistled and he came to the train he wouldn't admit he was tired. He climbed into the cab with me, and I tried to get him to sit on the cushion, but he said that I was the one doing the work and I needed it to be comfortable."

Reynolds disliked giving passes, for which there was a constant stream of requests. One day Jay Gould was traveling with him to Hot Springs, and Reynolds handed the conductor $2.50 and made Gould likewise pay his $2.50! A standing reward of $50 was offered to anyone who could ride the road without paying fare.

Finally a man hid in the half-filled water compartment of the tender at Malvern and rode to Hot Springs. Although he was almost drowned by the splashing, he crawled out soaked and dripping at Hot Springs and told the engine crew he had made the trip and was going to claim the reward. His boasting was premature; although probably necessary to establish evidence he had accomplished the feat. The natural chagrin of the train and engine crew spurred them to prompt action.

The fireman caught the trespasser and threw him to a sitting posture on the platform, the engineer and flagman helped hold him while the conductor collected $2, the tariff then in effect, and handed a cash fare receipt to the bedraggled and protesting passenger, who swore lustily at being deprived of his just reward.

The original length of the Hot Springs Railroad was 24 miles. An old dwelling in Gulpha Creek valley, at the foot of Hot Springs mountain, one mile from Hot Springs, was used as the first station. In 1879 the additional mile of track was constructed up the hill into town and the brick station erected with general offices on the second floor. This station still is standing and now used by the Rock Island.

The first fare was $2.50, or ten cents a mile. It was welcomed by the traveling public, because the stage fare was $6. But

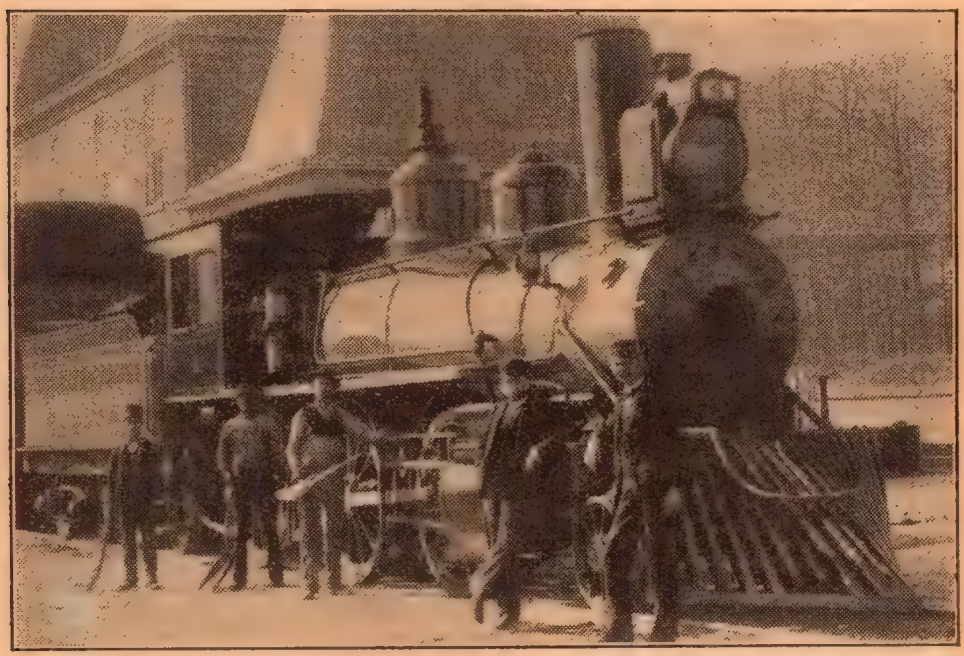
the public soon forgets reduced rates and improved facilities, and early clamored for a lower fare. Reynolds brought it down to $2, and later voluntarily made it $1.60. He took great pride in the little road, although he delegated the management to his subordinate officials and spent only a portion of his time in Hot Springs.

At the time he constructed his line, " Diamond Jo " made a gentlemen's agreement with the management of the Iron Mountain that if the time ever came when business would justify the expense, he would expand his tracks to standard gage. In 1888 this time arrived. Freight traffic had increased tremendously, and it was costly and inconvenient to shift it at Malvern to the narrow gage line.

However, there were some who thought then that this was not the sole reason for the change. They whispered that the real reason was that private cars belonging to certain millionaires could not be hauled on the narrow tracks. At any rate, the gage was widened in 1889. At the same time part of the line was relocated and many curves were straightened, with the result that the road was shortened by a couple miles. That year, too, a new standard gage Mogul was built by Baldwin for the Hot Springs Railroad.

Two years later " Diamond Jo " died in Arizona, where he had considerable mine holdings. The road passed into the hands of his widow and E. M. Dickey, one of the administrators of his estate, who was elected president with an office in Chicago. No change was made in the personnel of the road. Fred A. Bill, who now lives at St. Paul, Minn., who had originally been brought from the steamboat line by Reynolds as auditor and freight and passenger agent, and who had been later made superintendent, was now in complete charge. He remained in charge until 1902.

A short time after he had been on the job a curious incident occurred. It was his habit to go about his work whistling. He



This Photo, Taken Outside the Hot Springs Depot in 1894, Shows the First Standard-Gage Locomotive on the Famous Diamond Jo Line, a Mogul Type, No. 41. This Engine Was Constructed by Baldwin in 1889. She Had 16x22-Inch Cylinders and 56-Inch Drivers. From Left to Right, the Photo Shows: Flagman T. B. Yancy, Fireman McMillan, Engineer J. H. Ryan, Superintendent Fred A. Bill, and Conductor John R. Cox

Low-Wheeled Consolidation Type of the Choctaw, Oklahoma & Gulf, Built by Baldwin in 1900 and Renumbered Rock Island No. 1836 in 1904. The Diamond-Shaped Emblem on Her Tender Was the Old Choctaw Coal & Ry. Trade Mark, Which Originally Bore the Words "Kala Inla," a Choctaw Indian Phrase Meaning "Black Diamond"

was solemnly informed that it was against company rules for employees to whistle. On asking why he was told: "You must always have a long face, because if people see you smiling or whistling they will think the road is making money, and they must not know that!"

ABOUT this time a Texan named Uriah Lott arrived in Hot Springs and attempted to promote the construction of a line from Benton, a town on the Iron Mountain about 25 miles from Malvern. He wanted to capitalize on the prejudices of numerous individuals against the "Diamond Jo" line, but his plan fell through, probably due to lack of coöperation by the Iron Mountain.

Early in 1896, the "Diamond Jo" line had the unusual opportunity to extract an eye for an eye from the many who had fought it in Hot Springs, but it merely turned the other cheek instead. One of the city's largest banks was the victim of a big run. Instead of sitting calmly by and watching the bank topple, the officials of the road rushed to its assistance.

Several times during the day passenger and freight receipts of the road were collected and the treasurer sent to the bank. Here he rushed to the head of the line and loudly demanded to make a deposit. The effect of this action was reassuring. The following day the tide was stemmed by outside money the railroad and bank brought into the city. It was a trying day for Hot Springs, but thanks to the aid of the railroad it turned out successfully.

In 1899 the little Rock & Hot Springs Western Ry. Co. was formed, acquired the grade of the old Lott Road from Hot Springs to Benton, built a new line paralleling the Iron Mountain from Benton to a connection with the Choctaw, Oklahoma & Gulf at Little Rock, and began running trains from its station in Little Rock to Hot Springs in April, 1900.

Early in 1901 the Iron Mountain, having acquired three-fourths interest in the L. R. & H. S. W., took the through sleepers from the Hot Springs Railroad at Malvern and routed them via Benton and into Hot Springs over the new Hot Springs Western rails. Having no use for the 22 miles of L. R. & H. S. W. track from Benton to Little Rock, since it duplicated its main line, the Iron Mountain sold it to the Choctaw, Oklahoma & Gulf, with joint track agreement for two Choctaw passenger trains daily in each direction over it between Benton and Hot Springs. Thus the "Diamond Jo" got its first taste of real competition.

On March 4, 1901, the Hot Springs Railroad was sold to Joseph Dickson, prominent lawyer of St. Louis, who assumed the presidency. But Mr. Dickson merely represented Rock Island interests, and he promptly resigned. Francis I. Gowa, president of the C. O. & G., was elected president of the Hot Springs with a new board of directors, chiefly Choctaw men.

A 19-mile connection built from the Choctaw portion of the L. R. & H. S. W.,

at Benton, to the Hot Springs R. R. at Butterfield, five miles north of Malvern, was completed May 1, 1902, and the "Diamond Jo" became a part of the C. O. & G. two weeks later. Thus the passenger trains using the L. R. & H. S. W. tracks from Benton to Hot Springs were diverted by the Choctaw to its own rails via Butterfield. The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific acquired the Choctaw in the summer of 1902, but operated it as C. O. & G. until 1904, when the Choctaw was absorbed into the Rock Island system. Hence the Hot Springs Railroad now is that part of the Rock Island between Malvern and Hot Springs.

The Hot Springs road for years operated four passenger trains and two mixed freight daily each way to connect with Iron Mountain trains. The Benton-Hot Springs portion of the L. R. & H. S. W. was made a part of the Iron Mountain in 1911, and it, in turn, was absorbed by the Missouri Pacific in 1917. As late as 1926 the Mo. P. ran five daily passenger trains in and five out of Hot Springs, but now has only two each way. And the Rock Island formerly operated three daily trains in and out of Hot Springs over the famous "Diamond Jo," but now runs only one each way from Malvern, and one each way from Little Rock via Benton and Butterfield.

Freak Railroad Abandoned

ONE of the quaintest railroads ever built, 6½ miles long, was abandoned Dec. 1, 1935. Originally it was called the Oxford & Aylesbury Tramroad, although it never ran within miles of either place. In recent years it was known as the Quainton Road-Brill branch of the Metropolitan Ry., of London, England.

Sponsored by a Duke of Buckingham, it was first opened in 1877 with a horse car. Eventually it acquired a locomotive and passenger coach. The former was like a steam-roller mounted on a locomotive chassis. It was, in fact, manufactured by a steam-roller company, and had a huge smokestack. A single flywheel, connected with the driving axles by a chain, usually came off every few miles. For that reason speed was limited to 4 miles an hour.

The lone passenger coach was divided into first, second and third class compartments, in addition to a bin for baggage. Passengers who traveled at night sat in semi-darkness. The only illumination consisted of oil lamps—hung outside of the car, where they were of little use. Eventually, however, the road acquired less primitive motive power and rolling stock.

Schedules on this pike were almost non-existent. The train would stop anywhere en route to pick up passengers. There was no need of signals, as there was only the one train. Grade crossings were protected by gates, which the fireman had to open and close. All in all, the Oxford & Aylesbury was a delightful little pike, reminiscent of the leisurely dignity of Victorian England. Old-timers were sorry to see it go.

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ALONG THE IRON PIKE

by J. EASLEY

WHEN A TANK TRAIN ON THE C.R.I.&P. WAS WRECKED THE OTHER DAY NEAR WILLARD, KANSAS, 7 TANK CARS BURST AND WERE IGNITED, THREATENING TO BURN THE TOWN. FIRE-FIGHTERS SAVED THE DAY BY USING A MACHINE GUN ON THE 8TH CAR, PERMITTING THE GASOLINE TO RUN OUT WITHOUT EXPLODING

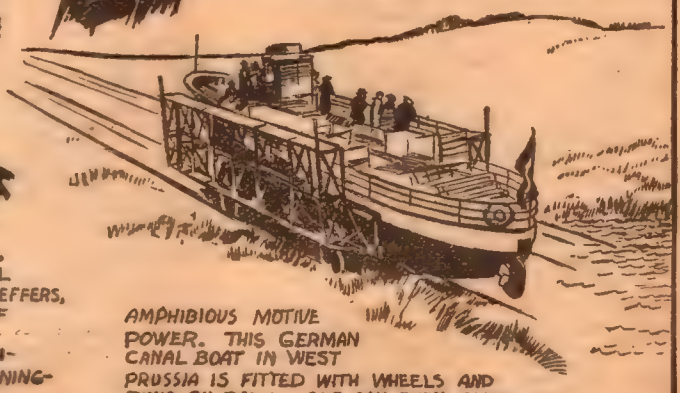
MISS CATHERINE SHELL, OF JACKSON, TENN., ONE OF 3 HOSTESSES ON THE NEW G.M. & N. STREAMLINED TRAIN, "THE REBEL"

THIS OLD CLOCK FACE HAS NEVER TOLD THE TIME. WHEN THE N.Y. CENTRAL BUILT THEIR STATION AT MOTT AVE. AND 138TH ST., BRONX, N.Y. CITY, THEY INSTALLED NUMBERS FROM 1 TO 12 BUT NO HANDS AND NO MECHANISM

THE ONLY ENGINEER TWINS EMPLOYED IN THE SAME TERMINAL— TOM AND ED SWEENEY OF LOUISVILLE, KY.; BORN OCT. 14, 1884; WORKED FOR L.&N. SINCE MAY 2, 1902. FATHER ALSO WAS AN ENGINEER, SERVING L.&N. FOR 56 YEARS

THE BOTTOM OF A LOCOMOTIVE WHEEL ALWAYS STANDS STILL. IF IT DIDN'T, THE WHEEL WOULD SLIP ON THE RAIL AND THE ENGINE WOULDN'T MOVE

HER JOB IS TO RIDE TRAINS. MISS AMS LOBDELL, SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF W.M. JEFFERS, EXECUTIVE VICE PRES. OF U. P. SYSTEM. SHE TRAVELS ALMOST CONTINUOUSLY, INSPECTING DINING-CAR SERVICE, ETC.



AMPHIBIOUS MOTIVE POWER. THIS GERMAN CANAL BOAT IN WEST PRUSSIA IS FITTED WITH WHEELS AND RUNS ON RAILS. SHE CAN EVEN CLIMB HILLS

March in Rail History

THIS concludes the international railroad almanac which began in our April, '35, issue. We are grateful to the brothers who sent us dates and corrections, especially Robt. R. Brown, secretary of the Canadian R.R. Historical Ass'n; Wm. H. Wanzer, Burlington, Vt.; Paul Darrell, Richmond, Calif.; R. E. Mermet, Wyomissing, Pa.; Robt. Cole, San Diego; R. G. Levasseur, C.N.R. opr., Hampton, N. B., and V. Clapp, McAdams, N. B.

March 1

1880—Jay Gould and Russell Sage, in control of Texas & Pacific, decide to build 612 miles westward to El Paso in 22 months to get Texas land grant of 5,500,000 acres.

1881—Forty emigrants killed in railroad collision at Macon, Mo. Wrecking train proceeding to scene is ditched, killing 9 more persons.

1910—118 perish in snow slide at Wellington, Wash., at portal of Cascade Tunnel; 84 of those killed were on 2 stalled Great Northern passenger trains buried by avalanche descending from 2,000 ft. above, at 4 A.M. (Danger of similar slides there has since been eliminated by construction of new 8-mile Cascade Tunnel, together with new safety devices and modern improvements.) . . . Guantanamo & Western R.R. in Cuba takes over 4 Cuban roads.

1920—All U. S. railroads returned to private control, terminating Govt. wartime emergency operation which began Jan. 1, 1918. . . . Narrow-gage Waynesburg & Washington (Pa.) R.R., 28 miles of main line, becomes part of Panhandle Div. of P.R.R. (Now abandoned.)

March 2

1831—Act of Congress permits B.&O. to build railroad into Washington, D. C.

1833—Trial run of first steam locomotive on Lexington & Ohio R.R., second railroad built west of Allegheny Mts. (L.&N.). Engine designed by T. H. Barlow, of Lexington, Ky., built by Jos. Bruen; 4 ft. high, with pistons working perpendicularly and water barrel on rear platform, no headlight. (On March 19, 1836, she was relegated to freight service only; L.&O. returned temporarily to horses as motive power for passenger trains.)

1836—America's first railroad head-on collision occurs near Camden, N. J., on Camden & Amboy R.R. (Pennsy); lumber train from Camden meets passenger train in fog; engine crews leap to safety; no casualties. (Details in Feb., '33, issue.)

1855—Minnesota Territorial Legislature grants charter to Root River Valley & Southern Minnesota R.R. Co., to build from opposite LaCrosse, Wis., to Hakah, Minn. Terr. (This was intended to be Minnesota's first railroad, but could not be financed and so was never built.)

Photo from O. Fulton, 720 E. 48, Tacoma, Wash.

The First Train Through Wellington, Wash., After the Snow Slide of March 1, 1910

1873—Port Royal R.R., 5-ft. gage, completed between Port Royal harbor, S. C., and Augusta, Ga., 112 miles. (Now the Charleston & Western Carolina.)

1893—Congress passes Safety Appliance Act requiring roads engaged in interstate commerce to equip cars with automatic couplers and locomotives with driving-wheel brakes. This puts the force of law behind efforts of Master Car Builders Asso. to hasten use of automatic couplers. (Act signed by Pres. Harrison March 4, 1893.)

March 3

1828—Md. Legislature authorizes state to subscribe $500,000 to B.&O. stock.

1831—Geo. M. Pullman, founder of Pullman Co., born at Brocton, N. Y. (Died Oct 9, 1897.)

1842—Fitchburg R.R. chartered in Mass. (18[illegible] miles, now part of B.&M.)

1843—U. S. Senate passes House bill appropriating $30,000 for F. B. Morse's telegraphic experiments.

1863—Santa Fe road chartered as the Boston

Pacific, promoted by Boston capitalists. Charter says it must be completed to Colo. border within 10 years.

1869—Congress changes name of Leavenworth, Pawnee & Western R.R. to Kansas Pacific; 673 miles long. (Now U.P.)

1871—Texas & Pacific R.R. chartered.

1884—Second lodge, Brotherhood of R.R. Trainmen, organized at Phillipsburg, N. J. First lodge was founded at Oneonta, N. Y., Sept. 23, 1883.

March 4

1839—Birth of express service of America; Wm. F. Harnden, age 27, quits job as railroad conductor and sets out with handbag as his only equipment, acting as emissary for business men of N. Y. and Boston, personally carrying their shipments. (From this sprang the present Railway Express Agency.)

1869—Spuyten Duyvil & Port Morris R.R. organized. (Was opened and leased to N. Y. Central in 1871. In 1882 it was scene of rear-end collision pictured on cover of Dec., '35, issue.)

1934—First "snow train" operated on D.&H. at request of Schenectady Wintersports Club. (Such trains have since become popular feature of D.&H. and other roads.)

March 5

1831—Speed trial of the *West Point*, second locomotive on Charleston & Hamburg R.R., hauling "barrier" car loaded with cotton bales for safety's sake and 4 passenger coaches carrying 117 passengers. First 2¾ miles is made in 11 mins., when train stops for oiling of axles. Next 2¾ miles takes only 8 mins. (Southern System.)

1891—Bangor & Aroostook Railroad is chartered in Maine.

1906—Philippine Ry. chartered in Conn. (132 miles of 3½-ft. gage on islands of Panay and Cebu in the Philippines.)

1910—Snow slide at Rogers Pass., B. C., Canada, kills 92 persons, mostly C. P. Ry. employees —4 days after similar disaster at Wellington, Wash. (See article by Chas. Carter, "36 Below Zero," Jan., '31, issue.)

March 6

1834—London & Gore Ry. chartered; first railway in western Ont., Canada. (C.N.R.)

1898—German Govt. signs lease with Chinese Govt. for construction of Shantung Ry. (Line completed in 1904. Taken over by Japanese Govt. in Dec., '14, in connection with World War, and still owned by Japan; 277 miles, standard gage.)

1902—U. S. Congress orders first national appraisal of railroad property.

March 7

1852—Birth of Wm. H. Sergeant (who had 64 years' continuous railroad service, supervising the construction of 260 locomotives on what later became C.N.R. System).

1887—Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic Ry. inc. in Mich. (now 559 miles, controlled by Can. Pac. Ry.).

March 8

1832—Birth of Kirby C. Jackson, one of 7 brothers, all locomotive engineers; oldest Pennsy veteran. (Photo in July, '32, issue.)

1881—Santa Fe Railway is completed as far as Deming, New Mexico.

March 9

1847—Richmond & Danville R.R. chartered. (Opened May 15, 1851; 448 miles. Now in Southern System.)

1894—Emperor Menelik II grants concession for railway to be built in Ethiopia. (Construction started Oct., 1897, at Jibuti, French Somaliland, but not completed into Addis Ababa until June, 1917. See Dellinger story in this issue. Other facts and photos in issues of Nov., '35, Dec., '35, and Jan., '36.)

March 10

1853—First patent in Germany for air brakes on railroad trains issued at Berlin.

1880—Bradford & Foster Brook Ry. memorial is seized by sheriff and sold for junk at Bradford, Pa. (Sometimes called "America's most freakish road.")

1884—First fast mail train in West runs on the Burlington from Chicago to Council Bluffs, Ia.

1886—Twenty killed in head-on collision on railroad between Monte Carlo and Mentone, Italy.

1887—Thirty killed, 126 injured in Boston & Providence wreck when bridge collapses at Forest Hills, Mass. (Details in Oct., '34, issue.)

1899—Daniel Willard becomes assistant gen. mgr. of B.&O. (Willard became president of the road Jan. 15, 1910. He has held this position longer than any other B.&O. president. His railroad career began as "gandy dancer" for the Central Vt. See "Famous Engineers," June, '34, issue.)

1910—Completion of Home for Aged and Disabled R.R. Employees of America, for members of big four Brotherhoods, at Highland Park, Ill.

March 11

1836—Little Miami R.R. inc. in Ohio. (Main line opened in 1846, 200 miles. Now P.R.R.)

1850—Manassas Gap R.R. chartered in Va. (112 miles, now part of Southern System.)

1887—Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Ry. inc. in N. Y. and Penna. as consolidation of the old B.R.&P.R.R. and Pittsburgh & State Line R.R.

1908—Last spike on the Northern Pacific is driven at Portland, Oregon.

March 12

1845—Cleveland, Columbus & Cincinnati R.R. chartered. (Completed and trains run through

from Cleveland to Columbus, Feb. 22, 1851. Now C.C.C.&St.L.)

1886—Robbery of C.R.I.&P. Kansas Express. (See "A Tiny Scrap of Paper," by N. A. Critchett, Jan., '36, issue.)

March 13

1836—Atlantic Coast Line R.R. inc. in Va. as the Richmond & Petersburg R.R. (Present name adopted Jan. 12, 1900.)

1872—Baltimore, Pittsburgh & Chicago Ry. organized. (Opening Nov. 17, 1874, 274 miles; now part of B.&O.)

1884—Standard time established in U. S. (See article by Chas. Corwin, July, '35, issue.)

March 14

1836—Cleveland & Pittsburgh R.R. inc. in Ohio. (Total mileage, 764, now part of P.R.R.)

1864—"Casey" Jones born at Jordan, Ky. (His death in an I.C. wreck in 1900 formed the basis of the famous song.)

1903—Chilean Govt. authorizes construction of meter-gage railway across Andes Mts., South America.

March 15

1833—Boston & Maine Railroad is chartered. (Now 2,084 miles.)

1845—First telegraph company organized, the Magnetic Telegraph Co.

1855—America's first railroad strike takes place on 61-mile road running between Boston, Mass., and Thompson, Conn. (See article by Earle Davis, Aug., '35, issue.)

1932—Last run of Pontchartrain R.R., first railroad built west of Allegheny Mts. (Details in Oct., '33, issue.)

March 16

1891—First trip of the New Haven's famous "White Train" or "Ghost Train."

1912—Union Terminal Co. of Dallas inc. in Texas. (Owns and operates Dallas union passenger station, incl. more than 17 miles of track.)

March 17

1852—Camden & Atlantic R.R. inc. in N. J. (Opened in 1854, acquired by Pennsy Jan. 1, 1883.)

1857—First locomotive used on St. John & Shediac Ry., New Brunswick. . . . 60 killed in wreck on Great Western R.R. of Canada when train falls 60 ft. from bridge over ice-covered Des Jardines Canal.

1863—Engineer Wm. Pittenger and 5 other members of Andrews railroad raid party which seized the locomotive *General* are paroled by the Confederate Govt. (See article by Freeman H. Hubbard, now editor of RAILROAD STORIES, in Jan., '32, issue.)

1902—Temiskaming & N. Ontario Ry. authorized to operate in Canada. (Total mileage, 583.)

March 18

1849—D.L.&W. R.R. chartered in Penna. Originally called the Liggitt's Gap R.R., inc. April 7, 1832. (Total mileage now, 998.42 in N. J., Penna. and N. Y.)

1920—Fruit Growers Express Co. inc. in Dela. to build and repair refrigerator cars for railroads and supply icing facilities. (Now has about 19,000 cars in operation.)

1925—Milwaukee Road goes into bankruptcy. (Sold at auction Nov. 22, 1926, for $140,000,000. Present company inc. March 31, 1927. Total mileage, more than 11,000, of which 656 is electrified.)

March 19

1898—Pecos & Northern Texas Ry. inc. in Texas. (571½ miles, now part of Santa Fe system.)

March 20

1827—First subscription books opened for sale of shares in B.&O., capitalized at $3,000,000. (Issue was over-subscribed, $4,178,000 divided among 22,000 subscribers.)

1875—Farmers' Union (narrow-gage) R.R. inc. in Iowa to build from Liscomb on the Mississippi River 300 miles to Monona on the Missouri (but never built).

1898—Mexican Govt. authorizes construction of Mexican Northern Ry. in states of Coahuila and Chihuahua.

1901—Los Angeles & Salt Lake R.R. (now part of U.P.) inc. in Utah, forming continuous chain of 1,249 miles from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles.

March 21

1831—Little Schuylkill & Susquehanna R.R. chartered in Penn. (The first of the small roads which later became the present 1,651-mile Reading System.)

1840—Regular freight rates and passenger service announced, for first time on any American road, by the West Feliciana R.R. (This is the oldest of the many companies whose lines now form the I.C. System. The W.F. was inc. March 25, 1831. Extended between St. Francisville, La., and Woodville, Miss. Oldest charter of any road now operating in Mississippi Valley. When inc., there were not 50 miles of railroad in America. The only locomotive then in operation in America was the *Best Friend of Charleston* in S. C., which terminated her brief career by blowing up the following summer.)

March 22

1857—Minnesota & Pacific R.R. chartered. (Later grew into the Great Northern.)

1873—Geo. B. Elliott, pres. of the 5,147-mile Atlantic Coast Line R.R., born at Norfolk, Va.

1876—Death of Chas. Danforth, one of the founders of Danforth & Cook, loco builders, Paterson, N. J. (See article by Walter Lucas, "City of Iron Horses," June, '33.)

1931—The Royal Scot, pride of L.M.S., wrecked in England; engine crew and 6 others killed.

March 23

1935—P.R.R. dedicates its new passenger station at Newark, N. J. (First train to use this station is Phila. Express, March 24.)

March 24

1868—Peach Bottom (narrow-gage) R.R. inc. in Penna. (Now part of Md. & Penna. R.R., standard-gage.)

1887—Franchise granted by the Spanish Crown for construction of Manila-Dagupan Ry. in Philippine Islands. (Details in June, '32, issue.)

March 25

1877—Locomotive derailed on Scotch Express on North Eastern Ry., Great Britain, near Morpeth. Five passengers killed; the remains of one, together with wheels of a passenger coach, were afterward taken out from the tank of the tender, into which they were driven by the impact.

March 26

1898—Mexican Govt. grants concession for construction of 3-ft. gage Potosi & Rio Verde Ry. in State of San Luis Potosi.

March 27

1848—Orange & Alexandria R.R. chartered. (Now part of Southern System.)

1911—Wichita Union Terminal Ry. inc. in Kansas to build and operate union pass. and frt. station. (Operation began March 8, 1914.)

March 28

1901—Atlantic, Quebec & Western Ry. inc. in Quebec, Canada. (Now part of C.N.R.)

1908—National Rys. of Mexico *(Ferrocarriles Nacionales de Mexico)* inc. for 99-year period. (Mexican Govt. now owns 52% of its stock. Has 7,496 miles of line, mostly standard-gage, some narrow-gage.)

March 29

1880—Norman Call, pres. of Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac R.R., born at Richmond, Va.

1909—C.M.&St.P. reaches Seattle, Wash., using part of right-of-way of the old Seattle & Walla Walla R.R. project.

1919—Narrow-gage C.N.R. train reaches Alberton, Prince Edward Island, after taking 10 days to travel 2 miles through blizzard in worst winter known to local residents. Train has engine No. 28, 4 coaches and a snowplow.

1929—Hudson Bay Ry. built as far north as Churchill, Man., Canada.

March 30

1883—Fifty-three lives lost in accident near Mason's Station, O., on Cincinnati Southern R.R. (now Cin., New Orl. & Texas Pacific Ry., part of Southern System).

March 31

18223—Penna. Legislature authorizes construction of railroad between Phila. and Columbia, Pa., 80 miles. (But it was never built.)

1847—Pennsylvania R.R. Co. organized.

1862—*Oregon Pony*, first steam locomotive in Pacific Northwest, reaches Portland, Ore., by steamship.

1890—Fair Ground R.R. Co. organized in Vt. to connect the State Fair Ground at White River Jct. with the Woodstock R.R. (See article by Freeman H. Hubbard, July, '33, issue. The F.G.R.R. was 75 miles long, operated only at Fair time, and owned no rolling stock.)

January in Rail History

CORRECTIONS in Jan. almanac: P.R.R. reached Pottsville Nov. 15, 1886, *not* Jan. 1, 1842. Longest snow blockade in U. S. was probably on Silverston-Durango line of D.&R.G.W. in Colo., blocked more than 90 days in 1932; this beat snow blockade on S.P. which began Jan. 20, 1890. The Albany & Susquehanna, *not* Albany & Schenectady, reached Binghamton Jan. 14, 1869. The Mad River & Lake Erie, chartered Jan. 4, 1832, was narrow, *not* broad, gage.

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Mexico's Biggest Railroad Disaster

THE world's three greatest railroad wrecks, according to an article printed in the January, 1935, number of "Railroad Stories" magazine, were those at: (1) St. Michel, France, on December 12th, 1917, in which 543 soldiers were killed and 243 were injured; (2) near Gretna Green, in Scotland, May 22nd, 1915, in which 227 persons were killed and 250 injured; and (3) Lagny, France, December 24th, 1934, in which 200 persons were killed and 300 injured. The so-called "three greatest wrecks" are so listed on the basis of the number of deaths.

However, the collapse of a railroad bridge across the San Antonio River near the village of Malpais, Mexico, on Friday evening, June 24th, 1881, exceeded the death list of the Lagny disaster, although the total number of casualties—both killed and wounded—was much greater at Lagny than it was at Malpais.

The world's four greatest railroad catastrophes, therefore, were those at St. Michel, Gretna Green, Malpais, and Lagny. Just which wreck should be listed as number five is hard to determine; possibly the derailment of a passenger train near Tcherny, Russia (166 miles west of Moscow), on the 13th of July, 1882, in which 178 persons were killed, and all of the remaining 39 persons aboard the train were injured.

The Mexican accident occurred late at night on the Morelos Railway, a narrow-gage line built by authority of the Mexican Government, south of Mexico City, planned and constructed entirely by Mexican engineers, and opened to the public on the 18th of June, 1881, less than a week before the tragedy.

Fierce rainstorms had swollen the creeks of that vicinity into torrents, devastating fertile fields, endangering life and property. The bridge over the San Antonio River at Malpais, a frame structure, had been pronounced unsafe, but was still in use.

The circumstances of the Malpais wreck are similar in one respect to those of the St. Michel disaster; military officers compelled the train and engine crew to run the train, in defiance of their own protests, into what proved to be certain disaster. Both engineers and the conductor tried to convince a stubborn colonel that the bridge was not strong enough to bear the weight of the train; but the colonel, backed by a battalion of soldiers, decided that the train was going to run anyhow.

Doubleheaded by wood-burning locomotives and hauling 264 soldiers as passengers, and two freight cars loaded with brandy, the train came to a stop shortly before 11 p.m. on June 24th, just before reaching the bridge. The railroad men refused to cross the bridge before morning, in the face of rising waters.

But a threat of the commander to execute the members of train and engine crews on the spot soon caused the railroad men to change their minds, and the train proceeded slowly over the groaning, creaking bridge.

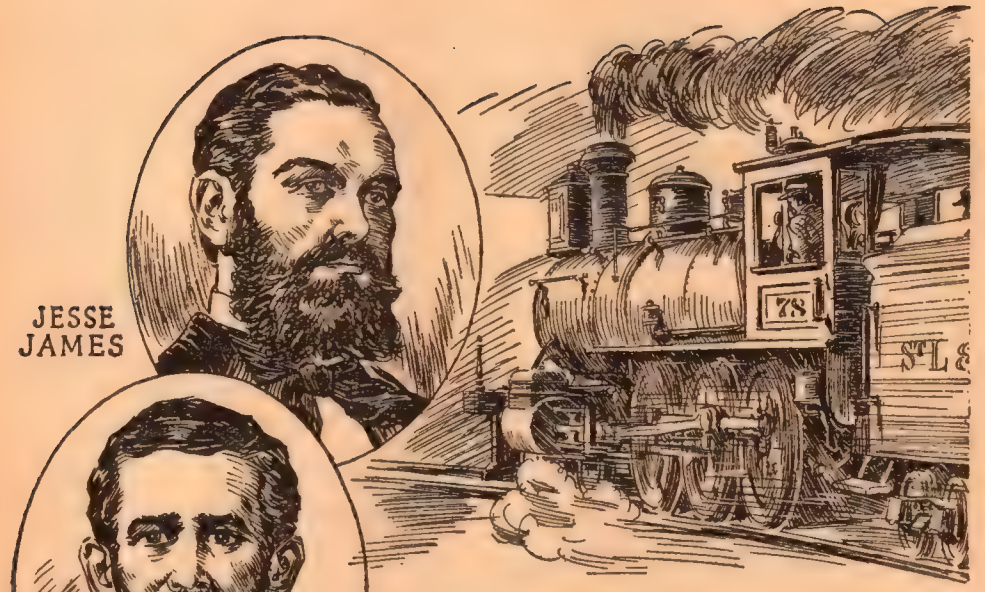
The bridge supports, already undermined, gave way with a terrible crash; and the train clattered down into the river below, one car after another piling on top of the two locomotives. The fire from the two engines soon set fire to everything.

While the survivors were struggling to get out of the wooden coaches, a new horror added to the already heavy death list. The two cars of brandy were set afire by the blazing bridge; there were a hundred barrels of the liquor; a tremendous explosion drowned out for a while the crackling of flames, the wails, groans and curses of the imprisoned victims, and the surge of water against the broken rafters of the bridge.

Slowly the dead and the living were being wrapped in the sheet of flame, many of them being sprayed with the burning brandy. Thus the night wore on, and when morning dawned it was found that virtually all the cars had been devoured by flames.

The insolent colonel who had caused this catastrophe had perished in the flames, together with at least a dozen other officers, and 197 privates, both of the engine crews, and a few other railroad men. Just exactly how many lives were snuffed out at Malpais will probably never be known, but the death list numbered at least 214, and possibly higher. Only sixty persons were saved, and of that number at least forty were more or less seriously injured.

Early Saturday morning, when the first rays of sun were peeping over the hills, a wrecking squad was sent to the scene, together with a group of army surgeons and nurses, headed by the Secretary of Public Works from the cabinet of Porfirio Diaz, the President of Mexico. It was Mexico's most tragic railroad disaster, and it was, perhaps, the greatest railroad wreck on the American continent.—N. A. Critchett.



The Last of the Jesse James Gang

MISSOURI'S reputation for train robberies is second to none. In that state was born a clergyman's son named Jesse Woodford James, whose gang of outlaws held up an Iron Mountain train near Otterville in 1876, a Chicago and Alton train at Glendale in 1879, a Rock Island train at Winton in July, 1881, and a Burlington train at Blue Cut in September, 1881—all in his home state of Missouri.

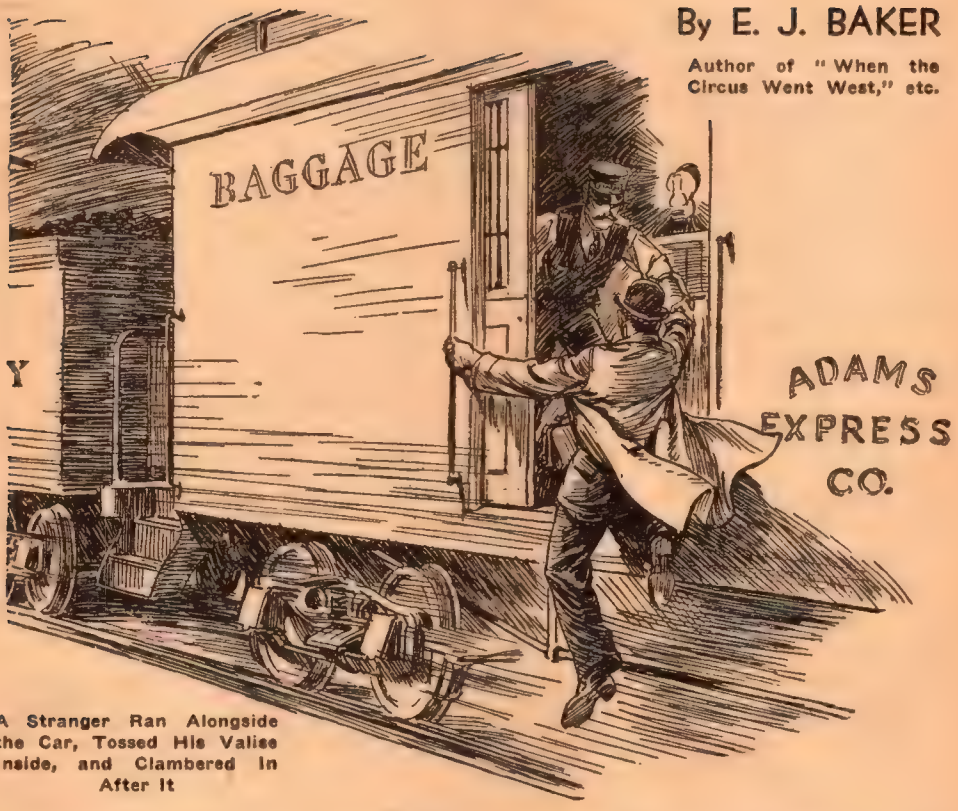
But the robbery of a St. Louis & San Francisco Railway train near Pacific, Missouri, on the 25th of October, 1886, was more daring than any of the others because it was played with a lone hand. For that reason it stands alone. This time they couldn't put the blame on Jesse James; four and a half years before, as the old song says, " they laid poor Jesse in his grave."

Let David S. Fotheringham tell us what happened. Fotheringham was the messenger in charge of the Adams Express Company car on the westbound Frisco passenger train which left the Union Depot at St. Louis, Missouri, at 8.30 P.M. on October 26th, 1886. An active young fellow of twenty-four, he had been employed by Adams Express for about four years. His record was entirely satisfactory.

Fotheringham said: " My helper, Tom Dwyer, helped to load the express car at Union Depot as usual that night, and left me alone just as the train was pulling out, evidently returning to his duties at the express office. The side door of the car was still open. I was about to close it, before the train picked up speed, when a stranger carrying a valise ran alongside the car, tossed his valise inside, and clambered in after it. I looked at the newcomer.

By E. J. BAKER

Author of "When the Circus Went West," etc.



A Stranger Ran Alongside the Car, Tossed His Valise Inside, and Clambered In After It

"He was about six feet tall, between twenty-five and thirty years old, and weighed around two hundred pounds. He had dark hair cut close, wore a thin dark mustache, had a rather low forehead and dark brown eyes. Under his gray overcoat he was wearing a dark suit. I should say he was good looking, but there was nothing distinctive about the man that would make him stand out in a crowd, except that his hair somehow gave me the impression that it was dyed.

"Before I could ask the stranger who he was or what he wanted, he smiled pleasantly, dug into his coat pocket and handed me a letter signed by W. H. Damsel, Superintendent of the Adams Express Company, and J. B. Barrett, the route agent, instructing me to take the bearer, Jim Cummings, on my run as far as Pierce City, Missouri, to learn the run.

"I thought nothing more of it, as it was not unusual for me to receive such instructions, although I was surprised that Mr. Cummings had been so late in reaching the train. This he explained by saying:

"'I had you mixed up with the Wabash train and nearly got left.'

"After closing the car door and asking the newcomer to throw off his coat as I had done, so he could work better, I told him I'd put him to checking up the Arkansas run first. That would give him plenty to do for a couple of hours, since the first stop was Pacific, thirty-four miles out. He caught on quickly.

"Thereupon I began my own work, standing with my back to Cummings and the handle of my .38 revolver sticking out of my pistol pocket. Somewhere near Kirkwood, about thirteen miles from the St. Louis Depot, I suddenly felt the revolver snatched from me. Cummings was prodding me in the back with it while his other hand gripped my neck.

"Before I realized what had happened,

I was thrown heavily to the floor and choked into submission. My struggles were useless, for Jim Cummings was not only big and muscular, but he was also armed.

"So it didn't take long for him to tie my hands and feet with valise straps and gag me with knotted handkerchiefs. Then he calmly took my keys and looted the safe, meanwhile talking to me now and then and grinning good-humoredly.

"'I'm not going to kill you,' he said, 'not unless you start any funny business. I happen to know you have plenty of money on tonight. The Adams Express carries all the Government stuff. I've checked up on it. I know they carry the money down to the Indians in Indian Territory, for I've been there.'

"He moved about leisurely, evidently confident that he was safe from interruption. From the safe he took out several pouches and cut them open, but replaced those which he found were full of silver, explaining to me that he preferred gold. However, he found a large quantity of bank notes in the safe, and these he carefully laid aside to pick up when he was ready to leave. As he worked, he kept up a friendly stream of chatter.

"AT Mincke we stopped. Judging from the voices I heard outside the car, some men working in a limekiln had found something on the track and flagged the train. Cummings quickly stepped over to the door to make sure it was securely fastened from the inside. Then he put a revolver to my head. Of course that was a gentle hint not to speak, but since I was still closely gagged, the threat was hardly necessary. I waited.

"Someone pounded on the car door, tried to get inside. Neither of us spoke, and he went away. Nobody came back to the car for as long as we stayed there, which was about an hour and a half. During all that time Cummings continued his systematic rifling of the safe, occasionally explaining to me what he was doing.

"At length he seemed satisfied that he had collected all that he wanted, so he threw some articles of clothing out of his suitcase, out of the car, to make room for the plunder. That occurred at Meramee, I should say. Then he got ready to leave. He seemed to be pleased with himself, and said: 'You'd be surprised if I told you who I am.' He removed my gag a few minutes so I could talk to him, I don't know why.

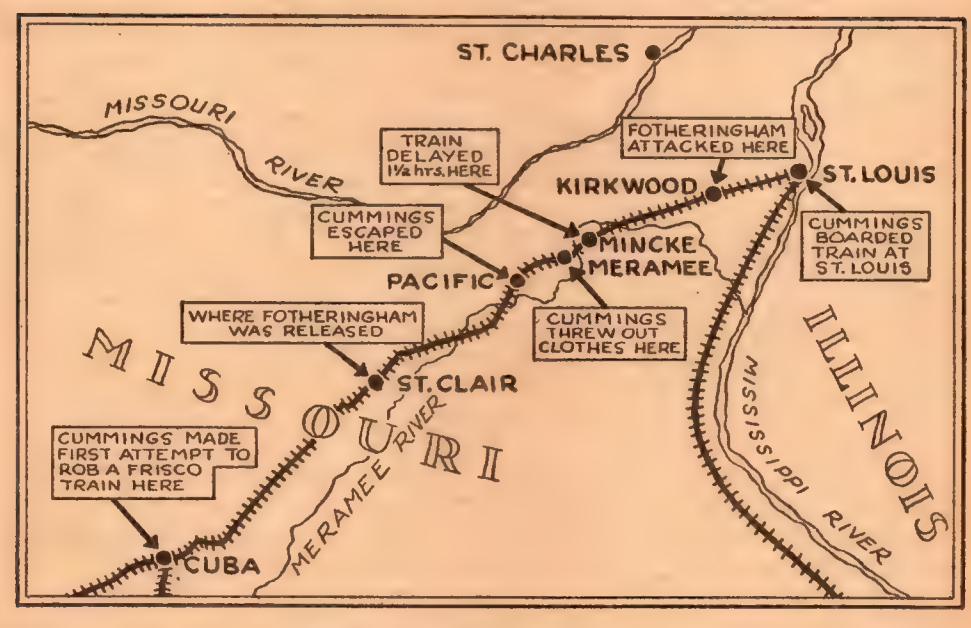
"I said: 'I don't know as I would.'

"This indifference seemed to pique him. 'Well,' he replied, 'I am Jim Cummings, the last of the Jesse James gang. I was in on the Blue Cut job, and got only $1,500 out of it. Since then I have passed much time in Australia and San Francisco.'

"He seemed quite familiar with the names and doings of the various members of the James gang. He told me where Jesse's brother Frank was at that moment, and what Frank was doing. Then he put the gag back into my mouth, picked up his valise, removed the forged letter from my vest pocket and left the car when we stopped at Pacific, closing the door behind him. His last words to me were that he'd blow my brains out if I attempted to attract anyone's attention. I observed that Jim Cummings was methodical; he left the car in fairly good order, and left nothing there that might serve as a clue.

"All of this time I was tied by my neck to the safe, which was up-ended in such a way that if I struggled the massive weight would crush me. Finally, when our train reached St. Clair, fifty-two miles from St. Louis, at one A.M., I was able to get the gag out of my mouth and shout for help. Conductor Sprinkle and Engineer Charles Hoag came into the car through the front door and released me. It sure was a relief!"

Fotheringham was put aboard a train and sent back to St. Louis under strong suspicion of complicity in the robbery. There he was held in a hotel under custody of Superintendent William H. Damsel of the Adams Express Company and Robert Pinkerton, of the Pinkerton Detective Agency, despite strenuous efforts of his mother, Mrs. Lizzie Root, to obtain his release. The total amount of loot was esti-



mated to be $90,000. Almost immediately claims totaling $81,000 were filed against the company.

To check up on the messenger's statements, a careful search was made for the clothes which Fotheringham said had been thrown out near Meramee. These were found, together with some old papers and song sheets. One of the garments measured thirty-eight inches around the waist, and another was a No. 16 collar, bearing out Fotheringham's assertion about the size of the robber. It was not hard to realize how he might have been overpowered by such a man.

Nevertheless, James Heffernan, Wabash Railway engineer, gave damaging testimony against the express messenger.

"I was in the Union Station at St. Louis on the night of October 25th," he said, "oiling my engine. My time to start was 8.25 P.M., and just as I was about to get away I noticed that the 'Frisco train was across the main track. Of course, I could not move until it was out of the way. The express car was almost directly opposite my cab window, and I noticed that the door of the car was open The messenger and his helper were inside, busy with their duties.

"It was nearly time for the 'Frisco train to start, and the helper, Thomas Dwyer, swung himself off the train and walked away. A moment later a man came along with a valise in his hand and stopped directly under the electric light and within a few feet of my engine. He answered Fotheringham's description of the robber, as far as I could remember, except that he wore his hat well forward over his face so I could not make out his features clearly. He asked me which was the 'Frisco train, and I pointed it out to him.

"It was just moving away, and he ran alongside of it until he reached the express car, the door of which was still open—a very unusual thing, by the way. He threw his valise inside, reached up his hand, and was pulled through the door into the car. He could not have jumped in without assistance, especially with the train in motion. I believe Fotheringham helped him."

TOM DWYER'S testimony corroborated the engineer's story. Fotheringham was indicted on a charge of complicity and held under $20,000 bail. The day after this news came out, the editor of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* received a letter from Jim Cummings dated "St.

Joseph, Mo., October 31st," giving intimate details of the robbery and attempting to exonerate David Fotheringham.

With the letter, as evidence of its trustworthiness, were enclosed bank slips which were easily recognized as part of the loot. Cummings told how he had made a previous effort to rob the car at Cuba Junction. He explained that he and his accomplices had obtained letter heads, cards, etc., and signatures of Adams Express officers to enable them to forge the order permitting Jim Cummings to ride in the car with the messenger. Everything had been carefully planned.

The letter stated, furthermore, that a boat, camping outfit, two guns and a box of provisions had been secreted by the writer near the bridge at St. Charles, Missouri, and that a package containing a revolver had been left at the check stand at the St. Louis Union Depot on the day of the robbery. Specific details were given how to locate these objects.

The skiff, guns, camping outfit and provisions were found by the river, while the package left in the depot also was discovered, thus proving beyond doubt that the letter writer was involved in the crime.

Jim Cummings seemed to be getting quite a big kick out of the whole affair. Without intentionally revealing his own hiding place, he carried on a voluminous correspondence. One letter was sent to Frank James, brother of the late Jesse; another to Fotheringham's mother, Mrs. Lizzie Root, enclosing $60 to be used in helping to clear her son. Fotheringham was finally vindicated.

But the express robber was drawing a net around himself without being aware of it. Each letter he wrote gave additional clues to the man hunters, the Adams Express officials and the persistent Pinkertons. In addition to the gun which Cummings mentioned, the package left at the Union Depot also contained a song sheet containing an address in St. Louis written on it in pencil. Detectives went to that address. Cummings had flown, but he left behind a medicine bottle. This bottle was a clue leading to a druggist and a doctor, both of whom had given service to the express robber.

One clue after another, and finally Jim Cummings was arrested in bed at 9 A.M. Friday, December 24th. In his vest pocket was found $5,000, which was easily recognized as being part of the express loot. Most of the stolen money was eventually recovered. His two accomplices, Haight and Weaver, who had helped to plot the crime but lost their nerve when it came to carrying out what they had plotted, were arrested also, and were each given five years in the penitentiary at Jefferson City, Missouri.

Jim Cummings confessed, admitted that his real name was Fred Witrock of North Leavenworth, Kansas, and gave as his motive the desire to lift a $1,700 mortgage from his mother's homestead. He was given a seven-year term, and went to prison hoping that in some way Frank James would come to his rescue. But Frank James never did. Frank wasn't the least bit interested. The glamour of outlawry had worn thin since " they laid poor Jesse in his grave."

Grouchy Joins the Human Race

The Tale of an Irresistible Hogger Who Met an Immovable Brakeman

By CLIFFORD FUNKHOUSER

GROUCHY TOM LAWLER found it hard to adjust himself to the new conditions on the Houston, Dallas & Denver Railroad.

The H. D. & D.—which boomers dubbed the High, Dry & Dusty—meandered out of Houston, Texas, north to Bremond and then on toward Ft. Worth. But funds had run out, and the rails ended in high grass a mile or two beyond Cleburne. Its promoters, despairing of ever reaching "Cowtown," as Ft. Worth was familiarly known, arranged with the Gulf Coast Lines to operate into that city over their track.

The lean years that followed its construction provided little money for maintenance, so that when in 1920 oil was discovered at several stations along the way, "The Dusty" had almost resolved back to the original elements from which it had been created.

No two rails on its tracks ran in the same direction. It was ballasted with mud or dust, according to the weather. Its asthmatic little teapot engines couldn't pull the hat off your head.

But now that oil drenched the tracks, forty "chain-gang" crews profanely "sawed by" long strings of tank cars in place of four dinky little mixed

trains (daily except Sunday) which had plodded along, doing the few chores.

Grouchy was an engineer. For twenty years he had pulled "Pappy" Myers, conductor of one of the mixed runs. They understood each other. Their conversation was mostly guttural grunts.

First they junked Grouchy's old teapot. Then a passenger run was put on from Ft. Worth to Houston. Grouchy was fourth oldest engineer, and as only three men were needed to run the passenger engines, he was forced to take one of the new freight hogs in chain-gang service.

New faces were in his cab on almost every trip. Rarely the same brakeman or fireman. Usually a strange new conductor brought him orders each evening.

Overnight the Dusty had become a madhouse. New jobs in train and engine service brought a horde of boomers, those itinerant workers who appear on the scene whenever a traffic rush creates jobs.

GROUCHY LAWLER had been "made" on the Dusty. He stepped out of a cotton patch in 1896 to become a fireman, and was later promoted to engineer. He had his ideas about the eternal fitness of things, which included the respect due him from the brakeman. The two farmer boys on the old run had always called him "Mister."

The blithe, breezy boomers had a new jargon. They'd yell up to him in the cab, "Hey, hogger," when they wanted to talk to him. For some reason this greeting always infuriated Grouchy. These damn boomers respected neither God nor man. Not even "brass hats" awed them.

Grouchy suffered in silence for a month. But he blew up the night a young boomer brakeman slid in behind him on the seat box and yelled above the roar of the pounding engine:

"Hey, hogger, how about mooching you for a cigarette?"

"I'll thank you not to call me 'hogger.' My name is Mr. Lawler. Get over on your seat box and 'tend to business."

His friendly overtures snubbed, the boomer retaliated. He was wise in the many and devious ways of "rawhiding" an unpopular runner.

At the next point where they would have to take a siding to meet another train, the boomer leaped from the pilot step and ran to open the switch so the train could roll into the siding without stopping.

Arriving at the switch stand the brakeman pretended to have difficulty unlocking it. Grouchy, unable to stop the train in so short a distance, was forced to let it roll by the switch points a couple of car lengths.

Then came the back-breaking labor of "horsing over" the engine, backing up, again horsing back the stiff reverse lever to forward position, then starting the heavy train to get it into the siding.

Grouchy was not as experienced as he might be at handling these heavy oil drags. He jabbed the engine with the "straight air" setting brakes on her, but not the train. The slack ran in and out, causing the caboose to slam into the train like it had hit a stone wall. The caboose stove was knocked loose from the floor. Cans and pans flew every-which way. The conductor had his head bumped.

The boomer grinned as he heard the profane conductor approaching the engine, giving vent to his disgust with

hoggers in general and particularly with the "wall-eyed baboon" on this train.

"What the hell you trying to do? Kill everybody back in the crummy?" the conductor bawled, as he reached Grouchy. "You make another rough stop like that and I'll make a whistling-post out of you."

Contrary to popular fallacy, the engineer is not boss of the train. The conductor is. So Grouchy had to suffer in silence.

THE boomers continued to address Grouchy as "hogger." He raved. They rawhided. It was a fussy old man who came in every trip, instead of the pompous Grouchy of yore.

They all got to know him, and the depth of contempt for a human being is expressed by the boomers when they say of one: "Hell, he doesn't even belong to the human race." Thus was Grouchy Tom Lawler classified.

Grouchy became more and more resentful, and tore into the brakemen before they could start anything.

Usually the head brakeman rode the top of the train in preference to the cab with Grouchy. But one night it was pouring rain, and the shack had to occupy his own seat box in front of the fireman. The rain blew in and the brakeman closed the front cab window.

"Open that window. Think we want to smother in here?" Grouchy roared from his protected seat box, with all windows shut on his side of the cab.

"Like hell I will," the brakeman retorted.

Grouchy crossed the cab, pushed the window open. "Now, leave it that way!" he growled.

The brakeman closed it.

Grouchy again opened it, profanely consigning the boomer to the nether regions.

This happened four or five times. Then the brakeman hopped down on the deck, grabbed up several lumps of coal and hurled them through the window on Grouchy's side of the cab.

"You damned fossil, if you like fresh air so much, I'll give you plenty. Sit in the rain yourself and see how you like it."

Grouchy muttered. The affair had nearly reached the point that would lead to fists. Fighting in the cab was a dischargeable offense. He subsided, but sputtered like the top of a hot stove as the rain blew in on him.

A FEW miles beyond it was necessary to take a siding. By this time the train had stopped. After the oncoming freight train had been met and had clanked southward toward the oil fields, Grouchy decided to take water.

The tank was back at the depot, a mile up the track. The brakeman cut off the engine, and let it out on the main line to roll back to the water tank.

In the meantime he went back to inspect the train to see if the journals and draft gears were all right. Ten to twelve car lengths back the brakeman saw a seat box laying at the side of the main line. It bore evidence of having been recently pried loose from the cab floor with a coal pick.

The brakeman returned and posted himself at the switch, to await the engine's return.

As it roared by the switch and ground to a stop the brakeman walked down and climbed up the first step leading into the gangway. He looked across the cab. His seat box was gone.

He walked back to the switch, sat down on the end of the long switch tie. Nonchalantly he lit a cigarette and leaned back against the switch stand.

"Open that switch!" Grouchy barked.

"Nothing doing, hogger. The brakeman's contract says we shall have a seat box on which to ride. There is none on your engine; it ain't standard, so you can't come through this gate."

Grouchy sat there and glared. The brakeman smoked, equally stubborn.

From the caboose came signs of life. A high-ball scintillated through the dark, urging them to get going. The brakeman arose and swung his lantern horizontally, giving a big stop sign. Soon a lantern bobbed down the side of the train.

"What's going on up here?" the conductor loudly demanded, as he came into speaking distance. The brakeman told him what had happened.

The conductor then walked down to the engine, where Grouchy still glared down from the cab window, and called out, "Get back up the track! Pick up that seat box and put it back in place!"

"Make your brakeman put the cab windows back first," was the peevish response.

The conductor took out his watch.

"I'll give you two minutes to get rolling or I'll send for another man."

Grouchy got the seat box, wiped off the mud with a piece of waste and nailed it back to the floor.

The rest of the trip was made in silence. Grouchy came into the terminal more resentful than ever.

THREE nights later things came to a head. On this trip Grouchy stopped the train twice for water, leaving it outside the limit of a little tank town to avoid blocking the crossing.

In each case the engine was cut off and sent up to the tank, while the crew inspected the train. Then the head brakeman posted himself at the head car. As the locomotive approached in the dark, he gave signals to indicate distance between her and the end of the train, winding up with an "easy" sign just as the rear of the tender closed with the coupling.

On the first stop, Grouchy complained: "You don't have to stand there and give me signals like I didn't have sense enough to come back to the train. I'll use my own judgment. Think I'm blind or crazy?"

"I suppose I have this lantern to keep me from falling in between the ties?" the shack retorted.

At the next stop for water, the brakeman followed the usual procedure. It was a dark night, clouds blotting out the stars.

Instead of standing at the head car of the train, the brakeman stopped three cars back, set his lantern on the end of a tie and went poking at a journal packing.

Grouchy backed his locomotive. Evidently he thought the lantern was at the head end of the train.

Suddenly, with a terrible crash of thunder, the locomotive plowed into the head car, running twelve miles an hour, burying her tender in a load of pianos.

Even before the clattering and crashing noise had ceased, Grouchy hit the ground with a lighted torch in his hand, and found the brakeman waiting there. The old engineer fumbled around for words. "What's the matter with you? Didn't you see me coming?" he inquired angrily.

The brakeman came right back at him. "I thought you were going to use your own judgment."

GROUCHY LAWLER got ninety days "off the board" for that trick. The officials were obdurate. There was no excuse for such carelessness, they contended, and the ninety days stuck.

It was a chastened Tom Lawler who came back to his engine at the end of this enforced vacation. He was no longer grouchy now. Ninety days is a long time for an old rail to reflect on the error of his ways.

The first trip out, after his payless vacation, Lawler was sitting well to the front of his seat box. He pulled out a pack of cigarettes. The brakeman, who happened to be a new man and who had never seen Grouchy before, slid in behind him.

"How about a cigarette, hogger?" he breezed.

"Sure thing." Grouchy passed over the pack with a friendly smile. "New man here?" he asked.

"You bet I am, old-timer."

"All right, buddy, you can eat with me when we get to Mansfield."

Grouchy had joined the human race.

Sold Out

A FEW years ago I was third trick rate clerk in a local freight office. About 1 a.m. a well-dressed man came into the office. Despite his clothes, however, his general appearance and condition were not too reassuring. As he approached my desk I noted he had a black eye. How he received it I did not know nor did not care, but when in a gruff voice he said to me, "Young man, your company has lost a very valuable horse for me," my thoughts were he had been in a wreck.

But such was not the case. He said he shipped a horse from Blank City yesterday morning and no one seemed to be able to tell him anything about it. I asked him to show me his bill of lading and stock contract, which he very readily produced. After looking over the bill of lading I found no special delivery was shown, and I asked him if he told the agent of any place he wanted the horse sent, and he replied no, he did not tell the agent, but he did want the horse shipped to the State Fair grounds. I told him to sit down and informed him I would try to locate the lost horse.

After a few minutes I did find it—the car containing it had been set out at the stockyard in the east end of the city. A switch crew from the south end of the town was ready to start back to the east end with a cut of cars and would pick up the car containing the horse and bring it south and deliver it to the connecting line for its final destination at State Fair grounds. It took about three hours from the time he came into the office to put the horse at the Fair, and during that time he kept me company. He told me he was president of a large industrial institution, and had one hundred men working for him, and if he thought he had one as loyal to his institution as I was to my railroad job he would make him general manager. Furthermore, he said he was a neighbor of the president, general manager and traffic manager of my railroad and that he certainly was going to talk to them about me and see that I got what was due me. When daylight began to peep in he said he would go to the State Fair and look after the horse, but not to leave the office until he came back as he wanted to see me. Of course, with the line he had given me, I could do nothing else.

He came back about 8 a.m. and asked me if I had a phone. I gave him the number. He said I'd hear from him in a few days. Sure enough, I did. The following Saturday he called me and inquired if I'd be at home the following afternoon, as he and our president, general manager and traffic manager would be by and take me out to see the horse that was lost. Eleven years have passed and I've not seen the horse, but I often think of the thrill I got from his line of talk—even if I was sold out.
—A. A. Gordon, 630 Lindell Ave., Louisville, Ky.

Who's Who in the Crew
By Stookie Allen
Boomer — and how! Has worked on 42 roads and lived in 18 states, also Canada and Mexico — even now he has no permanent address. Letters sent in care of Railroad Stories are forwarded to him.
Born at Mill Hall, Pa., July 26, 1890. Learned telegraphy in 1907 at Milton, Vt., on Central Vermont Ry. Married Blanche Moyer Aug. 25, 1908. Their children are Helen, Paul, Ralph, Basil, Evelyn, and Dorothy — all born in different states!
Snyder has worked as brass pounder, brakeman, conductor, dispatcher, freight claim investigator, etc. Between rail jobs he has mined gold, worked in sawmills, fruit tramped, raised cotton and apples, dabbled in real estate, etc.
Ralph Albert Snyder
His favorite road: The old Buffalo & Susquehanna (1910-1911).
Biggest thrill: — Riding a brakeless handcar down a mountain on Cross Fork Branch of B. & S. He hit a push car, tossed it off the track, and kept on going for nine miles!
Was fired off 5 roads for membership in order of Railroad Telegraphers. Served as president of Ontario O.R.T. club while working on the Grand Trunk in 1913. Acted as division correspondent for "O.R.T. Journal" on many roads. Has sold 10 yarns to Railroad Stories since 1930.

Next Month: "Highball" John Burns, Boomer Hoghead, Author of "High Spots and Low Joints" (Page 73)

Ham Factory Days

By RALPH A. SNYDER

AGENT HANK ROBBINS splashed his pen resentfully into the gooey copying ink, pulled a heap of waybills toward him, then paused with raised pen. Over at the telegraph was Potter Pearl, the new operator, whom the chief had sent down from Boston. He was breaking the dispatcher on an order for the tenth time.

Robbins sat listening. No wonder Dispatcher Steeney seemed to be wild today. But then, what could you expect from these "ham factory" products? A ham factory, as everybody knows, is where hams come from. Hams are bum actors or bum telegraphers, depending upon the life work they pick out.

The perfumed and overdressed operator from the city was repeating again. Robbins shrugged. Why should *he* worry? The company had hired that guy. He turned to his work, but only scowled at the big pile of waybills to be entered on the monthly freight report.

A three-days' job for one man! Besides, half of each day must be wasted on breaking in students. Maybe the scented dude would help some.

While these thoughts were pounding in his brain the new operator walked over to say "hello." A foolish grin lit his face. Evidently Potter Pearl had decided to patronize the roughneck agent. Potter was a real operator. Didn't the pass he'd ridden in on the evening before say so? And hadn't all the students in the Western Union student class at Boston envied him in its possession?

Robbins met the overture of friendship with a cold and fishy eye.

"Yuh ain't got no sense at all," he blistered, shaking a fistful of waybills and a blotted abstract toward the newcomer. "I gave yuh local bills to abstract. Why did yuh go git a bunch of them interlines an' work in every other one?"

Potter smiled loftily and headed back to his desk. Robbins followed.

"You've no eye for beauty, Mr. Robbins. Those—those—" he gestured to the waybills helplessly.

"Waybills." Robbins supplied the word.

"Such a silly name," commented the operator, brushing back his middle-parted hair. "Well, those others"—he pointed to a stack of Grand Trunk bills—"are prettier. They're a beautiful shade of blue. They set off the red locals you gave me so much better."

Potter resumed his recopying.

Robbins gasped and spluttered. "Hell's bells!" He quickly changed the subject. "Yuh broke ten times takin' that order. Yuh've copied it over ten times—no 'leven," for Potter had reached for a new pad to start again.

"I left out the time at Colchester," explained the new man blithely. "Of course, that's not important, for no train would want to stop there." He eyed the order, then glanced at the belligerent train-wire sounder.

"Maybe I better insert it," he compromised.

"I'll say you had," breathed the agent. "An' when yuh git through copying it, send it to that dispatcher for a check."

"Check?" Potter's eyes widened.

"Check it!"

"But we never checked messages in the Western Union—"

"This ain't a message," snapped Robbins. "It's a train order, an' train orders are—"

"Orders for the movement of trains," Potter finished triumphantly. "You see, Mr. Robbins, we men of the new age know our rules. We were examined in them."

Robbins gave a derisive snort. The new generation always went the old one one better. Or thought they did. So this scented whippersnapper was actually inferring that he didn't know how to handle orders?

"If you knew the rules like I do—" the operator was saying, but Robbins interrupted:

"I'd be plowin' potatoes."

AT that moment Conductor Bill Brunell shoved in. Then both office men noticed for the first time that outside, stopped by the red board, purred the big 418. Brunell strode over to the desk menacingly.

"New man, huh?"

"I," explained Potter Pearl proudly, "came from the Western Union at Boston."

"Why?" Brunell was caustic.

But Potter didn't seem to catch on. "To become a railroad man," he explained. "The Western Union turns out fast men. Our instructor told us of many instances where operators became railroad presidents."

Brunell recoiled slightly. He flashed a pitying look at the agent, who at that precise moment was kicking his favorite dog to one side, so he could stagger into the freight house.

Only once before had Conductor Brunell been buffaloed. That was the night when the Waterbury asylum burned. While waiting on the siding there for No. 6 to pass, he had been surrounded suddenly by a bug-eyed mob of curious folks who mounted the van platform, pointed in the door at Brunell, then hopped gleefully off to run. He felt the same right now.

But the feeling soon passed. It was a sarcastic skipper who swung around to Potter Pearl. "You come then," he purred softly, "to show us how to railroad?"

Potter nodded. "Some of them," he began, with a look toward the freight house, "are sadly in need of—"

"Make th' speech some other time," the con cut in rudely. "What's that red board out for?"

What Brunell expected he didn't rightly know. And he was totally unprepared for the new dignity to which the aspiring railroad president arose. That little elevation of the eyebrow.

"The order board," he stated, "is displayed at stop because I hold orders for Extra South Engine 418. Our rules require the display of—"

No. 2 was pushing down the Vermont hills somewhere behind the extra. Brunell had to do something. He suppressed a strong desire to take a sock at the dude.

"Where's the order? I'm th' 418."

The operator's look became appraising. "Are you the conductor?"

"Do I look like a box car?"

"The rule book," said Potter learnedly, "states that orders are to be delivered only to the conductor." He tore off the 19.

The con replied angrily: "It also says a 19 order must be handed up. We lost twenty minutes here."

Brunell handed one copy to the engineer, who had just entered the office.

Potter's brow wrinkled in thought. He had forgotten that. But then, with a smile, he remembered the basic rule taught by his instructor: *Whenever in a jam have an alibi ready.* Before he could form one, Engineer Wynn burst out:

"What th' hell's this? Wait at Milton until 11.30 A.M., Colchester 11.20 A.M. Wait at Colchester's before we leave Milton. How th' bloomin' hell we gonna do that?"

"Colchester," soothed the operator, "isn't important. I've been past there on the train coming here."

ENGINEER Wynn was fat. So fat that the company was said to spend much of its profits in rebuilding engine cabs that his bulk had crushed apart. And now his excess weight fell back upon the interline ticket case.

"Not important?" he mumbled, shaking his heavy head. "He says it ain't important. Bill," he implored the startled conductor. "Bill, what'll we do?"

Brunell knew what to do. "Tell that fool dispatcher," he chopped sharply, "that we ain't gonna go on this order."

Slightly uncertain now, Potter Pearl turned toward his wires. Perhaps something was amiss. After all, it *might* take a month or more to become president. Cocking his head slightly, he listened to the sizzling train wire.

Dispatcher Steeney was certainly burning up some of those railroad operators. The wire was a mere flash of vitriolic lightning. Some day he'd get it that fast. He could send faster than that now. Wait, he'd show them.

But just as Engineer Wynn began to collect some measure of sanity and reach for the copying press to wipe an operator's name from the road's seniority list, Potter caught on. He opened the key and made a questioning "DN." The dispatcher had been calling him.

Now, DN is a familiar combination. Even hams know it. In fact, it's the very first combination of letters the learner learns to make. For the Morse question mark is merely those two letters combined—and the way the hams make it labels them as—DN'ers.

With a gasp of dismay the dude turned toward the agent's vacant chair. Several times that morning old Mr. Robbins had patiently decoded Morse for him. But now Mr. Robbins was not in sight.

For exactly seven minutes Dispatcher Steeney fought to tell the dude ham what he thought of his forbears, and for the same identical time Potter Pearl tapped out, over and over again, the message that the Extra South Engine 418 wanted a good order.

The result was inevitable. Delay. But Potter demonstrated his official fitness. He won the wire. For Steeney had suddenly given up in disgust. Another man in the dispatcher's office picked up where Steeney had left off.

The terrific onslaught of chopped and rotten Morse that came hurtling back at the other man left him dizzy. He broke repeatedly.

Smiling his superiority Potter sent faster and faster. These railroaders now understood. He was too speedy for their dispatchers. And on his first day of work, too! Even the trainmen could see that the dispatcher was break-

ing. Well—with a patient sigh he began again—slower now, so the poor railroader could follow.

At last Potter got the order he wanted. He tore off the order and handed it to Brunell. Both trainmen read it. Then, without a word, they stamped out, Wynn lumbering to the engine and Brunell through the freight house to seek Hank Robbins.

The freight house was shadowy. Conductor Brunell paused to call the agent; then, on the hunch that he was sulking on the back platform, started through.

Sure enough, there was Agent Robbins. He had taken a nip too much of something he carried in a nearly empty bottle, apparently to counteract his murderous impulse against the perfumed fop who called himself a telegraph operator.

Robbins was not a pleasant sight. And no wonder! Potter Pearl was enough to drive a man to something worse than drink.

"Brace yourself!" Brunell ordered. "If you don't get back on the job and throw that guy to hell outa here, he'll wreck the whole division."

"All right, all right!" grumbled the agent. "I'll 'tend to him myself. You get out, too!"

Brunell made a dash for his train; he barely caught the caboose as it rumbled by.

Robbins followed and playfully hurled a chunk of waste after the departing conductor.

THE office was quiet once more. Summer sunlight sifted in the windows and carried messages from cool lakes and streams. Hank Robbins slowly abstracted his bills. Now and then he mumbled a curse at Operator Potter Pearl, who had gone out. He hoped the youth would get run over by a runaway team.

A northbound extra roared by. Robbins automatically OS'd her post. It was mid-afternoon when Dispatcher Steeney began blasting the train wire with his angry G's.

"G," answered Robbins. Little use to hire an operator when he spent the first day gallivanting about the village.

"Take a 19," snapped Steeney. Then he launched into an order for Extra North Engine 336. This order advanced the plug run to the yard for No. 96, regular southbound evening freight.

But half way through, the sounder suddenly went dead. Robbins waited, thinking the dispatcher had abruptly paused. Then from the relay he caught the signature, just as Steeney finished. He broke sharply.

For a few seconds he fingered the sounder. But it was definitely on the blink. Hastily plugging the relays of the other wires with stylus and pens, he started Steeney out again. After completion, the dispatcher demanded:

"Where's that operator I sent you?"

"You didn't send any," clipped Robbins resentfully. "I'm doing my monthly reports, and all I get is a dude perfume factory advertisement from Boston."

"He is a little rank," conceded the dispatcher. "Can't you use him?"

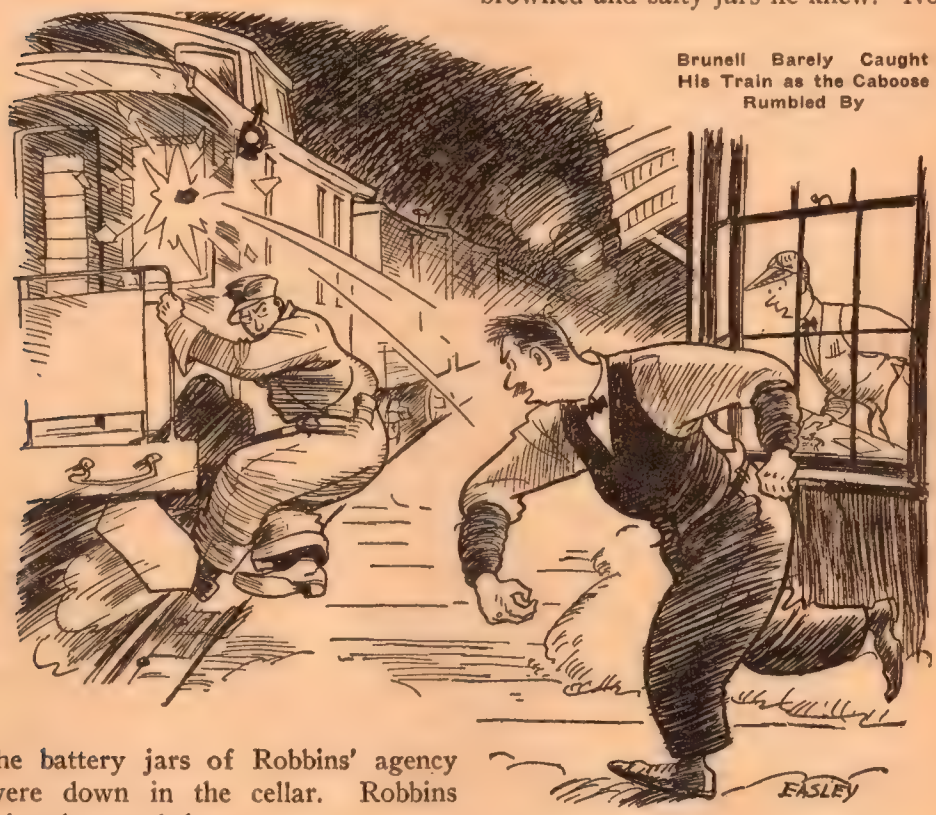
"I'm in a jam—"

"O.K.," cut in Steeney. "Send him in. I'll try him on one of the yard switch shanty jobs. I'll send you a good man."

At 3.30 P.M. the dispatcher called Robbins to get on No. 4 wire with his car report. Robbins growled as he unplugged and replugged relays. When he had sent it and collected the car report man's bawling out, he shoved his

chair under the desk to set out purposefully after wire trouble.

In Vermont they have cold winters. The folks who live there recognize their winters. They do not laugh them off as a vagary of climate. Therefore



Brunell Barely Caught His Train as the Caboose Rumbled By

the battery jars of Robbins' agency were down in the cellar. Robbins tripped toward them.

The door was open. He stepped in. To his left he saw the furnace. It was cold now. Beyond was the yawning blackness of the almost empty coal bin. The battery jars were on a shelf against the south wall. Nearly to them, Robbins stopped as a queer scent floated toward him.

THE agent looked about expectantly as that strange nose-filling aroma grew stronger. Dead rats didn't emit any such odor. And in all his twenty-five years at this place he'd never before smelled anything in the basement except mustiness and dead rats. Grimly he advanced to face the batteries. Then a breath of astonishment escaped him.

The local batteries were not the browned and salty jars he knew. Nor inside of them was there any brackish fluid that enlivened the sounders. Instead, the jars were fitted with shining new coppers. New zincs glittered silvery in the bottoms. And the water in them was clear, without electrical life. Hank Robbins stepped forward in awe.

The scent became stronger. He sniffed it eagerly. It was nice. The closer he shoved his inquiring nose the fuller he appreciated it. Gingerly he dipped a finger into the solution. Cautiously he smelled it. Then he swore.

Twenty-five years as an agent! Twenty-five years cleaning batteries and switch lamps! Yet in all those years of hot summer and frigid winter Hank Robbins had never before run across anything like this.

And then from the darkness of the coal bin there came a gurgling wail. Robbins held his breath. It came again. An eerie, moaning sound. The agent moved around the furnace and peered into the darkness of the coal bin. What he saw was both tragic and comic.

Lying on the dusty floor, his white face begrimed and filthy, scratched and bleeding, his clothes torn and in slits, Operator Potter Pearl was helplessly enmeshed in coils of barb wire.

The operator couldn't call. Each time he moved, the enveloping cloud of dust entered his mouth and nostrils, choking him. His eyes were wide open. His fingers, clamped in wire, were twitching appealingly. For a few seconds the old agent could only look and think.

Only a week before section men had replaced the strand of barb wire along the south right-of-way fence. Instead of leaving it to rust, Robbins had spent an evening rolling it into awkward coils and depositing it in the empty coal bin. He would have the drayman take it home before the winter coal came. Now this dude operator was rolled tightly in it.

"Oh-h-h-h!" groaned the fallen man.

"What the devil!" Robbins spluttered. "How'd yuh git in that wire?"

He snapped down and pulled at a strand, but backed away sucking his thumb and crying "Ouch!"

"Take it off!" whispered Potter Pearl. "Oh, please—"

"Take it off yourself!" snapped Robbins, eying the wire speculatively.

OPERATOR PEARL made a futile, painful struggle. It ended in a groan and a cloud of dust. Something had to be done. Robbins found his furnace gloves and attacked the wire.

"What is it?" moaned Potter, as he finally came to an upright position.

"Bobwire," said Robbins. "Howinell'd yuh git in it?"

"It was a rat," came the dismal reply. "He jumped out of that empty battery jar."

"Rat?" Robbins straightened, looked at the empty jar that was now broken on the floor. Then he began unwinding the treacherous wire. Often he quit to untangle himself. And at each turn Potter complained in misery. Full thirty minutes passed before the operator staggered against the furnace, free at last, ruefully caressing his cuts and scratches.

"You'd better explain," said Robbins.

"It was a rat like I told you," blubbered Potter Pearl. "He jumped from that jar when I touched it. He jumped clear inside my shirt. I tried to get him out, but he slid on down—down—"

"In yuhr pants?" Robbins grinned. This was worth living for.

Potter nodded his grimy head. No longer was his hair neatly parted in the middle.

"I tried to get him out, then that wire just coiled around me." He rubbed his flanks tenderly. "Is that the kind of wire they use on dispatcher's wires?"

Robbins' lips pursed. "Yeah; that's why they're so hot," he added. "Hotter'n Western Union wires, don't yuh think?"

Potter eyed the wire resentfully. "They are," he said.

The strange, sweet odor floated around them. It brought Agent Robbins back to the object of his quest. "What," he asked pointedly, "did yuh do to them damn batteries?"

"They smelled bad," was Potter's answer. "The smell came up through the holes in the floor to me. I took that stinking mess out and filled the jars with rosewater."

"Ro—rosewater!"

The operator nodded. "It'll make our work more healthful, Mr. Robbins."

For a moment the agent considered wrapping his operator in the wire again.

"What'd yuh do with that battery solution?"

"I poured it away," smiled the new man. He had recovered his supreme self-confidence.

"An th' chief," stated Agent Robbins sarcastically, "is pourin' you away. Grab yuhr satchel an' git on Number Five. He's a-gonna put you on one of them yard jobs in St. Albis. Git!"

"St. Albis!" Potter Pearl murmured, re-arranging his hair with a pocket comb. "In the terminal!" His grimy face broke into a pleased exultant light. "You see, Mr. Robbins, railroads do recognize talent like mine."

THE next day Agent Hank Robbins was busily engaged in abstracting freight reports. No operator had yet come to replace the perfumed Bostonian. Damn that ham factory at Boston, anyhow! Even so, Robbins needed help. He whistled merrily at the prospect of getting a real man this time. No more hams!

The message wire interrupted his work. Robbins took a message from the chattering sounder:

Sending operator to you on Number Ten. See that he is properly instructed in his duties.

The old agent heaved a sigh of relief. Maybe he'd finish this report by the tenth of the month after all. Eagerly he tapped out his O.K. and asked who the new man was and where he came from. The answer was flung back:

Operator Samuel Kane coming from the Western Union ham factory at Boston.

Still an Adventure

WHAT is it about railways that makes them "get" us, young and old, so that a long journey by train to a new place is still an adventure? The Iron Road, now more than a century old—or perhaps I should say a century "young"—still retains its romance and its fascination for people of all generations, despite the keen competition of interest in mighty ships, racing motor cars, and soaring aircraft.

The railways keep their hold on the public mind because they are vitally alive, not only as commercial undertakings, but as engineers of great works—gigantic viaducts, deep tunnels, and huge locomotives. We of the railways have welcomed and assisted the development of travel by air, but the drone of the airplane engine cannot still the fascination of the locomotive whistle; one hundred years after its advent, the steam locomotive remains industrially essential and humanly thrilling.—Sir Josiah Stamp, Chairman and President, London, Midland & Scottish Ry., London, England.

TRUE TALES *of the* RAILS

Actual Happenings Told by Eye Witnesses

View of the N. & W. Disaster of July 2, 1889, Drawn from a Photo

The Wreck at Thaxton

By DR. R. GORDON SIMMONS

As Told to C. N. Snead

ON the night of July 2, 1889, I was awakened shortly after midnight by a messenger who said there had been a bad wreck on the Norfolk & Western Railway and that I was wanted at the station at once. At that time I was a doctor retained on the medical staff of the railroad. My duties consisted for the most part in looking after local accident cases in Roanoke, but occasionally I was called to accompany the "big hook" to the scene of the wreck.

I dressed hurriedly and started for the station. Outside the starless night was stifling hot. To the east I could hear the rumble of thunder, and the smell of rain was in the air. More than likely there had been a sudden storm and a washout.

Dr. Arthur Koiner, chief surgeon of the N. & W. and several members of his staff were waiting for me.

I learned from Koiner what had happened. He said passenger train No. 2, one of the railroad's finest, had run into a washout in a fill over Wolf Creek

near a small station known as Thaxton, about 18 miles east of Roanoke. Almost a hundred people were aboard.

"Pat Donovan was pulling her," said Koiner. "Donovan was in the cab of Engine Number Thirty. He left Roanoke on time at 11.35 P. M., but soon ran into a terrific thunderstorm which developed into a cloudburst. An embankment caved in under the train. There was no warning of the tragedy."

Koiner had received his information from the brief, first reports made to the general headquarters of the railroad, which, it developed later, had been dispatched by the night operator at Thaxton.

We made a fast run out of the feverish Roanoke station but were forced to slow down just before reaching the scene of the wreck because of weakened trestles. Several small streams between Roanoke and Thaxton were spanned in those days by wooden structures, for this stretch of road extended through the Blue Ridge foothills. We soon learned that the storm had been more than just an ordinary downpour. Several of the bridges were imperiled when trees were hurled against them by the torrent of water sweeping down from the hills. The trees and other rubbish from the hillsides blocked the passage of the swollen streams.

J. J. Chapman, on Engine No. 43, was handling the relief train, and J. T. Albee was his conductor. Chapman proceeded cautiously over the trestles, sending his fireman ahead to examine the track.

In the meantime the sky to the east had changed from jet black to a deep red color. We knew that the wreck was burning. Chapman stopped his train some distance from the flaming wreck, as what was left of the fill had been turned into soft mud.

On the brink of the washout we saw a single car hanging perilously on the ruptured track. It was the rear Pullman of No. 2. Seven of the train's eight cars, consisting of Pullmans and a baggage car, had followed the locomotive into the chasm of swirling water and mud. Then the fire had started and as the water receded, the flames licked their way into splintered timbers.

But Donovan and most of his crew, as well as many of the passengers, escaped the torture of the flames. They had already met their deaths either by the first impact or by drowning.

We tore away a fence which barred us and beat down underbrush to form paths from the relief train to the wreck. I could hear the screams of the wounded, and by the light of the flames which ate into the wreckage I could see bodies floating in the water. Some of the injured were half-buried in the mud and could not extricate themselves. Others had floated down stream and pulled themselves to safety.

In all we removed 46 injured from the mud and water, 11 of them being taken to Liberty, now Bedford, and placed temporarily in a hotel. Thirty-five were placed on our train.

THE day following the wreck I returned to the scene upon request of Charles G. Eddy, vice president of the Norfolk & Western, and watched the workmen clearing away the débris. Nothing was left but twisted steel of the trucks which now lay bared on jagged rocks. The dirt from the fill was completely washed away and the little stream was calm again.

Handling the wreckage was slow progress, however, because the iron work was so hot that it could not be touched except with hook and chain.

I discovered that J. C. Cassell, super-

intendent of the eastern division of the railroad, had been on the ill-fated train when it ran into the washout. Later, Cassell told me:

"I felt apprehensive for some reason when the train pulled into Roanoke that night. So I decided to go with it through the mountainous territory. I had planned to leave it at Lynchburg."

Cassell rode in the baggage car which was almost submerged in the swollen waters of Wolf Creek. The strong current forced him through the door and downstream, but some distance from the wreck he came to the surface and grasped in the darkness.

"I was lucky," he said. "I managed to clutch the drooping limbs of a weeping willow tree and save myself."

Rear Flagman Glass also escaped with his life, but other members of the crew died at their posts.

Glass said to me: "I did not know immediately what had happened, for I could only hear the roar of the water. Then I jumped from the platform of the rear Pullman and ran several miles back to Thaxton to report the wreck. The night operator flashed the message to headquarters in Roanoke."

Cassell said his premonition of danger that night was due to the threatening weather conditions.

"There was something ominous in the atmosphere," he explained. "So I had 'careful' orders issued to Donovan and then entered the baggage car to go as far as Lynchburg. We ran into the storm ten miles from Roanoke.

"The lightning and thunder were not so severe but the rainfall was a deluge. Donovan slowed down until the train merely crept along."

The long, moderately straight fill of mixed rock and dirt had been in use as a roadbed for 38 years and had withstood many a storm. This fill connected two ridges, or high fields. Beneath and about the center of it was a large culvert of heavy masonry, through which the waters of Wolf Creek ran normally.

"The roadbed over the fill was considered among the safest stretches of the entire railway," Cassell said. "But the cloudburst overtaxed the capacity of the culvert and water dammed against the walls of the fill, cut through and overflowed, thereby undermining the track. To Engineer Donovan, of course, the track must have appeared as normal as ever. He had no way of knowing the fill had been turned into mud, and he was running about twenty-five or thirty miles an hour."

In making his official report of the accident, General Manager Sands said the train caught fire from the engine, the boiler of which exploded when the cold water rushed over it.

Sometime after the wreck General Manager Sands informed me that the known dead and missing, determined after long investigation, totaled 41. Probably many others perished in the flames and could never be traced. The conductor's tickets were all burned, so there was no way of telling where the passengers came from.

Nine years later, while assistant chief surgeon of the Seventh Army Corps near Jacksonville, Fla., I was attending a young soldier who had been injured in the Spanish-American War. The boy's father was a churchman.

"Bishop," I addressed him, "may I see your arm?"

He was puzzled by the request, not recognizing me, but complied. I located a scar and said: "Sir, I treated that arm of yours in the Thaxton wreck in 1889."

The man was Bishop Wilson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

High Spots and Low Joints

By JOHN BURNS

BACK in the "Coal-oil Johnny" days when railroading was young and rowdy, old Mickey Conroy was a passenger conductor on the Erie, running through the Pennsylvania oil fields. An inquisitive passenger one day asked Mickey how there happened to be so many Irishmen working on the Erie.

"Why, sure, that one's easy," Mickey replied. "Just set out the letter 'E' on the tail end of Erie and pick up the letter 'N,' and sure you have the answer."

It was one grand old railroad with lots of good fighting Irish on it—the kind of men you build railroads with. Back in those Civil War days, and even later, railroad men on the eastern coal roads had not begun to dream about automatic couplers or air brakes. Many of them never even saw the old link-and-pin coupler, but used the hook and three-link chain coupler with a steel-faced deadwood bumper on each side of the hook to take an arm or a bunch of fingers off any trainman who got careless.

All the little five-ton coal cars had dump bottoms which had a tricky habit of opening up at times and dropping a trainman in the middle of the track and under the moving train, so the men learned how to run along a twelve-inch catwalk fastened to the edge of the dump car instead of chancing a jump into a bottomless car at night. The car brakes on the little four-wheel dump cars worked like a wagon brake. They were fastened to the side of the car; instead of winding them up you stepped on them, forcing them into a notch and setting on the brake on two pairs of wheels. A wind-up brake was used on double-truck cars, but it was fitted with a two-handed crank instead of a brake wheel. The trainmen could club the double-crank brake, and it was probably the first hand brake on which a pick handle was ever used.

The runner-up to the old hook and three-link chain coupler as a finger

Old-time Erie Engine House and Repair Shops at Susquehanna, Pa. At the Top of This Page Is Shown the Erie Station at Waverly, N. Y. Both Pictures Are Reprinted from "Harper's N. Y. & Erie R.R. Guide Book," 1858-6, Courtesy of E. C. Rosston, 583 W. 215th St., N. Y. City

pincher was the Potter three-link drawbar, standard on many Western roads. That old finger trap with its heavy cast-iron jaws and three links could probably account for the loss of more fingers of railroad men than the old hook.

It had one center and two outside slots. In the right hand outside slot one link was permanently fastened by having the coupling pin riveted in the jaw. When two Potter drawbars faced each other, only one center link was needed to complete the three link coupling, for the right hand outside link would come into place in the left hand jaw of the opposite coupler. All outside jaws were open on the sides and each outside link could be slipped in place at any time. The trick was to make the center coupling while the car was moving and not lose any fingers. It was a very popular coupler on hill roads, as a train would very seldom snap in two with it unless the lung pulled out.

The forerunner of the present automatic coupler in passenger service was the old Miller Hook. It was worked under the coach platform and its only service was in drawing the train, for it had no buffer. On open platform coaches, before the vestibule was introduced, there was a spring buffer plate set in the coach platform deck that took care of all the slack between the coaches.

The Miller Hook was uncoupled with a long lever working through the platform railing. The lower end of the lever was fastened to the coupling head of the hook by a short chain. To uncouple you pulled back the lever and drew the hook out of line about six inches. This movement had to be gone through with both hooks. The lever was locked in place at the platform deck with a small wedge-shaped block to keep the passengers from monkeying with them and uncoupling the train. It could not be very easily uncoupled or coupled on a curve.

The Blackstone two-link coupler was still another coupler, though used on very few roads. It was a platform coupler using two flat links—one long and one short—that coupled to a twin buckle tail bolt in the back end of each coupler. The other end of each link coupled with a round pin to the opposite coupler in the regular manner.

When a passenger train was made up the trainmen would set up a couple of hand brakes on one end of the train and have the engineer bunch the slack up tight with the engine and hold it. Then car tonks or trainmen would take heavy wrenches and go along each car platform and tighten up the tail bolts. About all the slack you could find in a train of Blackstone couplers would be between the engine and first car. They were a hard train to start and a hard train to take a tight curve. Engineers called them the "gallopin' coffin boxes."

SO much for couplers; there was more to railroading than missing fingers. In the old greenback shinplaster (five, ten and twenty-five cent paper money) days after the Civil War an old Erie passenger conductor running through the oil fields put them to a lucrative use. When a passenger paid him a cash fare, he never gave any change back. He made the fare whatever paper money the passenger handed him. When the conductor got all his pockets full of shin-plasters he went forward to the baggage car and stuffed the surplus ones into an empty milk can. It worked fine, until one day the baggage smasher kicked the con-

ductor's bank off the train, along with a bunch of empty cans, scattering shinplasters all over the Erie right-of-way. But the conductor was resourceful. He reported a hold-up to cover the loss of the frogskins!

Time meant little in those days. Old Terence Maloney was a local freight conductor, with the little four-wheel red caboose bouncing around the end of the drag. One morning he was out on the line peddling his fish and doing a little local switching. When he came ahead to the engine he says to the engineer: "What time have you, Mike? Sure, I came away from home this morning and forgot me watch."

Mike pulled out his watch, looked at it, shook it, held it up to his ear and said: "Oh, the divil! The dom thing has stopped."

So then Terence called over to the section foreman's wife and asked her for the time.

"Well," she told him, "It do be half past tin, but Dinney says this ould clock is a half hour fast. But when Number One went by it was half hour slow, so I dunno what time it is."

"All right, Mike," Terence barked, "Set your watch by Mrs. Casey's clock and get out of town. You have plenty of time on Number Two."

RAILROAD men in the 1860's and 1870's had the old chair iron rails to railroad on. The Bessemer and Krupp steel rails came into use in the West in the late '70's and early '80's. The old chair iron rails had a lot of faults. The principal one was that the ball of the rail often split at one end. Half the ball would slice off in pieces anywhere from two to ten feet long. Those slivers were the snakes that occasionally came up through a coach floor and coiled around some passengers. The rail itself, of course, could not get out of the cast-iron chairs.

Section men would take out a slivered rail, cut off the bad end of the rail and put in a splice in main line track. The spliced rail for some reason was called a "Dutchman." Section foreman would tell his men to cut out that bad spot and put in a "Dutchman." They would take out a defective rail that had part of its ball slivered off along the center portion of the rail, turn the rail around and place the defective part of the rail on the outside and replace the rail until they could find a better rail to take its place.

It was hard to get new rails on some of the Western pikes during and after the Civil War. General Sherman's "necktie party" on its march to the sea made neckties out of nearly all the old chair iron rails in the South by heating them and twisting them around trees. Side tracks were robbed of all full length rails, and would not have a thirty-foot rail in their entire length, but would be built entirely of Dutchmen and worn-out rails.

Talk about your low joints and high centers! Running an engine through one of those spliced side tracks of worn-out rails in the good old winter time or during a thaw was about as bad as riding a kid's rocking horse down the cellar steps.

Chair iron rails got their names from the fact that the rail itself was not spiked to the ties, but was laid in a cast iron chair, and the chairs were spiked to the ties. The heaviest rails would not weigh over fifty pounds to the yard, and the soft iron rails had a bad habit of kinking on soft track and under the weight of passing trains. Such kinks at times were as bad as low joints. To straighten out the kinks each section foreman had a heavy rail

clamp he could place over a bad kink.

Another trick of the trade was the use of hardwood shims with the old chairs. The shims came wired in large bunches and were slightly larger than the bottoms of the chairs, and had four large holes bored in them for spike holes. They were from one-half to one and one-half inches thick. In the winter the track would pound down in the mud and freeze. Then the section crews would go over the track and when they found low joints frozen in the mud they would not disturb the ties but would draw the spikes out of the chairs, line up the low joints, slip a couple of hardwood shims between the chairs and ties and spike the chairs back in place.

When summer came and the track had dried out they would remove the shims and resurface the track. Then the company would blame all wrecks on booze. Still, it certainly took plenty of booze to make some railroad men even want to railroad in the old wooden-axle days when railroading was young, rough and rowdy.

A Carload of Mules

By WILLIAM H. OVERLEY

A TRAIN dispatcher is a half-witted nincompoop who sticks you in a blind siding* and forgets you. Ask any rookie tallerpot or brakie. They'll tell the world.

For twenty years this writer was one of those half-wits, tucked away in an isolated attic bending over a train sheet daily for eight hours. And upon looking back over that feverish period he is inclined to agree with friend tallerpot and friend brakie.

But there is one thing to be said about a train dispatcher. He gets the whole picture. The train sheet is an accurate, ever-changing map of the division with its freight and passenger trains weaving in and out, working and worming in both directions from one end of the division to the other. And if the division be single track, look out. Tragedy lurks in the offing. Pathos is there, too, and humor. The latter helps a lot to ease the strain.

It was a hot day in August. I happened to be handling the Big Sandy Division, on the old Chesapeake & Ohio, that day. Across the glass-partitioned table from me, George J. Derbyshire struggled and sweated with the single track Lexington Division, full of trains and everything going wrong.

Came a lull on the Big Sandy. I leaned back in my chair to catch my breath, at the same time automatically reading what the telegraph instrument on the other side of the table was saying. All was telegraph in those days. What I read was coming from the operator at Winchester, Kentucky, a hundred miles down the line.

"First 92 is here, dispatcher. Pop Berry says tell you he's got a carload of mules next his caboose and they've kicked four slats out of the side of the car. 'What must he do?'"

---

* *A non-telegraph station*

Now, a helpless conductor, one who is eternally stopping a busy train dispatcher to ask about some minor detail, gets in a train dispatcher's hair worse than anything. I was watching Derby through the glass table partition.

"Tell him," he said after swallowing hard, "to borrow a hatchet and nails from the agent, nail the slats back and bring the car forward."

It was more than an hour later and again a lull had come in my work. This time it was the operator at Midland, a coaling station, that I heard reporting to Derbyshire.

"Pop Berry on First 92 is here," he was saying. "He says tell you those mules are kicking worse than ever. Four more slats are kicked out and one mule has his leg caught in a crack. 'What must he do?'"

"Tell him," the dispatcher said tensely, "to bring that carload of jackasses to Ashland if it takes him all day and all night. We want to make conductors out of them."

The next day dispatcher Derbyshire was called into the superintendent's office. Pop Berry was there with dignified, white-haired superintendent John A. Fox.

"Mr. Derbyshire," the latter began soberly. "Conductor Berry is here with a serious complaint. He tells me that yesterday while on First 92 at Midland, doing his best to get his train over the road with a carload of refractory—ah—animals next his caboose that you, in effect, called him a jackass. Conductor Berry feels humiliated and that an apology is due him. I agree with Conductor Berry."

The dispatcher looked hard at his old super, caught the faintest of twinkles, and came through like the good sport he was.

Five minutes later, after cordial handshakes and mutual assurances of good will and good feeling, Pop Berry marched out of the office with the air of a conquering hero. And the minute the door was closed two tactful division officials, convulsed with laughter, bent double over a flat-topped desk. But Pop didn't know that.

That was many long years ago. Today Pop Berry is captain on the varnished cars making daily trips across the state of Kentucky between Ashland and Louisville. The last I heard of Derby he was general superintendent over on the Chicago Division, between Cincinnati and Chicago.

Do you both remember? Drop me a line, both of you, to 531 Eastland Ave., Akron, Ohio.

ON SHORT TIME

SHE was loose and lame and leaking
And the coal was full of slag
As she staggered up the mountain
With a long heavy drag.

The hoghead was a-cursing,
While the grimy tallowpot
With his Herculean manhood
Tried to keep the scrap heap hot.

"I want more steam!" the hoghead cried,
"I want this engine hot!
What the hell you think we're doing?
Drifting or standing on the spot?"

The fireboy grabbed the clinker hook,
He wrestled it with rage
While the little needle on the gage
Slowly crept up around.

The hoghead leaned way over,
He glanced down at his watch,
And with peaceful smile he hooked
Her up another notch.

The conductor in the cupola
Was raving wild with rage.
"What's the matter with that hogger?
Can't he read a printed page?

I never knew a hoghead yet,
That had one ounce of brains.
Can't he see that Number Two's
Among the first class trains?"

They pulled in the clear at Rowe,
And had a long, long wait,
For Number Two, the varnish job,
Was just two hours late.

—Anonymous.

* * *

THE PENSIONED CONDUCTOR

HE sits in his big armchair,
Smoking his pipe all day,
Thinking about old-timers,
Trying to pass the time away;

Very few know of his trials
When a brakeman years ago,
And sometimes they wonder
What makes him talk so slow.

Required to climb on box cars,
Sometimes his limbs would ache,
Cutting ice and sprinkling ashes
So he could set the brake;
All cars then had hand brakes
And coupled with pin and link;
You must enter the link just right—
You're given no time to think.

You remember the log for a derail,
One end chained to the track,
And every time you lifted it
Would almost break your back;
Some of us worked on local
When they handled lots of freight;
Leave some time in the morning,
Get in the next day at eight.

That was before the sixteen-hour law,
And overtime had not been born;
All we knew was handling freight,
And carloads of coal and corn;
Do you ever think of the sandhouse,
Where we would go to get the news,
And everyone was welcome
To come and express their views?

Within those walls 'most any day
Men were willing to speak,
And if you'd come and listen,
You would surely get a treat;
Could tell why "M" doubled the hill,
Why "W" used so much oil;
"B" was so long checking his train,
Who plays cards according to Hoyle.

He thinks of the good old times,
Which engineer he liked the best,
And when he had his favorite,
Was sure of a good rest;
All this fun to think about,
But sometimes it brings the tears;
Oh, how much some would give
To go back just a few years!

—J. V. Fitch, in The Ry. Conductor.

RED LIGHTS

THRASHING along through the midnight gloom,
The lordly mail roars by;
Sixty for sixty her time to keep—
Though the rails are glass and the home run steep—
Or the great "I AM" who is fast asleep
Will know the reason why;
When out of the night a red, red light
Gleams like an ogre's eye.

Her whistle shrieks like a thousand fiends
Let loose upon the night;
Her driver throttles the head of steam,
The air valves hiss and the brake blocks scream
As she noses up to the sullen gleam
That bars her headlong flight:
For never the nose of an engine goes
Against a red, red light.

There are red, red lights on the road of life
For all who drive to read.
Let not the red, red lights slip past
Though steam is high and the pace is fast,
Time will take toll for all at last
In full and bitter meed;
And he who slights the danger lights
Is fool in very deed.

—Henry Chappell.

* * *

ED HAWKINS' LAST RUN

"YOU want my story, doctor?"
('Twas Hawkins, the engineer;
We'd found him deep in the wreckage.)
"Well, the signal lights said clear;
But makin' the curve at Basford's—
Why, that was the last o' me.
And hasn't nobody told you
What happened to Ninety-Three?

"You say my fireman's dyin'—
Poor Davy, the best o' the crew!
And I can tell by yer faces
I'll shortly be goin' too.
Eleven are dead? That's awful;
But for God's sake, answer me!
I'm askin' about my engine—
What happened to Ninety-Three?

"It ain't that I haven't pity
For the wives o' them that's dead;
But my rough old iron lady
Was better to me than wed.
Twenty good years and over
She pounded the ties with me;
She ain't all smashed? Well, prove it—
You're lyin'—she's dead—I see."

Out of the twisted piping
And the roof of a splintered car
We tore at an engine throttle
And severed the handle-bar;
We fastened a board at his window,
And out of his quiet bed
We took what was left of Hawkins,
And whispered: "Clear track ahead."

We sat him down by the window,
And into his quaky hand
We held the end of the throttle.
He was blind, but, God! his sand!
He opened her wide, all steady,
With his pale face bright as sun—
And that was the way Ed Hawkins
Pulled out on his Last Long Run.

—Chester Firkins.

IN THE BONEYARD

HER brasswork is no longer gleaming bright;
Her headlight, cracked, is all with grime besmirched;
And oft her leaky flues, since years not tight,
Did damp the fires, as wheels from the rail-joints lurched.
"Ol' Number Ten"—this was her only name,
And though the brass upon her sides is black
She still retains from bygone days the fame
Of record runs on some forgotten track.

—Arthur Beverley Gnaedinger.

By the Light of the Lantern

Ask us what you want to know

RAILROAD questions are answered here without charge, but these rules must be observed:

(1) Not more than two questions at a time. No queries about employment.

(2) Always enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope, to facilitate our getting in touch with you if necessary. We will print only your initials.

(3) Don't be disappointed if answers do not appear at once. They are printed two months before date of issue.

WHEN and where were locomotive stokers first used, and to what advantage at the time?—J. L. B., Caldwell, W. Va.

Several makes of mechanical stokers appeared on the American railroad scene about the turn of the century. The most important among them were the Day-Kincaid, Barnam, Strouse, Hayden, Brewster, Harvey, Dickinson, Erie, Corning, Gee, Hanna and Elvin. When and where the first one was actually tried, no one seems to know. However, the first successful one (by "successful" we mean its ability to maintain steam pressure) was probably the Day-Kincaid, several of which were applied to Big Four 2-8-0 types about 1902. According to the best records available, the first test with a Day-Kincaid stoker was made on a Great Northern Consolidation type the same year.

The trouble with all these stokers was that they had to be hand-fed or that they used only prepared coal. Therefore the stoker committee of the A. R. M. A. decided that a locomotive stoker must not only be able to reduce all lumps to regulation size, but must deliver the coal from the tender to the firebox. This resulted in development of the Street, Standard (formerly Brewster), and Hanna stokers, with the Street leading, in 1909, along the lines required by the A. R. M. A., and the Standard and Hanna following a year or two later. For a discussion of modern stokers see page 86 of our Dec., '35, issue.

D. A.—Two years ago there were exactly 9,830 Mikado (2-8-2) type engines in the United States. No later figures have been compiled, but the number has not changed very much.

(2) The London & North Eastern Ry. (Great Britain) is 6,383 miles long, owns 6,901 steam and 13 electric locomotives.

ONE gets the impression from locomotive history that there is little to be gained by compounding. If this is the case, why do steamships and industrial power plants use not only double, but often triple and quadruple expansion cylinders?

(2) *Have any locomotives been equipped with tandem compound cylinders?*—H. S. K., Spooner, Wis.

(1) While the era of compound steam locomotives is not completely finished, it is true that simple steam locomotives are preferred by most railroads. The reason is simply that the economies that are derived from compounding are not thought to be great enough to warrant the bother, unsatisfactory performance, and increased maintenance which accompany it. The conditions of railroad service, in brief, are vastly different from those of steamship and stationary service, both of which make good use of compound construction because they generally demand slow, constant speeds. A few modern but more or less experimental locomotives such as the Canadian Pacific 8000 and the Delaware & Hudson high-pressure engines have adopted the compound principle; and many low-speed high-power motive power units, particularly the true Mallet types, have never discarded it; but most railroads find they can get all they want from simple steam engines. It is always possible that a compound locomotive may be constructed for railroads which will do away with the objections we've mentioned, and that the compound type will flourish as widely as it once did, but right now the signs of the times do not favor such an eventuality.

(2) The Santa Fe had several. Baldwin constructed a tandem cylindered 2-10-0 for it in 1902, and a year later it constructed (also for the Santa Fe) the world's first 2-10-2 type, equipped

with tandem compound cylinders. All have been rebuilt to simple.

WHAT is the simplest and most accurate way of figuring the average speed of a train, without going into a lot of fractions, etc., when mileage covered and time consumed are known? —F. A. M., Chicago.

Whaddaya mean, "a lot of fractions, etc."? The standard method of making the computation is simple, and takes only a few seconds to use. If a train covers 120 miles in 2 hours and 28 minutes (148 minutes), it averages 48.6 m.p.h. To get the 48.6 you simply multiply the mileage covered by 60 and divide the product by the number of minutes required to cover said mileage. The logic of this simple process, of course, is that the average speed has the same relationship to 60 miles an hour as the distance the train covers has to the time it took. If you can't keep the principle clearly in mind, memorize the rule by figuring a dozen or so sample cases. After you've done that, you'll agree that no short cut, except a printed list with mileages and distances worked out, could be simpler.

L. N. S., Moline, Ill.—The injector was invented about 1852 by a Frenchman named Henri Giffard. It was introduced in England a few years afterward by Sharp, Stewart & Co., and in America about 1860 by Wm. Sellers & Co. After that it soon supplanted the feed pump as a means of putting water in locomotive boilers.

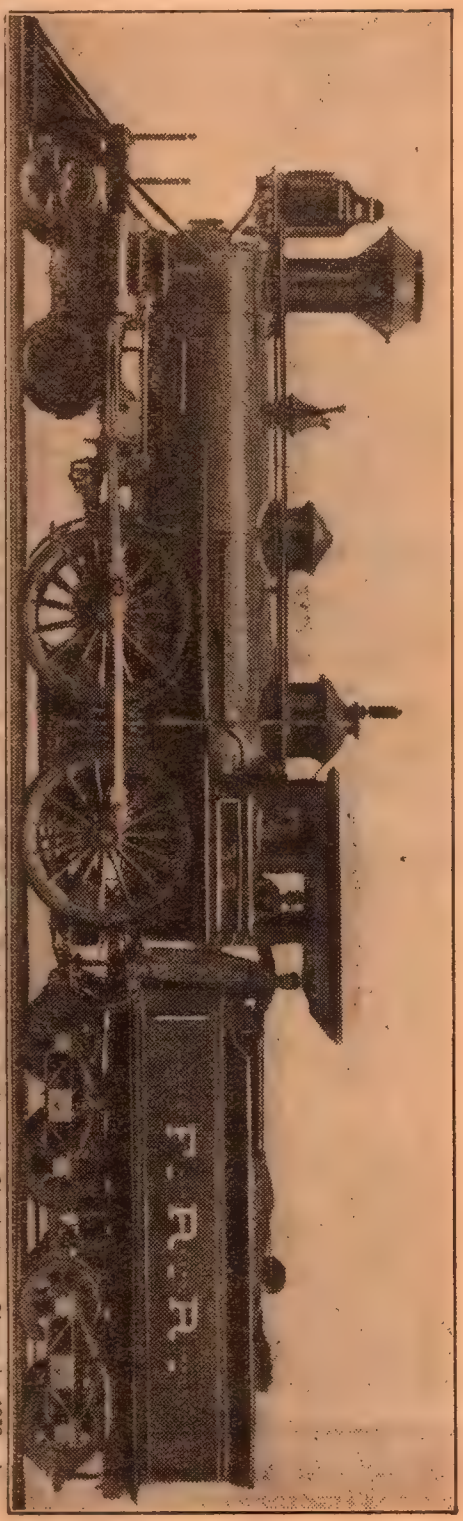
(2) See answer to H. S. K. concerning tandem compounds.

H. K.—The Litchfield & Madison Ry. was incorporated in 1900, when it acquired part of the old Chicago, Peoria & St. Louis. It runs from Litchfield to Madison, Ill., 44 miles, and has 51 miles of line, 9 locomotives, 522 freight and 35 miscellaneous cars. It has had a good financial record, having lost relatively little traffic during the Depression. Photo of its engine No. 5 on page 84.

C. B., Toronto.—The old 3-ft. gage Lancaster, Oxford & Southern, which ran between Oxford and Peach Bottom (20 miles) and Fairmont and Quarryville (8 miles), all in Pa., was chartered in 1890 as the Peach Bottom RR. In 1916 it had 2 locomotives and 42 cars. It is now abandoned.

WHAT are the road and equipment valuations of the Illinois Central and Santa Fe, and what have been their financial records during the last few years?—K. E. H., Oklahoma City.

(1) Road and equipment of the Santa Fe are valued at $1,143,580,649. Its operating revenues



This Thick-Stacked Old Eight-Wheeler Was No. 36 of the Fitchburg R.R. (Now B. & M.), Built in the Railroad's Charlestown Shops in 1872. In the Cab Are Engineer L. J. Walker (Standing) and Fireman F. J. Butters, Who Sent Us the Photo, and Who Now Lives at N. Chelmsford, Mass.

O.d Print from Collection of A. Sheldon Pennoyer

Section Hands Coasting from the Top of the Divide down to Camp for Provisions Forty-Five Years Ago. Although Our Information Does Not Give the Name of the Road, We'd Guess That It Is Somewhere on the Denver & Rio Grande

dropped from $267,189,178 in 1929 to $128,093,948 in 1934 (which was higher than 1933); its net railway operating income slid from $68,652,341 in 1929 to $15,229,318 in 1934 (but it was only $13,961,760 in 1933); and its net income after all charges, such as interest, taxes, etc., plunged from $61,036,803 in 1929 to $3,698,671 in 1933, and then rose to $7,001,314 in 1934. Reports available at the time this was written indicate higher revenues for 1935, but hardly more net income, since operating expenses were higher. To sum up briefly: despite the huge decline in business during the Depression, the Santa Fe never has been in financial danger, and the bottom in its fortunes seems to have been passed safely.

(2) Illinois Central's road and equipment are valued at about $736,000,000. Its operating revenues dropped from $153,183,808 in 1929 to $79,228,255 in 1934, which was, however, more than in 1933 and 1932; its net railway operating income fell from almost 25 million in 1929 to about 15 million in 1934; and its income after all charges, which amounted to the comfortable figure of $13,520,383 in 1929, changed to a deficit in 1931, 1932, and 1934, the deficit in 1934 being $1,000,607. Although 1935 figures will show substantial gains in revenues, as in the case of the Santa Fe, the net income situation will probably not improve greatly.

E. M., Walpole, Mass.—UFRR stands for Union Freight Railroad, a short connecting railroad in Boston operating 2.5 miles of line between the B&M, B&A, and NYH&H. Incorporated in 1872, it has 4 locomotives, employs about 60 people. Road and equipment are valued at $591,628.

W. W. R., Batavia, N. Y.—The Lehigh & Hudson River Ry was opened in 1882, when a road of the same name running from McAfee to Belvidere, N. J., and another called the Warwick Valley RR, from McAfee to Greycourt, N. Y., were merged. The year before a line called the Pequest & Walkill had been merged into the original L&HR. In 1907 it took over the Orange County RR, and in 1912 the South Easton & Phillipsburg and the Mine Hill RR. It uses PRR tracks from Belvidere to Phillipsburg, and the PRR uses its tracks on the way to the Poughkeepsie Bridge. It now owns 96 miles of line, 18 locomotives, 232 freight, 4 passenger and 67 miscellaneous cars. Its financial record has been good; even in 1934, out of $1,422,589 operating revenues, it showed $184,337 net income.

M. G.—Of the New York Central's 961 miles of line between New York and Chicago 686 miles have four main tracks, 200 miles have double tracks, and 75 miles have triple tracks.

Photo by J. Kauffman, Mifflin, Pa.

This Forlorn Ten-Wheeler Was Once the Pride of the Tuscarora Valley, a Narrow-Gage Line Which Has Been Abandoned for Two Years. The Engine Was No. 2, Baldwin-Built in 1915. See Answer to J. K.

H. R. G., Boise, Ida.—The Intermountain Ry was incorporated in 1907 and ran 26 miles between Steirman and Barber Jct., Ida. It had 2 locomotives, 65 cars, about 25 employees, was abandoned Feb. 20, 1935.

(2) The Union Pacific acquired the Oregon Short Line and the Oregon-Washington RR & Navigation Co. in 1899. It owned half of the Los Angeles & Salt Lake from the beginning and acquired the rest in 1921. Its ownership of the St. Joseph & Grand Island dates back to about 1918.

W. R., Atlanta, Ga.—The Atlanta, Stone Mountain & Lithonia Ry., which has 2 locomotives and 3 cars, is 8 miles long, and is apparently operated in two sections, one connecting with the Ga. RR at Stone Mountain and the other at Lithonia, Ga. S. H. Venable is president, and his address is C&S Building, Atlanta.

(2) The Georgia & Florida RR was incorporated in 1926 to succeed the Georgia & Florida Ry., which in turn was incorporated in 1906 to build, purchase and operate lines in Georgia and Florida. In 1907 it bought the Augusta & Florida, Millen & Southwestern, Douglas, Augusta & Gulf, Nashville & Sparks, and Valdosta Southern. Four years later it took over the Sparks Western, in 1919 the Augusta Southern, and in 1920 the Georgia & Florida Terminal Co. It has 464 miles of lines, 31 locomotives, 590 freight, 26 passenger and 67 miscellaneous cars, and employs about 700 people. It has operated under a deficit for the last four years.

Photo by W. J. Rugen, from M. Langhans, 421 91st St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Double-Decked Passenger Coach Used by the Long Island R.R. in Commuter Service. The Aisle Runs About Half-Way Between the Two Decks

HOW do the engines which pull the C&NW's 400 compare with the Milwaukee's Hiawatha types in ability to wheel loads at high speeds? Which one could pull the heavier train at the higher speed under the same conditions? E. K. S., Milwaukee.

Although the Pacific types which wheel the *400* have larger cylinders and smaller drivers and therefore exert more starting tractive force than the 4-4-2's which haul the *Hiawatha*, we believe the latter are equal to the C&NW Pacifics at ordinary high speeds and superior at top speeds. Both types have approximately the same amount of heating surface, but the Milwaukee engines boast 6 more sq. ft. of grate area and 17% more superheating surface. These advantages, coupled with their higher pressure, bigger drivers, and smaller cylinders, obviously make the Milwaukee engines capable of developing greater horsepower and therefore of wheeling a heavier load at a higher speed. Indeed, the Milwaukee locomotives are claimed to be able to develop 3,000 sustained horsepower at 90-100 m.p.h., a figure which we doubt the C&NW engines could equal.

However, we do not want to belittle the performance of the older rebuilt Pacifics. They have consistently handled heavier trains than the new streamlined engines on almost exactly the same schedule. For a long time they held the speed record between Chicago and Milwaukee, one of them having hauled its regular train between the two cities (85 miles) in slightly less than 66 minutes. (Recently this record was shattered by the *Hiawatha*, which covered the same distance with its regular train in 63 minutes and maintained a speed of 105 m.p.h. for 22 miles in doing so.) Almost every day they manage to

Photo by R. J. Foster, P. O. Box 375, E. St. Louis, Ill.

No. 5, an Old Mogul Used by the Litchfield & Madison (See Answer to H. K.) in Switcher Service

This Trick Shot Was Taken Along the Side of an English Passenger Train, on Which the Right-of-Way Scene is Clearly Reflected, Giving a Double View Effect

pull that train at more than 100 m.p.h., and what is even more important, to overcome all delays and maintain an on-time record.

WHY did the Milwaukee Road equip its streamlined Hiawatha engine tenders with both a six and four-wheel truck?—R. B., Chicago.

The front truck carries more weight than the rear one; hence it has more wheels.

T. G., Brooklyn.—Following is list of steam railroads operating in Idaho:

Boise & Western
Craig Mountain
Chicago, Milwaukee St. Paul & Pacific
Camas Prairie
Gilmore & Pittsburgh
Great Northern
Nezperce & Idaho
Northern Pacific
Pacific & Idaho Northern
Spokane International
Washington, Idaho & Montana
Union Pacific (incl. OSL and O-WRR&N)

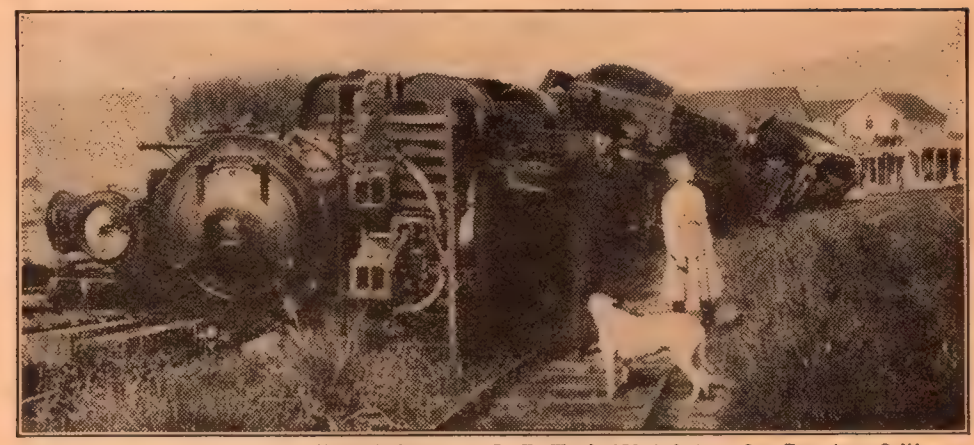
J. K., Mifflin, Pa.—The Tuscarora Valley (3-ft. gage) was incorporated in 1891, opened from Port Royal to E. Waterford, Pa., in 1893 and to Blairs Mills (27 miles) in 1896. It had two locomotives, 29 cars, was abandoned in 1934. Photo of what is left of one of its engines on page 83.

I HAVE often seen on railroad equipment small metal plates which state that such and such a trust company is owner, or has a trust lien on the car or engine. Doesn't the railroad own the equipment?

(2) *What is the best way of buying a bankrupt railroad?*—F. P.

(1) Even in good times large railroads cannot pay cash for big equipment orders, so they put down from 5% to 25% in cash and issue equipment trust certificates to take care of the rest of the order. These certificates are guaranteed by a trust company which then nominally becomes the owner of the equipment. In case a railroad cannot pay the interest on its certificates, the trust company could foreclose and seize the equipment. So far as we know, this has never happened. No matter how poor they are, railroads manage to take care of this item in their fixed charges, for not doing so would mean that they would have a hard time buying new equipment when they needed it.

(2) Bankrupt railroads are often sold at public auction, when the highest bidder gets the whole road, lock, stock and barrel, probably for a great deal less than it would cost to build a similar road and buy its equipment. To be valid, however, the bid must come up to the minimum price previously set by court. An auction is really the last alternative, and few lines are actually sold on the block. Anyone who wants to buy a bankrupt road can go either to the trustee or receiver, as the case may be, and dicker with him.



From Collection of B. H. Ward, 658 3rd Ave., San Francisco, Calif.

Narrow-Gage Train of the Old North Pacific Coast (Now Northwestern Pacific) Turned Over at Pt. Reyes Station by an Earthquake Thirty Years Ago. The Engine Is No. 14, American Type, Which Later Became No. 92 of the Northwestern Pacific, and Is Now Scrapped

If the price he is willing to pay will satisfy the claims of the security holders, he can probably get it. But unless the outlook for future operations is pretty hopeless security holders will not consent to losing too much, and any attempts to buy the road for a song will get nowhere. On the other hand, if the demands of the security holders are met, the buyer more than likely will be saddled with almost as great an investment as that which caused the bankruptcy in the first place. Buying a railroad "cheap" is not so easy as it sounds—that is, unless the person who has the money to buy it just doesn't give a hang whether he gets his money back or not.

J. W., Princeton, B. C.—There's no law compelling enginemen to get off their locomotives after one division has been covered. Usually their runs cover a single division, but if there was a reason for having them continue onto the next they could do so.

H. E. L., St. Paul.—The extension front end was tried out on American locomotives as early as 1860, and thenceforth it rapidly became the leading style. We do not know which road was the first to make the change.

HOW do the whistles on the new Lionel toy trains work?—L. B., G. H.

A small motor-driven blower operates into a pair of tuned pipes. It is controlled at will by means of a relay responding to direct current superimposed by means of a rectifier upon the alternating current which runs the train. The whistle will blow as long as the relay is closed by the presence of direct current in the track circuit.

C. T. C., Monticello, Minn.—The Milwaukee's 2-6-6-2 types originally had 23½ & 37 x 30 cylinders, 200 lbs. pressure, 57-in. drivers, 390,000 lbs. wt., and 70,396 lbs. t.f. They were rebuilt to simple, with 21½ x 30 cylinders, 200 lbs. pressure, 57-in. drivers, 390,300 lbs. wt., and 82,720 lbs. t.f.

EXPLAIN the working of the Caprotti valve gear.

(2) What are specifications of NYNH&H 1355?—S. R., York, England.

(1) The Caprotti gear is equipped with four poppet valves (two steam and two exhaust) which are mounted vertically and worked by means of a cam gear, enclosed in a gear box on top of the cylinder, which is driven by a spindle geared to the main axle. Two of the three cams in the gear box control respectively the opening and closing of both admission valves, while the third cam controls the opening and closing of the exhaust valves. Admission, exhaust, compression and reversing are controlled by means of a quick pitch screw on the cam shaft, which engage two scroll nuts.

(2) NYNH&H Nos. 1350-1399, Pacific type, have 25 x 28 cylinders, 200 lbs. pressure, 79-in. drivers, exert 37,650 lbs. t.f., weigh about 275,000 lbs. without tenders.

L. S., Kootenai, Ida.—The Spokane International Ry. was incorporated in 1905 and acquired in 1917 by the CPR. Its main line extends from Spokane, Wash., to Eastport, Ida., 142 miles; and it has 164 miles of line, 11 locomotives, 256 freight, 6 passenger and 25 miscellaneous cars. For the last three years it has operated under a deficit.

(2) Northern Pacific Class W-5, Nos. 1835-1859, 2-8-2 type, has 28 x 30 cylinders, 200 lbs. pressure, 63-in. drivers, weighs 342,800 lbs. without tender, exerts 63,460 lbs. t.f.—75,240 with booster.

WHY are fast trains called limiteds? (2) *Has the line been completed from Lac Frontier, Que., to the Maine Central in Northern Maine?*—G. S. W., Ayers Cliff, Que.

(1) Some declare it was first used because they stopped at only a limited number of stations, while others say it referred to the fact that the trains were limited in accommodations to Pullman or first-class passengers only. Take your choice—we prefer the first.

(2) So far as we can ascertain, it hasn't been started.

K. C. H., Portsmouth, N. H.—The largest locomotives on the Boston & Maine, using weight of engine alone as a basis of comparison, are Nos. 4100-4104, the new Class R-1a Mountain types, which weigh 416,100 lbs. without tender.

(2) Following is a list of steam roads operating in Maine and New Hampshire. Those operating in only one of the two states are so designated.

Boston & Maine
Bangor & Aroostook (Me.)
Bridgton & Harrison (Me.)
Belfast & Moosehead Lakes (Me.)
Canadian Pacific (Me.)
Grand Trunk
Lime Rock (Me.)
Maine Central
Montpelier & Wells River (N.H.)
Monson (Me.)
Mt. Washington (N.H.)
Suncook Valley (N.H.)

F. T. J., San Francisco, Calif.—The motive power you propose is logical enough. The Milwaukee Road, for example, has experienced great success with a passenger unit of the type you describe. And if roads of the size you mention are going to retain their freight business, they will have to adopt locomotives built along the lines you suggest.

Free Booklet

THE Japanese Government Railways have just issued an interesting, well-illustrated booklet called "Travel Comforts in Japan." It will be sent free to any reader writing the Japan Tourist Bureau, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Mention RAILROAD STORIES, but do not write to us.

Additions, Corrections and Comments

IN our January issue we told R. E. W. that we weren't sure that the Flinders St. station in Melbourne, Australia, is the world's busiest. In the face of almost conclusive proof from several alert readers, we are ready to admit that it is. According to the latest figures available, about 282,000 commuters alone use the station every working day. This adds up to a total of around 85,000,000 for a working year, or far in excess of the best figure boasted by any North American station.

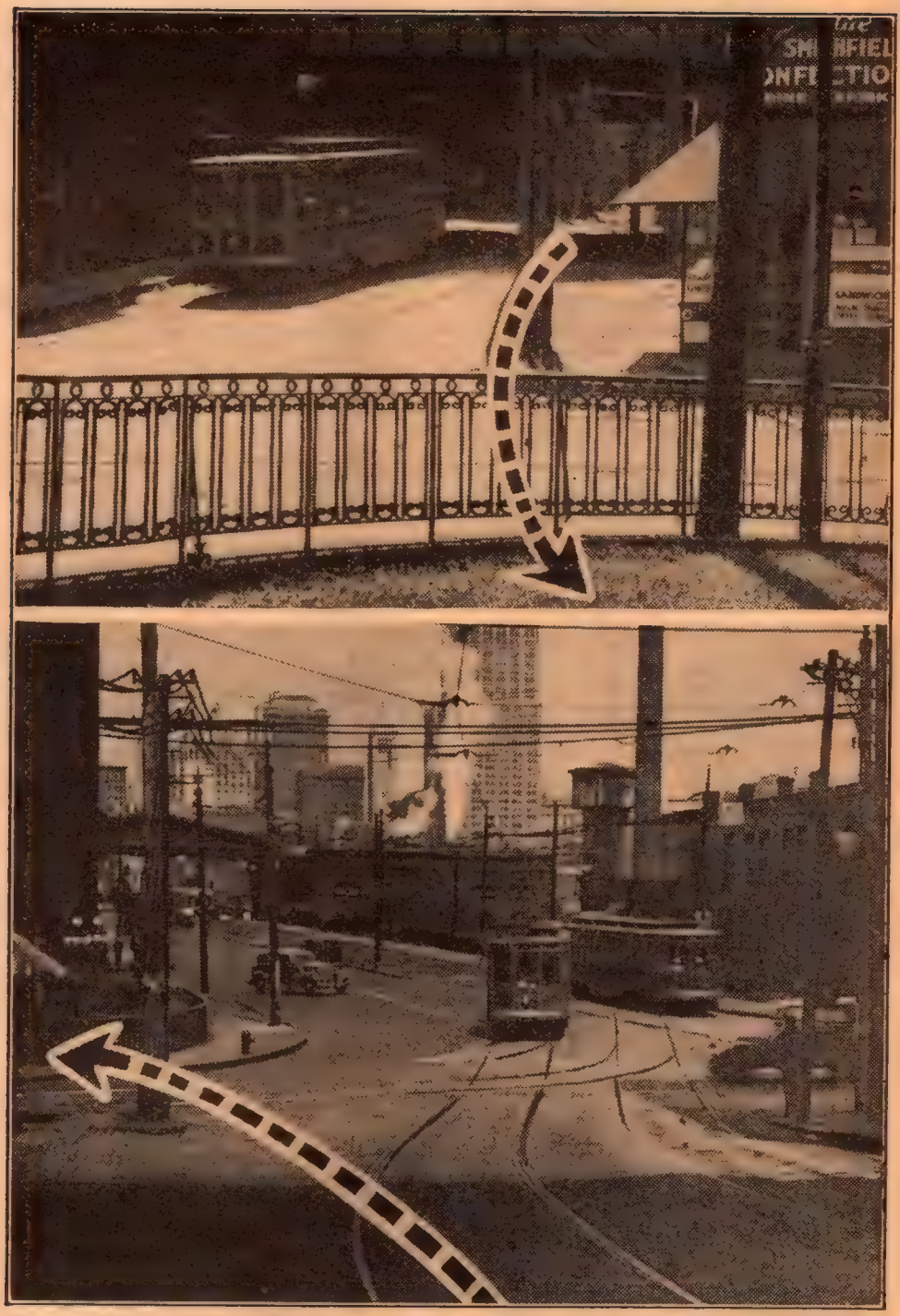
* * *

On page 86 of last December's issue, in answer to C. G. on specifications of certain CNR engines, we printed the *light* weight of the engines alone, rather than the usual weight in working order. Class U-3 weighs 399,000 lbs. in working order; Class T-1, 320,000 lbs.; and Class S-1b, 277,550 lbs. Thanks to H. E. S. of Springhill, N. S., for the correction; and our apologies to you all for the error.

* * *

The Minarets & Western, avers K. P. Bayne of Los Angeles, had four engines when it was abandoned. As we told W. O. S. in the January issue, two of them (Nos. 102 and 104) were sold to the SP, but the other two, Nos. 101 and 103, were sold to a logging outfit in Georgia, and left Fresno last Nov. 11. No. 101, which we did not know existed, was built by Alco in 1920 and was slightly smaller than the other three.

Model of Pennsy Class K-4 Built by Member of a Brooklyn R.R. Club. (See Page 140)



Scene of Pittsburgh Trolley Disaster. Arrows Indicate Course of Runaway Car. (See Map on Next Page.) The Cars Shown Here Are the Same Type as the One Wrecked. The Upper Photo, Looking into Mt. Washington Tunnel, Was Taken from the Building Against Which the Car Crashed. The Lower View Is Looking Out of Mt. Washington Tunnel

A Tragic Christmas Eve

America's Worst Trolley Wreck Was Due to Violation of Rule G

By JACK BEATER

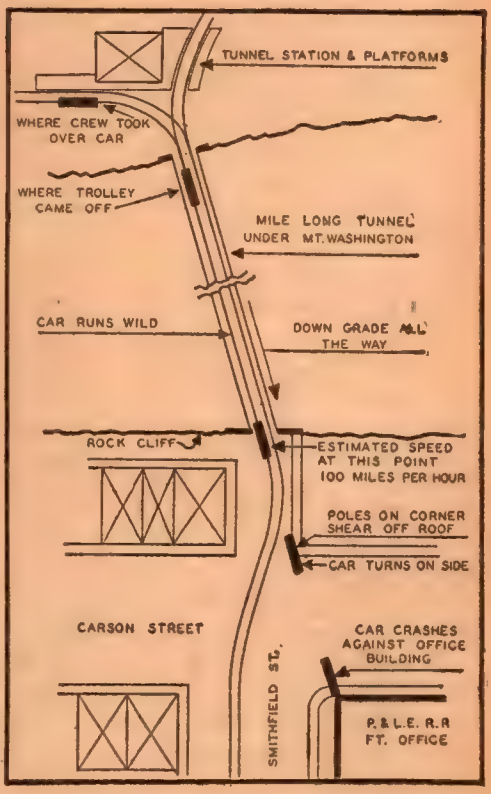
CHRISTMAS EVE, 1917. From the suburban districts of Pittsburgh, Pa., a happy throng, with purses bulging with wartime wages, was hurrying toward the shopping section for last minute gifts. Suddenly the usual traffic noises of Carson Street were dwarfed by a thundering roar, and alarmed pedestrians gazed into the mouth of the Mt. Washington tunnel whence it came.

Before their eyes a swaying bolt of yellow crashed out of the mouth of the mountain, screamed as its flanges struck the curve, then smashed over on its side, slid across the cobbled street, and collapsed against the granite corner of the P. & L. E. freight offices. The roof of the car, sheared off by two telephone poles on the street corner, exposed a cargo of human beings too shocked for the moment even to scream.

The tunnel was the mile-long twin tracked tube under Mt. Washington, down grade into the city. The street car was Knoxville, Route 44, a long, low-slung center door type, and city-bound at the time of the accident. The passengers, over a hundred and twenty of them, were mostly women and children. The wreck was claimed to be the most disastrous in the entire history of street railway operation.

The motorman of the death car was H. H. Klingler. Taken from the débris of his car in an unconscious condition, he was interviewed the next day at the hospital by John P. Dohoney, special investigator for the Public Service Commission.

"It was my first trip on the evening shift," said the motorman. "When my car got five hundred feet inside the tunnel I noticed it was gaining speed rapidly. It's down grade all the way and we don't have to use any power. I tried the air brake but found it wouldn't work. Then I tried to use the hand brake, but the car was going so fast it wouldn't hold. The last thing I could think of was to put the motors in reverse, but it didn't do any good because my overhead switch kept flashing off."


TUNNEL STATION & PLATFORMS
WHERE CREW TOOK OVER CAR
WHERE TROLLEY CAME OFF
MILE LONG TUNNEL UNDER MT. WASHINGTON
CAR RUNS WILD
DOWN GRADE ALL THE WAY
ROCK CLIFF
ESTIMATED SPEED AT THIS POINT 100 MILES PER HOUR
POLES ON CORNER SHEAR OFF ROOF
CAR TURNS ON SIDE
CARSON STREET
SMITHFIELD ST.
CAR CRASHES AGAINST OFFICE BUILDING
P. & L. E. R. R FT. OFFICE

"How about your trolley coming off the wire inside the tunnel?" interrupted the coroner, who was also present. "We have information that you had an argument with your conductor as to who should replace it. Is that right?"

"I don't know anything about the trolley coming off," said Klingler. "All I know is that I stuck to my post until the

crash came. When I woke up I was here."

Klingler's conductor, Martin Joyce, and the motorman of a car that followed the death car through the tunnel, however, had a different story to tell. It also was backed up by several of the surviving passengers. Both swore that the trolley of the death car did come off in the tunnel, leaving the car in darkness and stopping the air compressor. The conductor, whose duty it was to replace the trolley, could not get out of his cage because of the number of people in the overcrowded car. His shouted request to his motorman to go out the front door and replace the trolley brought a strong and heated reply from Klingler. After a brief wait in the stuffy tunnel, the motorman of the car following left his post and replaced the trolley on the stranded car, which then seemed to leap away down the long bore.

A saloon keeper was the next witness called. He testified that Klingler was drinking in his place a short time before the accident. An inspector for the Pittsburgh Railways Company was called to the stand and admitted that he had had words with Klingler just before the motorman took his car out for the late swing.

"I told him," said the inspector, "that he was in no condition to operate a car, and that he'd better go back home. It made him sore. 'I can run this car through hell if necessary,' he shouted at me, 'and if you don't let me take my run you'll have to pay me for reporting for work anyway.'"

Later Klingler admitted that he had been drinking heavily until 1 A.M. of the day of the accident. He said he then slept until 5 A.M. at which time he reported for the early morning shift, and then operated a car until 9 A.M. Klingler, according to other witnesses, spent the balance of the day until time to report for the afternoon shift, loafing in a bar and poolroom. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter against the motorman.

Twenty-one people, mostly women and children, were killed at the tunnel mouth. In several cases whole families were wiped out. The seriously injured in the accident numbered eighty, many being scarred for life by the broken glass of the windows, as the car skidded across the rough pavement on its side. The conductor, protected by the iron pipe railing of his cage, was one of the few to escape injury. Incidentally, the fare register on the death car indicated only 92 fares rung up at the time of the accident. Yet more than this number were represented by those killed or injured.

Pittsburghers still shudder at the memory of that drunken boast, "I can run this car through hell if necessary!"

Photo from D. L. Joslyn, 2164 Castro Way, Sacramento, Calif.

Horse Car on the Claremont, University & Ferries R.R. of West Berkeley, Calif., in 1895

Locomotives of the Norfolk & Western Ry.

Two of the N. & W.'s 51 Pacific Types (Upper) No. 597, Class E; and (Lower) No. 500, Class E-3, One of the Engines Purchased from the Pennsylvania R.R.

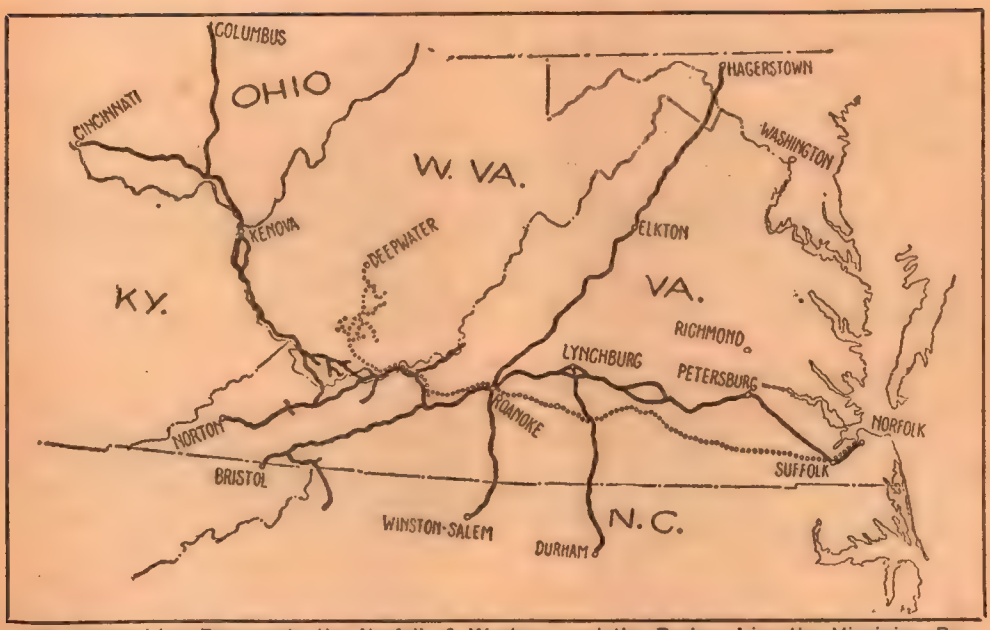
THE present Norfolk & Western Ry. began as the Atlantic, Mississippi & Ohio, which was a consolidation of the Norfolk & Petersburg (chartered in 1851 and opened a year later), the South Side (chartered in 1846 and opened in 1854), and the Virginia & Tennessee (chartered in 1849 and opened in 1857).

In 1875 it was thrown into a receivership; six years later the Norfolk & Western R.R. was organized to succeed it. Thenceforth it expanded rapidly: the next year it consolidated with several small roads; in 1890 it took over the Scioto Valley; and in 1892 completed its Ohio extension. Finally, in 1896, it was reorganized as the Norfolk & Western Ry., its present title.

Like every other railroad, the N. & W. has experienced a severe decline in revenues since 1929, but unlike most other lines, it is still highly prosperous. Despite the drop from $117,631,732 operating revenues in 1929 to $62,775,611 in 1932 and $72,707,867 in 1934 (they will be around $76,000,000 for 1935), net income has always been large enough for substantial dividends. Last year, for example, the common stock paid 8%, with an extra payment of 2%. The one big factor in this enviable record is soft coal, which comprises more than 80% of the road's total tonnage. Since great amounts of it can be hauled at high efficiency, the Norfolk & Western has been able not only to keep its track and equipment up to the best standards in the country, but also to pay large dividends as well. The Pennsylvania R. R., incidentally, owns a controlling interest in its stock.

The N. & W. operates 2,169 miles of line, owns 48,070 freight, 298 passenger and 1,862 miscellaneous cars. Its road and equipment are valued at $454,328,928, and in 1934 it paid $27,677,983 to 18,758 employees. The following roster of its locomotives was supplied us by R. G. Henley, superintendent of motive power; and the photos were from the collection of the railway itself.

Class	Numbers	Cylinder Dimensions (In.)	Driver Diameters (In.)	Boiler Pressure (Lbs.)	Weight without Tender (Lbs.)	Tractive Force (Lbs.)	Builder and Date Built
		Pacific (4-6-2) Type—51 Engines					
E E1	595, 597-599 580, 583, 584, 592, 593	20 x 28	68	200	196,253	28,000	Richmond, 1905, 06 Baldwin, 1907
E2a, E2b	543-579	22½x28	70	200	247,000	34,425	Richmond, 1910; Baldwin, 1912; Roanoke Mach. Works, 1912-14
E-3	500-504	26 x 26	80	205	293,600	38,283	Baldwin, 1913
		(Purchased from PRR in 1930; formerly PRR Class K-3s)					
		Consolidation (2-8-0) Type—62 Engines					
C1	4-7, 301, 302	20 x 24	50	180	120,785	29,376	Baldwin, 1897
W2	673-946 (56 engines only—see note)	21 x 30	56	200	175,100	40,163	Richmond, 1902-05; Baldwin, 1903-05; Paterson, 1903
		Atlantic (4-4-2) Type—4 Engines (Scrapped Nov., 1935)					
J	601-603, 605	19 x 28	79	200	167,700	21,750	Baldwin, 1903
		Mountain (4-8-2) Type—48 Engines					
K1	100-115	29 x 28	70	220	347,000	62,920	Roanoke MW, 1916, 17
K2, K2a	116-137	28 x 30	69	200	352,000	58,000	Brooks, 1919; Baldwin, 1923
	(Nos. 116, 117, 120, 123-126, 128-130, 132, 137 have 220 lbs. pressure, exert 63,800 lbs. t.f.)						
K3	200-209	28 x 30	63	225	401 900	63,880	Roanoke MW, 1926



The Heavy Line Represents the Norfolk & Western, and the Broken Line the Virginian Ry. Despite Their Parallel Routes, Both Railways Are Strong and Healthy, Since Both Haul Great Quantities of Coal

Class	Numbers	Cylinder Dimensions (In.)	Driver Diameters (In.)	Boiler Pressure (Lbs.)	Weight without Tender (Lbs.)	Tractive Force (Lbs.)	Builder and Date Built
Twelve-Wheel (4-8-0) Type—144 Engines							
M	375-496 (55 engines only—see note)	21 x 30	56	200	200,000	40,163	Richmond, 1906, 07; Baldwin, 1906, 07
M1	1002-1098 (28 engines only—see note)						
M2, M2c	1100-1160	24 x 30	56	200	262,000	52,457	Baldwin, 1910, 11; Roanoke MW, 1911, 12
Ten-Wheel (4-6-0) Passenger Type—5 Engines							
V1	950, 951, 954, 956, 960	19½ x 26	62	200	162,350	29,193	Baldwin, 1900
Eight-Wheel Switcher (0-8-0) Type—9 Engines							
W6	800, 802, 804, 809, 821, 825, 830, 839, 960	21 x30	56	200	186,900	40,163	Baldwin, 1898, 99; Roanoke MW, 1900; Richmond, 1901, 03
Mallet 2-8-8-2 Type—141 Engines							
Y2a	1700-1730	25&39 x 32	56	240	526,000	103,300	Roanoke MW, 1918, 19, 21, 24
No. 1711 has 265 lbs. pressure, exerts 114,060 lbs. t.f.; Nos. 1700, 1703-1705, 1713, 1717-1720 have 270 lbs. pressure, exert 116,212 lbs. t.f.; Nos. 1702, 1706, 1714 have Franklin booster, exert 138,000 lbs. t.f. with booster; Nos. 1717, 1720 exert 135,652 lbs. t.f. with Bethlehem booster.)							
Y3, Y3a	2000-2079	25&39x32	57	270	531,000	114,154	Schenectady, 1919; Richmond, 1923
Y4	2080-2089	25&39x32	57	270	567,000	114,154	Richmond, 1927
Y5	2090-2109	25&39x32	57	300	582,900	126,838	Roanoke MW, 1930-32
Mallet 2-6-6-2 Type—153 Engines							
Z1a, Z1b	1315-1324, 1326, 1328-1339, 1341, 1342, 1344-1349, 1351, 1352, 1354-1359, 1361-1365, 1367, 1368, 1370, 1371, 1373-1387, 1389-1398, 1400-1429, 1431, 1434, 1435, 1438, 1440-1461, 1463-1465, 1467, 1470-1489	22&35x32	56½	225	427,000	75,830	Baldwin, 1914; Richmond, 1912, 13; Schenectady, 1916-18
Electric 2-8-2+2-8-2 Type—12 Engines							
LC1	2500-2511	.....	62	.....	600,000	66,000	Baldwin-Westinghouse 1914, 15
LC2	2512-2515	.....	62	.....	832,000	90,000	Alco-Westinghouse, 1924, 25

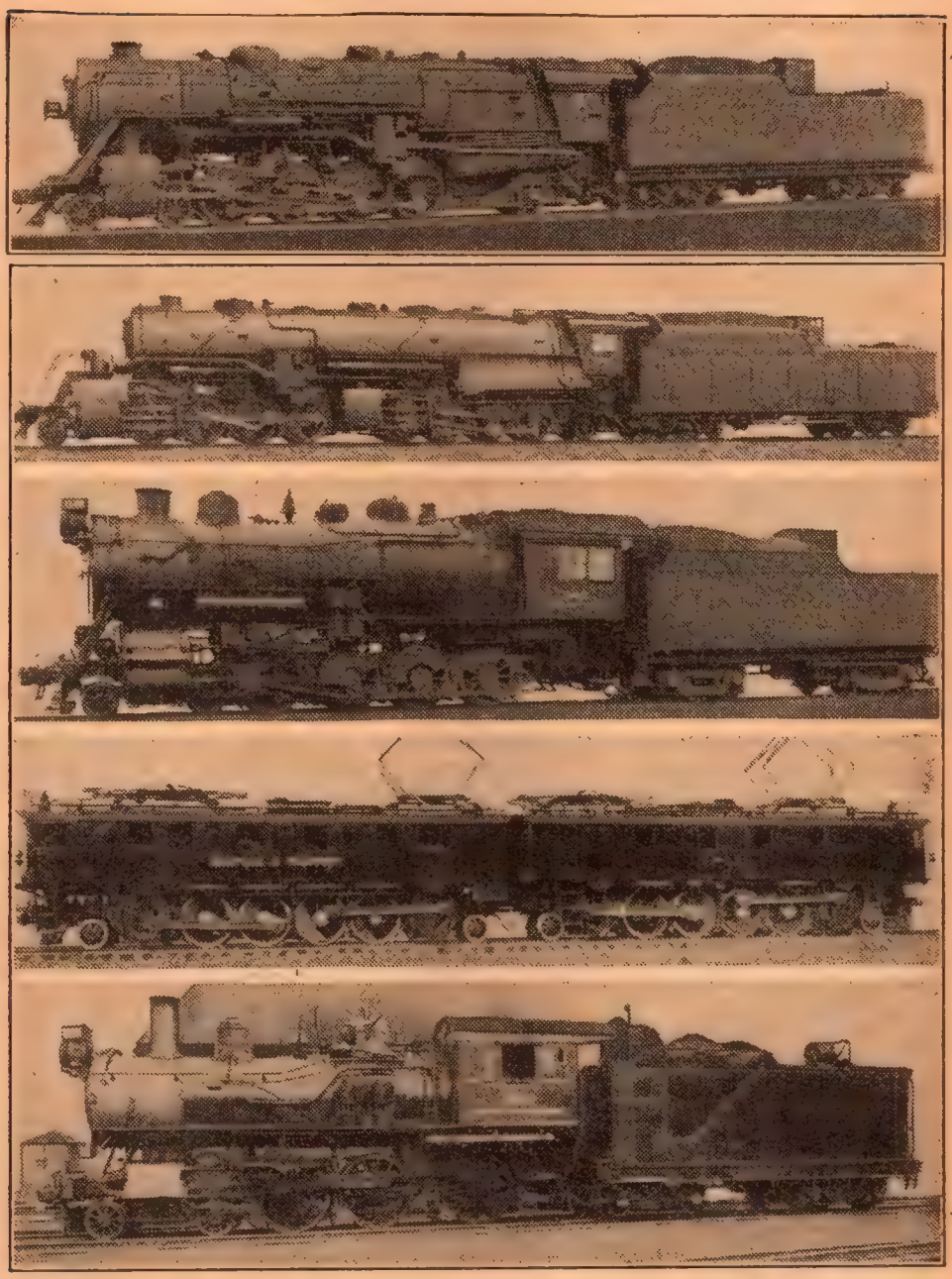
Total: 629 engines.

Notes

Following are numbers of engines in Class W2: 673, 674, 678-680, 684, 686, 690, 692, 693, 695, 697, 698, 701, 702, 704, 716, 719, 722, 728, 731, 735, 746, 750, 752, 756, 758, 759, 766, 769, 771, 778, 779, 788-790, 794, 867, 882, 884-887, 892, 910, 912, 914, 915, 917, 922, 929, 930, 940, 943, 944, 946.

Numbers in Class M: 375, 376, 379, 382-384, 388, 392-394, 404, 405, 407, 410, 411, 413, 419, 421, 422, 423, 427, 429, 431, 433, 434, 439, 442, 444, 445, 447-449, 451-457, 459, 462-464, 467-469, 471, 475, 477, 482, 484, 488, 490, 495, 496

Numbers in Class M-1: 1002, 1005, 1006, 1012, 1017, 1019, 1025, 1026, 1034, 1040, 1045, 1048, 1050, 1051, 1055, 1057, 1059, 1060, 1062, 1063, 1070, 1077, 1081, 1083, 1090-1092, 1098.



Five Representative Norfolk & Western Locomotives: (Top) No. 203, One of the Heaviest Mountain Types; (Second) No. 2092, the N. & W.'s Largest Mallet Type; (Third) Twelve-Wheeler No. 1148, a Type Little Used by Most Roads; (Fourth) the First of the Class LC2 Electrics; and (Bottom) Ten-Wheeler No. 953, No Longer on the List, But Which Was One of Class V-1

NEXT MONTH: NORTHWESTERN PACIFIC R. R.

International Engine Picture Club

READERS who collect, buy, sell, exchange, or make pictures of locomotives, trains, cars, etc., are listed here as members of the International Engine Picture Club. There are no fees, no dues. Names are published in good faith, without guarantee.

A membership button is given FREE to those who send in a "Readers' Choice" coupon (page 143) and self-addressed stamped envelope. (If you live in Canada or any foreign land, enclose a loose 3c stamp from your own country instead of the envelope.) Address Engine Picture Editor, "Railroad Stories," 280 Broadway, New York City. Tell him what you want or what you offer.

LATELY we've been telling you a lot about fan excursions and engine picture trips, but so far we haven't said anything about the one which was probably the most unique of them all—the excursion last November 10 from Baltimore, Md., to York, Pa., over the picturesque old Maryland & Pennsylvania. The trip was sponsored by the Washington members of the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society and the Baltimore Society of Model Engineers, who invited many fans not members of either organization. There were 52 in all.

The M. & P. provided a special train, consisting of its little 4-4-0 No. 6, two old wooden coaches, and a flat car lent by the B. & O. Accompanying the party were the road's president, general freight and passenger agent, and chief engineer, all of whom co-operated to the utmost. For example, the train was stopped whenever anyone wanted to take a shot at it; President Nance himself telegraphed ahead for a supply of films when the supply ran low; and the schedule was worked out so that everyone was given a chance to ride in the cab.

What with many stops, crooked track and steep grades, the 77-mile trip to York took four hours, but for once in this hustling age, speed was no object. There are still possibilities in the railroad passenger business, even without streamlined trains and 2,000-horsepower Diesels!

* * *

Another fan organization, we are glad to announce, has been started. A merger of several railroad clubs in the East, it is called the National Railway Historical Society, and it has chapters in Lancaster and Philadelphia, Pa., New York City, Trenton, N. J., Baltimore, Md., and Washington, D. C. Its purpose is to "perpetuate steam and electric railroad historical material, to encourage model railroading, to collect data on the history of transportation, and to encourage rail transportation." For further information, write either to Chas. M. Johnson, 71 Hillcrest Ave., Trenton, N. J., or L. R. Franks, 238 E. Orange St., Lancaster, Pa.

* * *

Speaking of railroad historical societies, the grand-daddy of them all, the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society, is planning a Chicago chapter which will hold regular meetings and engage in other activities consistent with the purposes of the organization. Full details may be secured from A. W. Johnson, 5340 West Huron Ave., or from C. B. Medin, Room 816, Illinois Central Station, Chicago, Ill. Our best wishes for the group! We hope it will prove to be as successful as the New York chapter.

* * *

Last but not least, we'd like to say a word or two about Bulletin No. 38 of the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society. It is full of the usual interesting articles, among which are "The Great Western Railway (England)—Notes on the Broad Gage Periods," the final article in the series on Boston & Maine locomotives (including a modern roster of the road), a

Photo by Bruce D. Fales, 1209 E. St., Silver Spring, Md.

Overhead View of the Fan Excursion Train on the Old Maryland & Pennsylvania, November 10, 1935. See Opposite Page for Story

brief monograph on Michigan Central power at the turn of the century; and a fine picture and short history of the Rock Island's famous "silver engine."

* * *

ALEX ADAMS, 445 Montrose Ave., Toronto 4, Canada, wants July '32 "Railroad Stories."

J. P. AHRENS, 508 Warren St., Brooklyn, N. Y. C., has VaC, WMd, SM, CW, Sou. and many eastern roads to trade for southwestern roads.

A. ANDERSON, 120 Fern Ave., Lyndhurst, N. J., has many DL&W, NYC and other photos; send 5c. and stamp for list and sample photo; also trades.

L. ANDERSON, 315 Dayton Ave. S. E. Wadena, Minn., has been ill; will answer all correspondents as soon as possible.

P. R. ARNOLD, 3022 Woodland Ave., Baltimore, Md., has many PRR emp. timetables to trade for engine snaps, esp. old WMd.

* * *

R. BELL, 205 Chestnut St., Waltham, Mass., collects 116 size SP, Santa Fe and D&RGW prints, send lists; or will take 1 roll film of B&M or B&A pictures for 1 roll of these roads. Has "Railroad Stories" since '29 in almost perfect condition at 10c. ea. plus postage; write first.

J. W. BETTRIDGE, 2330 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill., will buy PRR snaps, esp. K-5 and eastern div.

S. BOLSTAD, 2322 E. Mifflin St., Madison, Wis., wants a copy of "Loco. Cyclopedia."

H. G. BOUTELL, 3723 Jocelyn St., N. W., Washington, D. C., has 6 diff. 3¼x5½ prints of East Broad Top n.g., 10c. ea. or 50c. for set.

J. BOWIE, Jr., 3425 Hartford St., St. Louis, Mo., has many 116 size prints, 6c. ea., 18 for $1; neg. 10c. ea. or trade for negs. of MoP 3602, 1699, 5201-5207, 5501-5540, 6401-6444, Rock Island, B&O, PRR and others. Will give free print "Rebel" to first 25 buyers. Wants Wab. and B&Le rosters; has many others to trade.

R. H. BRADBURY, 3464 W. Queen Lane, Phila., Pa., buys p.c. size electrics, gas and oil-elec. and interurbans.

O. BRADING, 126 W. 10th St., Gibson City, Ill., will trade train orders for all U. S. and foreign.

I. H. BRENNEMAN, 734 Marietta Ave., Lancaster, Pa., has Moody's RR Manuals, Official Guides, and other railroad books; send stamp for list and prices.

C. C. BRIDGES, 19 Glenwood Ave., Toronto, Canada, wants photos of Gahose St. Ry. (N. Y.) about 1915; write first.

S. BUBLINEC, 220 E. 3rd St., N. Y. City, wants "Railroad Stories" before Feb. '34, except Jan.-Oct. '33; will pay 5c.-25c. ea. or will trade 6 detect. or adventure mags. for 1 copy; send 3c. for list, or send your lists and prices.

R. BUETTNER, 270 Shady Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., has Apr. '25 PRR Rule Book, series of passes '30-'34, 2 emp. tts. to trade for negs. or photos western roads. Has PRR, B&O, P&WV, P&LE negs., photos, train orders to trade.

A. F. BURNS, Jr., 3432 N. Palethorp St., Philadelphia, Pa., will trade PRR '35 calendars for best offer in negs.; has 116 size CB&Q, C&EI, DL&W, 10c. ea.; 120 size PRR, 5c. ea., p.c. size P&R 15c.

J. BURNS, P. O. Box 483, Valparaiso, Ind., wants to trade prints and ideas with amateur photographers who take fast trains at full speed using a 620 or larger size camera.

E. K. BURTON, 1347 Maple View Pl., S. E., Washington, D. C., has 120 size Pennsy, B&O, C&O, Sou., Wash. Term., RF&P and Poto. RR at 10c. ea. or trade for 120 or 116 size of same roads.

* * *

L. CAFFELL, 45 Middle O., Harebreaks, Watford, Herts., England.

G. J. CAPDEVIELLE, 5354 Bond St., Oakland, Calif., will pay 15c. for clear 116 negs. of Mt. Hood Ry. locos and gas car; also Oregon Pony; write first.

H. E. CHAPMAN, 153 S. Main St., Waterbury, Vt., wants SAL Mallets 500-515, Santa Fe type and 809.

R. D. CLUTTER, Claysville, Pa., has many B&O photos taken at Fair of Iron Horse; also many others 10c. ea.; send 3c. stamp for list.

C. L. COLLOM, 491 Walnut St., Meadville, Pa., has Erie, B&LE, C&I, B&O, A&S prints.

* * *

G. DAWSON, 5 Perkin St., Scotswood, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Northumberland, England, trades postcards of all types and classes steam engines or trains, also wrecks.

L. R. DAY, 22 Cherry St., Malone, N. Y., has copy of exam. for conductors, brakemen, engineers, firemen and hostlers; also CPR circular and D&H '35 emp. timecard; will swap for year's copies "Railroad Stories" prior to 1934 sent postpaid; write first.

R. W. DENNA, 17 Cascade Ave., Lowell, Mass., will trade steam tts., B&M train and other orders. E. Mass St. Ry. transfers, tickets and ident. checks, old Lowell Horse RR stock certificates for st. ry. transfers, tickets and photos; also old time engine photos.

H. DOUGHERTY, 3464 Liberty Blvd., S. Gate, Calif., wants Sioux Falls, S.D., railroad photos.

* * *

E. A. ELLIOTT, 437 Ave. E South, Saskatoon, Sask., Canada, has many 116 size photos 10c. ea.,

negs. 7 for $1 or trade for other Canadian negs., esp. CPR 2900, 2901, 3000, etc., and colored RR calendars. Has 6x10 CNR 877, picnic engine 2506 and CPR Gt. Western Express, $1 ea.

F. F. ELLIS, 42 Lawrence St., Waltham, Mass., has 116 size B&M, B&A, New Haven to sell 4c. ea. or trade.

* * *

J. FOOTE, 500 E. Walnut Lane, Philadelphia, Pa., will sell Jan. '27, Apr. and July '28 Baldwin Loco Mags. at $1 ea.

W. FULTON, R. 1, Oxford, Pa., wants neg. lists, old engine photos; foreign fans please write.

* * *

F. R. GALE, 2134 Stanley St., New Britain, Conn., will buy RR lanterns from aband. or early railroads that have been merged with others; write first.

W. O. GIBSON, 1511 Van Buren St., Topeka, Kan., has 60 size 116 negs. for $6; many photos of Santa Fe, UP, Rock Island, etc. for sale. Also has Jan. '30 to June '32 "Railroad Stories" $4.

O. R. GOERKE, Gillette, Wyo., has many old Rock Island, Santa Fe, MoP, GN, etc., timetables for sale—2 '05 tts. $1 ea.; prior to '20, 50c. ea. and 25c. ea. for those between '20 and '30 plus postage.

W. GRIFFITHS, R.F.D. 2, New Hartford, N. Y., will buy "19" and "31" train orders, used or unused, and clearance cards from all American roads.

V. GROVES, Rampisham, Dorchester, England, will trade colored postcards of British and foreign engines for those of the West; if before 1900 will trade 2 cards for 1.

* * *

W. I. HALL, Ticket Agent, Belfast & Moosehead Lake RR, Belfast, Me., will sell 8 recent copies Official Guide; also B&ML emp. tts., etc.

C. F. HARDER, 692-14th Ave., Paterson, N. J., has 6 copies Official Guide, Feb. '25 to Oct. '32, and 14 copies "Railroad Stories," Dec. '34 to Jan. '36. What do you offer?

HAWTHORNE PHOTOS, 58 N. 15th St., Hawthorne, N. J., offer surprise pkgs. of photos, $1.10.

S. HAYES, 38 Euston Ave., Watford, Herts., England.

E. S. HERMANNS, 47 South St., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., has 116 size PRR, NYC, DL&W, CNJ, Erie, etc., to trade for others, esp. LV, or sell 5c. ea. Swaps trolley transfers.

H. A. HILL, 5221 37 Ave. S., Seattle, Wash., wants U&IC, Bamberger Elec. Mich. Elec. views; will trade Pac. N.W. lines, BCE, PSE, NCL; lists first.

F. G. HOWARTH, 60 Udpike St., Providence, R. I., will buy prints and old schedules of Ohio, Ind., Ill., and Wis. interurbans or trade for 120 size steam line photos; list free for current schedule of any inter., exc. PE.

* * *

F. G. JACOBSEN, Box 187, Fox River Grove, Ill., has photos of Swiss Federal Rys., German Rys., and many others to trade; will send his lists and samples for yours.

I. L. JONES, 5420 Indiana Ave., Chicago, wants to hear from 16mm. movie camera fans; wants films of Mallets.

S. JONES, 63 Victoria Rd., Watford, Herts, England.

* * *

H. KAISER, Gen. Del., Alton, Ill., has copy of Frank Packard's book of short stories "Running Special," $1; write first.

F. KARL, 1335 Michigan Ave., Sheboygan, Wis., will trade 5 C&NW 120 size snaps for a copy Feb. '35 "Railroad Stories." Write first.

J. KAUFFMAN, Mifflin, Pa., wants pictures of PRR 104 H-8 or H-9; B&O 1044 and C&Pa 27.

H. KINGSBURY, Jr., 60 Carroll Rd., East Hartford, Conn., has public timetables, clippings, train orders, clearances, booklets for sale.

P. B. KORST, Jr., 209 Clark St., Janesville, Wis., will buy large colored pictures of Wab. Class J-1 and of C&NW Class E-2a, or will trade 116 size photos of most roads out of Chicago; also wants old tts.

* * *

H. LACKMAN, Jr., 312-17th St., Galveston, Tex., has '20 edition "The Carman's Helper" to trade for Nov. '34 "Railroad Stories" and Jan. '30 Baldwin Loco. Mags.

A. C. LANE, 4995 Raleigh St., Denver, Colo., has 3½x5¾ pictures of D&SL wreck at Rollensville, Colo., 3 for 25c.

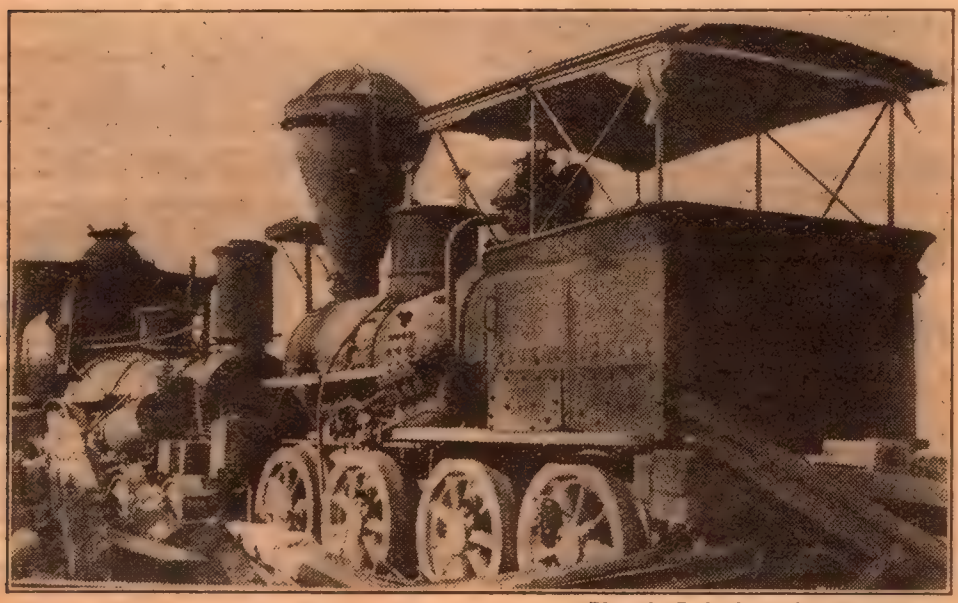


Photo by L. S. Slevin, Carmel, Calif.

These Peculiar Old Girls Were Snapped in West Oakland, Calif., in 1900. Does Anyone Have Information About Them?

B. M. LEE, 39 Smith St., Charleston, S. C., will buy old playing cards issued by Plant System; also wants to hear about any other railroads issuing such cards.

LOCOMOTIVE PUBLISHING CO., LTD., 3 Amen Corner, London, E.C.4, England, has railroad photos, booklets, material, etc. Special sets of 25 diff. p.c. photos for $1.50 postpaid, selected from 40,000 photos of all countries.

H. E. LOVEJOY, Wolf Point, Mont., has 4 diff. 5x7 size close-ups of GN wrecks for 50c.

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D. MADDEN, Rangeley, Me., has Sandy River photos to trade for other N. Amer. n.g. roads.

C. MAYER, 92 Wilson Blvd., Islip, L. I., N. Y., has Railroad Digest of 1901, 476 pages; what offer?

F. R. McKNIGHT, 118 Webster St., Malone, N. Y., trades NYC, Rutland, GTW, DT&I and other train orders for Erie, Frisco, NWP, KCS and Soo Line; also swaps NYC and Rutland emp. tts.

D. J. McLAUGHLIN, 69 Cedar Ave., Rockville Centre, N. Y., has 620 size prints NYC 4-6-2 and 4-6-4 and LI 4-6-0 and 2-8-0 to swap for same size other roads.

T. MILLAR, Box 584, Estevan, Sask., Canada, has over 100 photos sizes from 3x7 to 8x10; 900 p.c. photos; 250 size 116; scrapbook with 300 clippings; "Railroad Stories" June '32 to date and 5 CNR Mags. for best cash offer.

D. C. MILLIGAN, 47 Eddy St., Ware, Mass., will trade p.c. size photos of U.S. battleships for engine or rolling stock photos.

W. C. MITCHELL, 535 E. 138 St., Bronx, N. Y. City, has 120 size NYC and New Haven engines to trade for western roads.

F. MOULDER, 2531 Amherst Ave., Butte, Mont., has mining and mechanical mags. and books to trade for Transit Journals, Brill Mags. or trolley snaps; write for list.

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H. NORLING, Jr., 12712 Gregory St., Blue Island, Ill., starting; will pay 5c. for 116 size snap of Dixie Flyer.

G. F. OTIS, 2521A McAllister St., San Francisco, Calif., has photo of UP No. 4, 1st loco across Sierra Nevada Mts., and CP 0-6-0 type taken 36 years ago in Nev., 20c. ea., or both for 35c.

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E. PARRY, 8 Pearl St., Granville, N. Y., has Baldwin Loco. Mags. to trade for RR photos.

E. PENKOS, 145-03 105 Ave., Jamaica, N. Y., will pay 25c. for Dec. '29 and Jan. '30 "Railroad Stories."

R. PHELPS, 1319 24th St., Ogden, Utah, will pay 35c. ea. for perfect copies of Feb., May, June, Oct. '30; Jan., Mar., May, June, Oct. '31; Oct. '32 and Apr. '33 "Railroad Stories."

D. POWER, Donovan's, Newfoundland, Canada, will buy U.S. and Canadian photos and negs.

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K. RICHARDSON, 1 Highcliffe Villas, Oxford Rd., High Wycombe, Bucks., England.

G. B. RITZ, 4713 Penn St., Philadelphia, Pa., has p.c. size old-time PRR power, 1872-1900, 15 for $1; also p.c. and 116 size of 40 roads, incl. many small roads to trade.

R. ROBERTS, 16 St. Johns Rd., Watford, Herts, England.

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R. SAUNDERS, 40 Knutsford Ave., Watford, Herts, England.

L. SAWVEL, 1443 Maple St., Dubuque, Ia., has '31 Official Guide to trade for photos or what have you?

W. O. SCHAEFER, 369 Highland St., Pasadena, Calif., wants eastern tts., esp. Rdg., CNJ, P&LE and smaller steam and elec. roads.

B. D. SELLMAN, 600 Baltimore Ave., Towson, Md., takes pictures of Md&Pa locos, rolling stock or scenes on order

D. W. SHULL, 500 Yuba St., Muskegon, Mich., has 7 PRR and NYC calendars $1 ea. or all for $6; SP, Rock Island and Burlington wall maps, "Railroad Stories" Sept. '33 to date, 20c. ea.; 16x30 builder's framed photo of NYC 5249 at $7. Only RI equipment considered for trades.

Running Orders

DUE to space limitations, International Engine Picture Club members must not ask us to print any name more than once in 4 months — except for an unusually good reason.

Do not expect us to print your name at all unless you give brief details on what you want or what you offer.

Any member who has lost his pin can get another by sending us a stamped envelope and "Reader's Choice" coupon, completely filled out — or make your own coupon if you don't want to clip the magazine.

J. E. SIEGEL, 420 Customhouse, Cincinnati, O., wants photos and dope on PCC&StLR locos 202, 205, 215, 235 and any other locos of 1885-95; also photos of Pendelton (Cin.) Shop.

E. SMITH, Box 281, Montvale, N. J., has Erie, NYC, etc., tts., photos to trade; send for list.

F. SMITH, Jr., 39 Clifford Rd., Watford, Herts., England.

W. SMITH, Gen. Del., Trail, B. C., Canada, starting; wants locos and train wrecks.

E. W. SPARKS, 1820 Oliver St., Pacific Beach, Calif., starting; wants suggestions.

C. SPENCER, 29 Stewart Rd., Ecclesall, Sheffield 11, England, has p.c. English locos and trains to trade for any American roads.

H. G. STEINMEYER, 174 Nixon Ave., Tompkinsville, S. I., N. Y., has 300 p.c. size prints principal U. S. roads for sale or trade for B&O.

• • •

T. T. TABER, 43 Hillcrest Rd., Madison, N. J., wants Hinkley and Grant badge plates in good condition.

C. THELEEN, 626½ Walnut St., McKeesport, Pa., will sell or trade Official Guide, tts., and railroad data.

S. E. TOMPKINSON, 37 Madbury Rd., Durham, N. H., wants copies of "Loco Cyclopedia"; has 118 size B&M, CV and Rutland locos.

C. H. TUCKER, Box 353, Morristown, N. J., will buy large new power.

• • •

W. WALKER, 41 Longspring, Watford, Herts., England.

A. WALTERER, 560 W. 180 St., N. Y. City, wants prints and negs. of streamlined engines and trains.

S. H. WARD, 658 3rd Ave., San Francisco, Calif., wants Uintah 2-8-0's, Shays; Six Co. 2-8-2's, 4-6-0's; NWP 83, 85, 195; NPC 1, 5, 10-12, 22, 40; NCNG 3, 4, 6; write first.

J. C. WILDING, 17 Pollards Rd., Maybury, Woking, Surrey, England.

H. A. WILLARD II, 1416 F St. N. W., Washington, D. C., has large photo of N. Y. Chapter Ry. & Loco. Hist. Society taken beside B&O's "Lord Baltimore" at Union Station for $2.

W. WILTSIE, Box 22, New Providence, N.J., has 116 size certain B&O, B&A, B&M, DL&W, NYC, New Haven, Rdg., 3 for 10c., 16 for 50c. Will also trade for and buy 116 negs. all roads, esp. C&O, Erie, MoP, SP.

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Proposed Abandonments

Canadian Pacific, Shore Line Jct. to Bonny River, N. B., 29 miles (permission to abandon granted). Carlton & Coast, Carlton to Tillamook Gate, Ore (entire line), 14 miles. Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha, Hannibal to Hughey, Wis., 4 miles. New York Central, Cazenovia to Earlville, N. Y., 23 miles.

Old Print from Collection of A. S. Pennoyer. N. Y. Chapter. Ry. & Loco. Historical Society

The Last Run of Engineer Joseph Sieg, of Philadelphia, Oct. 22, 1882. He Plunged into Fiery Death to Save the 600 Passengers on His Train.

Heroes of the Roaring Road

The Brave Engineer

WHEN railroading was new it was also dangerous, and the "brave engineers" had plenty of chances to make good their titles. One of the bravest of them all was Engineer Joseph Sieg of Philadelphia, who in 1882 was pulling Pennsylvania passenger trains between Jersey City and Philadelphia.

On October 22 he left Jersey City with his train at 1.15 p.m. A short time afterward, as the train was passing through the Bergen cut at 30 miles an hour, the fireman got down and opened the fire door. All at once the whole cab was filled with flames, carried out of the firebox by a powerful back-draft. Instinctively Sieg and his fireman retreated back over the tender. Sieg also ordered the fireman to go back and set the air brakes. But the car behind the engine was so crowded he could make no progress. Flames were sweeping back into the car now that the train was increasing its speed.

Sieg stood near the front door for an instant and looked back at his engine, which was now without control. He realized that the lives of 600 passengers depended upon him. He turned his face to his engine, sprang through the smoke and climbed up on the tender. Then he disappeared into the flames beyond. The excitement in the train continued. The only hope lay in the desperate act of the engineer. Presently the passengers felt the speed of the train lessen; and finally, with a lurch and a bump, it came to a full stop on the Hackensack bridge. The flames from the cab now shot straight upward instead of back toward the coaches.

About 200 passengers got out on the ties of the bridge. Those near the engine saw the head and shoulders of a man sticking through the manhole of the tender water-tank. The man was Engineer Sieg. Several people sprang on the tender and drew him out of the water. But his body was shockingly burned, and he died four days later in a Jersey City hospital. This hero was buried in a little cemetery near Bordentown a week later, and the Pennsylvania ran trains from Trenton, Jersey City, and West Philadelphia to his funeral.—W. B. Berry.

The Kid Knew His Railroad!

A CROWD was watching the efforts of the driver to get his big truck off the track at Ponemah, on the Keene, N. H., branch of the Boston & Maine. Naturally, he didn't want to get hit by a train. You'd think, then, that the driver or one of the crowd would have thought of the consequences and would have done something to stop the train. They didn't.

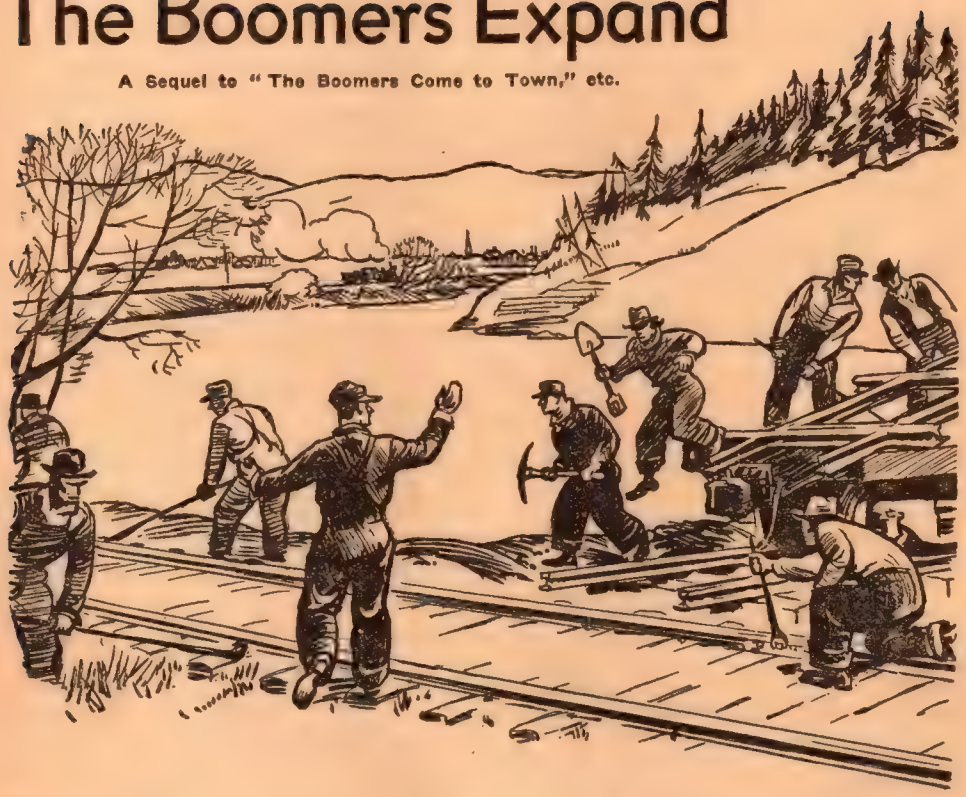
However, somebody else did. He was Paul Evans, an eleven-year-old lad who lived near the track. Paul knew the time of all trains. He knew a big engine pulling a load of passengers was due. He also knew the agent was on duty only at the time of scheduled train stops. The boy looked out of the window of his home and saw the group of men gathered about the truck. He saw what was going to happen and did a simple thing. He ran to the depot and raised the semaphore.

The passenger train was tearing into town when the board came into view. Usually it was clear. Engineer Fred Batchelder, astonished and irritated, shoved in the throttle and brought the long, heavy train to a stop in the little village. He looked down on a composed lad, who, in a calm voice and few words, pointed down the track where the truck was stranded across the rails.

When B. & M. officials heard of Paul's presence of mind, they invited him to be their guest for a day at Boston. While his parents rode the cushions, Paul sat with the engineer near the controls of the engine he had saved from possible disaster. At Boston, General Manager Smith escorted Paul to the office of President French, who gave him a high-grade watch in the case of which was engraved: "Presented to Paul Gibson Evans by the Boston & Maine R. R.—1934—for meritorious action in preventing a train accident."—Frank A. Hilker.

The Boomers Expand

A Sequel to "The Boomers Come to Town," etc.



It Takes Lots of Cash and No Opposition to Build Thirty Miles of Modern Railroad

"EXPANDING a railroad ain't as easy as it sounds," said Steve Caldor, addressing a small group of boomers at the Gold Slope terminal. "You got to decide *why* and *where* you're going to expand, and then prove to the Government that expansion is necessary. To do that you got to have everybody in the state behind you."

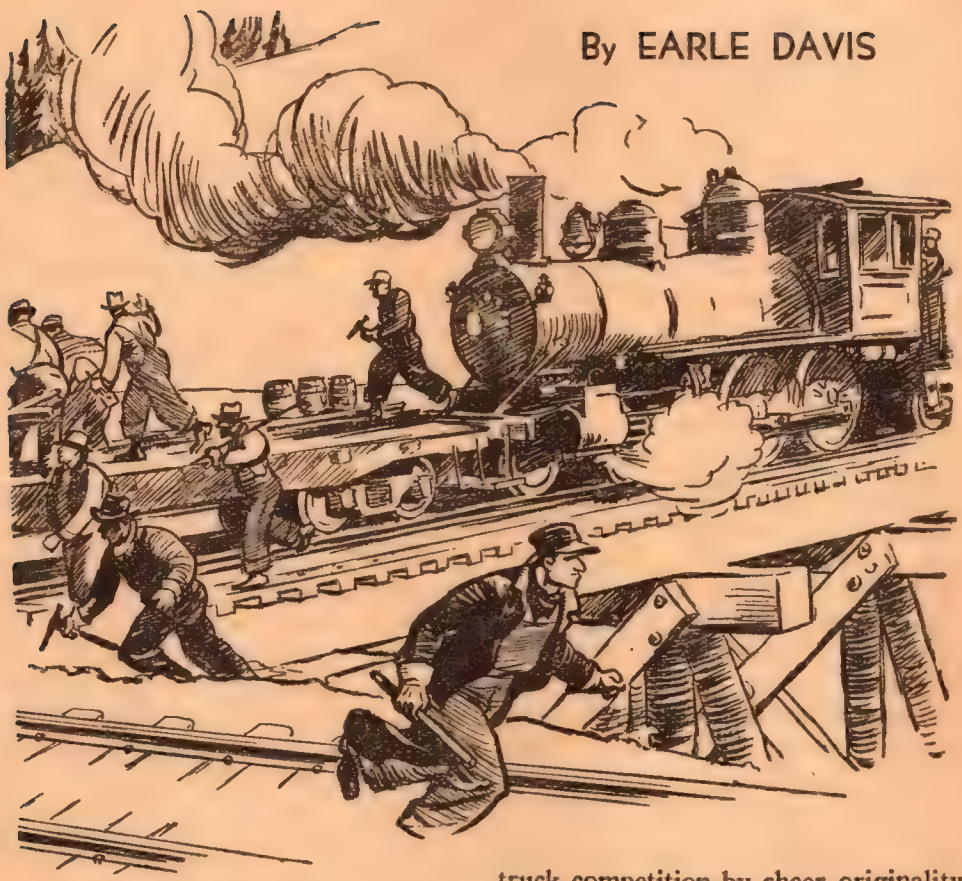
The speaker was president and general manager of the Boomers' Fast Line. His tall, wiry frame was draped in soiled blue denim. Honest spots of grease darkened the clear healthy tan of his cheeks, for Steve had just piloted their one and only train up from Junction City.

Pushing away the official papers on the table before him, the big fellow heeled back in his chair and waited for further comment. Through the windows he could see the snow-capped Sierras, while the roar of the blower on their engine drifted in from outside.

The first to reply was Steve's side kick, Brownie Baker. Brownie was operating vice-president of the road, but this honor had its reservations, for Brownie usually fired the 1000 when Steve ran her. In short, the word "operating" had a very literal meaning in Brownie's official title.

His retort was: "Who in the whole dang state wouldn't agree that our proposed extension *is* necessary?"

By EARLE DAVIS



"That's just the trouble," Steve drawled. "Everybody would agree—everybody except the Continental System."

Brownie grinned when he thought of the Continental. It was the Continental's abandoned Gold Slope branch that they had brought back to life as the Boomers' Fast Line. Somehow the big system had never quite got over the notion that the boomers had pulled a fast one on them.

Besides—and this was undoubtedly what hurt most—the boomers' startling methods were constantly putting to shame the moss-backed practices of the Continental. First, the daring adventurers of the rail had revived a deserted streak o' rust and put it on a paying basis. Then they had beaten bus and truck competition by sheer originality. It was disconcerting, to say the least.

Steve fished out of his pocket the *Junction City Gazette*. "Read this," he said. Brownie read aloud the following news item:

> **L. A. Cantrell, vice president of the Continental System, in an interview here today declared the Continental was unalterably opposed to plans for a forty-mile extension of the Boomers' Fast Line.**
>
> **"We will demand a hearing on the project before the Interstate Commerce Commission," he warned.**
>
> **Mr. Cantrell said the territory north of Gold Slope was served by a branch of his road, and since the proposed extension would cross the Continental line some thirty miles north of Gold Slope, it would duplicate service that already existed.**

"The service on that branch ain't worth the powder tuh blow it tuh hell,"

snorted old Jake Heinzen. "Why, the residents uh that locality ain't done nothin' but kick about it in the last ten years."

Besides being a director of the B. F. L., Jake was a proprietor of a prosperous hotel at Gold Slope. It was his whole-heartedness in financing the railroad venture of his fellow boomers that had put the Fast Line on its feet. The present meeting was being held in one of his hotel rooms.

"You're damn right!" exclaimed Jim Cornish. Jim was weatherbeaten as only a prospector can be, and generous in spirit as he was agile in body. He had been the first man to strike it rich in the Gold Slope country, and the first man, outside of Jake Heinzen, to subscribe for what passed as stock in the boomer pike.

"Gentlemen," he went on, "it is two hundred an' fifty miles by the Continental from Junction City tuh Ashville, where we would cross them. It takes two days tuh make the trip—an' what a trip! By *our* new line it would be only about ninety miles. Besides, we would have uh *railroad*, not a wooden-axle streak uh rust."

"That's right," Steve agreed heartily, "but we gotta give the Government a real reason for building forty miles of railroad. What's more, merely showing why the new line would pay for itself is not enough."

"What is enough, then?" Brownie asked in disgust. "A ten percent cut on the gross?"

Steve laughed. "Hardly that. Now, here's the way I figger: Even if our proposed line didn't create a lick of new business, it would still be a profitable extension because of the traffic now carried by the Continental. As Jim says, we'd give genuine service to the cash customers. We wouldn't kid them along, like the Continental is doing. But, unfortunately, Uncle Sam isn't going to grant permission to build the line if there is no chance of us creating new traffic."

"The question is then," Brownie came to the point, "how the devil are we gonna make sure of getting permission to build it?"

"You're thinking fast today," said Steve. "I was beginning to wonder about that myself."

For a moment there was an awkward silence, then old Jim spoke again.

"Wa-al, now"—he cleared his throat—"I got an idea. It may work an' it mayn't. As I understan' it, after you once finish the line the people will come, but what you gotta do now is start 'em comin'—er at least, make it like as though they'll come, so's the country will build up enough tuh justify a railroad in its own right."

"That's an easy way out of it," Steve admitted thoughtfully.

"Provided you can do all that," Brownie chimed in.

Jim nodded. "I was jest comin' tuh that part. What I wanta say is, I never did see nothin' like a good gold rush fer populatin' a country, be it desert, mountain er valley."

A look of understanding crept into the features of the other men present. Grins spread over their homely pans—pans that had seen railroading all over the continent.

"Uh course," the old prospector went on as if he had anticipated their doubts, "nobody knows ef there is any gold up there or not. Personally, I'm none too sure. But I say, nobody ever knows. Why, I might spend next week up in them parts and make uh big strike. No, sir, you can't tell, and the more I think of it the better I like the idee."

"I don't know about it, though," said Brownie, after he had pondered a bit. "Suppose a bunch of gold hunters chase up there and find nothing? It would be a pretty cheap trick."

Steve took up the case for Jim. "When the railroad comes through, those guys will find plenty to do. Besides, we aren't going to ballyhoo this. If they want to come, all right; if they don't, it's all right, too."

"But how about—" Brownie began.

"That's it exactly," Jim interrupted. "You fellers kin talk all you want, but you can't keep me away from there. I'm startin' out tomorrer mornin'!"

BY now the boomers were hauling two full trainloads of passengers twice a day. Their new silver-painted engine, the only 4-4-0 of that type ever built, was performing magnificently. Every day they made the fifty-mile trip from Gold Slope to Junction City, including one stop, in forty-five or fifty minutes. Every day they wheeled along at well over a hundred miles an hour on the straight stretch between Dominion and Funnell.

Although under the older slow schedules they had hauled freight cars in the passenger train, they now began dispatching a regular freight train once a day between the morning and evening passenger runs, and still another one, if necessary, late at night.

Because their locomotive was light and fast, she could handle only a score or so of cars. But she handled them swiftly and frequently, and that was what counted. In all, they were averaging about two thousand tons of freight a day.

"We'll haul a few tons often," said the boomers, "not five thousand tons once a week. Most roads are like those prehistoric animals you read about. They're too big for their own good. They can't adjust themselves to changing conditions. But the Boomers' Fast Line never has been like that, and never will be."

Nor did the boomers fall into the easy groove of a well-ordered life. They were forever hatching out new ideas. A lot of these ideas were bad and a few were good, but the rails talked them over and discarded the bad. The result was a constant stream of events which kept improving the twin ribbons of steel and steadily put them in the news all over the country.

There was much to be proud of. The boomers had conquered the threat of bus and truck competition by the simple expedient of telling the world how unsafe, unsatisfactory, and expensive it really was. They had startled big business by buying land and selling it for no more than it was worth. And they had set a precedent by running a railroad only to provide efficient, low-cost transportation to the people who used it and to earn a livelihood for the men who worked on it.

Much to the annoyance of large railroads which were steadily losing traffic, the boomers prospered exceedingly. Especially annoyed was the Continental when it discovered that this unique line was to be extended.

For ten years the Continental had tried to make that same stretch of track pay. For two years it had lain abandoned; and then these wandering knights of the rail had come along and started it up again, only to make fools out of its former owners.

To the specific job of seeing that they didn't, the Continental appointed one of its dozen or so vice presidents, the previously mentioned Mr. L. A. Cantrell. As brass hats go, the honorable Mr. Cantrell was no villain. He was

simply the kind of guy who had a lot of hidebound notions. Whenever a new situation came up, he simply referred it to one of his old notions on the subject and condemned or approved it accordingly. No fresh light had penetrated his brain for twenty years or so.

Old Man Cantrell smiled once in a while, but not if the Boomers' Fast Line were mentioned. When Brownie and Steve and Jake, together with Red Stanley, their master mechanic, and "Johnson Bar" Munson, had pulled off their famous transportation exhibition as the first gun in a successful war against busses and trucks, the dignified Mr. L. A. Cantrell had been painfully shocked by its novelty.

When the boomers defied the old-fogy motive-power practice by building a light, fast engine and running small trains frequently, Mr. Cantrell scorned their experience as "offering nothing to the legitimate science of railroading." And when the B.F.L. shortened its schedules to average more than a mile a minute, he openly predicted disaster.

A FEW of his fellow brass hats weren't so sure that Mr. Cantrell was right. One of his fellow v.p.'s had been heard to remark that the Boomers' Fast Line might be extremely crude, unscientific, and hell-bound for disaster, but it sure was bringing home the bacon; and maybe there was something to it after all. In the main, however, the Continental men were united against the short line, with Cantrell leading the pack.

Mr. Cantrell went down to the city of Lombard, ninety-eight miles east of Junction City on the Continental System. A growing community of about 50,000, Lombard had lots of civic pride.

Among the biggest reasons for its pride and prosperity (in good times) were the shops and terminal properties of the Continental, whose 300-mile Pacific branch swerved off to the northwest there. By this branch it was 150 miles to Ashville, where the boomers proposed to have their fifty-mile extension cross it. Thus it was almost 250 miles from Junction City to the Ashville country, whereas it would be less than ninety if the boomers' extension were built.

Mr. Cantrell lost no time in bringing home these simple facts to the people of Lombard. He arranged to address the local Chamber of Commerce, and he saw to it that the owners and editors of both of the city's newspapers came to hear him.

The rest was simple. The railroad official pulled a long, sad face. He complained about the effects of prolonged depression on the railroad business. He intimated that it might become necessary for the Continental to reduce drastically the operation of its terminal here if business on the Pacific Branch fell off any more.

"Fortunately," he said, as he smiled insincerely, "by dint of good management and curtailment of expenses, we are managing very nicely. Until recently it looked as though we had hit our low and were on the up-grade. Now, however, a new factor has entered the picture. I refer to the plans of what is known as the Boomers' Fast Line to extend their present trackage.

"I need not go into details on this proposition. You can realize instantly that much traffic would necessarily be diverted from our own Pacific Branch. Once their cut-off is built, we could not keep them from taking the Northern System's tonnage at Junction City and hauling it over their line to Ashville.

"In fact," he went on, "we could

not legally prevent them from taking our own southbound traffic at Ashville and hauling it over the Northern at Junction City. In such case the traffic that now comes over our main line from the west and is transferred to our Pacific Branch here at Lombard would be lost forever."

Then the wily Mr. Cantrell dug up a lot of facts. He showed how much the Continental was spending in Lombard. He revealed how many families it supported directly, how many schools its taxes helped to maintain, how many people the railroad brought there to spend money, and how many Lombardian businesses were drawing interest money on Continental securities.

By the time he finished, only one impression was possible; namely, that the Continental was the only thing worth saving in the whole darn town. It was tied up definitely with the prosperity of Lombard. To tamper with this prosperity was dangerous—nay, it was almost criminial.

The good citizens were alarmed, and the newspapers strengthened their alarm. Within a week a civic committee had been formed to fight the proposed extension of the Boomers' Fast Line.

As for Mr. Cantrell, he went merrily on his way, starting similar movements in lesser towns along the Pacific Branch; in Columbia, at the end of the line; and in the next division point east on the main line.

WHEN news of Old Man Cantrell's excursion reached the boomers, they grew a little apprehensive. They heard about it from John Anderson, their lawyer, when they came down with the morning train, the day after Mr. Cantrell's speech at Lombard.

Steve was piloting the 1000 that day and Brownie was firing her, while Jake Heinzen in the rôle of conductor was back in the gilded coach, collecting fares and fulfilling the other O.R.C. duties.

Anderson came up to the engine before they had fairly stopped. He carried two newspapers and several important-looking sheets of paper.

"Here's something that'll interest you fellows," he yelled as he advanced to the engine. Unfolding a copy of the *Junction City Gazette,* he displayed the headline: "Continental Fighting Proposed Short Line Extension."

Steve and Brownie slid to the ground and scanned the paper, which reported Mr. Cantrell's words at great length.

"So what?" Steve commented.

Brownie's forehead was wrinkled. He read over Cantrell's speech very carefully, as if seeking a loophole in it, while his two comrades glanced through another newspaper.

"So nothing," Brownie decided, "except one thing: Look here, why can't we get busy on the very thing that old Satchel-Face is so worried about?"

"Whaddaya mean?" Steve questioned.

"Simply this," Brownie rushed on. "The cluck practically tells the good people of Lombard that we're in a conspiracy with the Northern System to ship all our new business over it. Now, that isn't a bad idea. With the Northern behind our plans, we could turn its high-powered legal talent loose on the Continental's trained monkeys. If the situation ever comes to an I.C.C. hearing or anything like that, you know as well as I do that a lot of solemn-faced shysters would impress the judges a lot more than we could. What do *you* think about it, Anderson?"

The lawyer's face brightened.

"I hadn't reasoned that way," he

said. "You don't flatter me, I'm sure. But even so, I'll admit the merits of such a program."

"The sooner the better, then." Steve was impatient. "If we didn't have to wheel this chariot back to Gold Slope within a half hour, I'd get in touch with the Northern right now."

"I'll do it within an hour," promised Anderson. "I think I'll be able to call you at Gold Slope this evening and let you know when I've set the appointment."

THAT morning, already, they had a capacity trainful. Although their gilded combination car seated more than fifty persons, there was not a seat left when they got ready to highball out of Junction City at 9.20.

Ordinarily the morning return trip was light. They knew the reason for the business.

"Take a look at that crowd," Steve called over to his operating vice president, who was putting the fire in shape for the fast run to Gold Slope.

Brownie leaned out the right gangway, looking along the train. Then he turned back to Steve.

"Judging from what I see, smell and hear," the fireman commented with a grin, "Old Jim's plans for populating the north country with prospectors are spreading like a prairie fire."

Jake Heinzen hustled everybody aboard, gave a highball, and shouted them off. The eighty-two inch drivers of the engine gritted on the sanded rail; her sharp exhaust bit the air a fraction of a second later, and the train picked up speed with the swiftness of an automobile.

Running without a single stop, they covered the eleven uphill miles into Summit in a little more than ten minutes. They ripped off the ten miles through Speakes and to Silver Creek trestle in nine minutes. They swayed around the five miles of long curves between the trestle and Dominion in as many minutes. Finally they burned up the long straight stretches to Funnell and Gold Slope at better than a mile-a-minute average.

It took them exactly forty-six minutes to do the fifty miles from start to stop, and at no time did they press the engine hard or travel faster than track conditions warranted.

At Gold Slope they made arrangements with Red Stanley to provide another engine crew for the afternoon trip, for the two partners planned to be taking care of correspondence and the other urgent business.

In the meantime, however, they got the members of the board together and arranged to have lunch at the Hotel Heinzen, in a private dining room overlooking, very appropriately, their Gold Slope terminal.

Practically everyone eligible, with the exception of the veteran Jim Cornish, was able to come. "Johnson Bar" Munson was there, of course. Munson was the general superintendent of right-of-way—which didn't mean that he never had to swing a pick and shovel himself. His nickname seemed out of place, but not to anyone who knew of his long record as all-around boomer on almost every pike between Hudson Bay and Key West.

Red Stanley was on deck. His official title was master mechanic. He was also superintendent of motive power and rolling stock, and he filled the positions of engine wiper, roundhouse foreman, boiler filler, chief machinist, and anything else of a mechanical nature, depending on how many men were working for him at the time. Lawyer Anderson was back in Junction City.

WHILE the boomers were eating they did not discuss serious topics, but confined their conversation to wisecracks about things having little to do with the fine art of railroading. Immediately following the lunch, which Jake Heinzen had ordered purposely light, they took up the questions of the day.

Jake got out the newspapers and read the accounts in which they were interested. After that he shook his head and said:

"What of it, gentlemen? All this means nothin'. Does not the Interstate Commerce Commission decide whether or not we can build our track?"

"Sure it does," agreed Steve. "But which way it decides depends on whether or not it holds a hearing. And whether or not it holds a hearing depends upon how many people kick about our move. By the time Old Cantrell is done, half the local boards of trade in the state will be fighting against us."

"When will the hearing be likely to come off?" Johnson Bar asked.

"Not for a month at least," Steve assured him. "And we could have it postponed after that, if we wanted to. On the other hand, we could also have it held sooner."

"The sooner the better," Brownie put in.

This sentiment met with approval.

"Right now, then, I move we get our old publicity machine working again," Steve offered with a smile. "Suggestions are in order. To start off, I'd say we do a little speech-making of our own. Maybe we could hold a mass meeting down in Junction City on Saturday night. It's the week-end before pay-day, everybody'll be broke, and they'd all be out for free hamburgers and beer."

"No free hamburgers an' beer both," objected Jake, with an eye to the cost sheet. "That's goin' a little too far."

"We'll iron out those details later," promised Steve. "What's next?"

Breaking his customary silence, Red Stanley put in his oar. "I just been thinkin' that we can do a lot for the cause by havin' a contest among the high school and grade school kids, the winners to get free rides in the cab of the 1000."

"What kind uh contest?" queried Jake suspiciously, still disturbed at the prospect of giving away both beer and hamburgers, even to school children.

"After we've talked about our case around the towns," Steve volunteered, "we could print fifty thousand handbills and give 'em away. Then we'd announce the contest, with prizes for the best essays on the proposed addition to the Boomers' Fast Line. Teachers would talk about it to the kids, and the kids would take it home for help from the parents. For a few dollars we'd have everybody in the county not only sympathizing with us, but actually writing about it."

"It's a flash of genius!" exclaimed the irrepressible Brownie.

"Ach, it is one very fine idea!" Jake chuckled through his white mustache, delighted with the notion and vastly relieved to know it did not involve giving away both hamburgers and beer.

Financial Wizards

THE rest of the afternoon they spent working out plans, but instead of staying behind to clean up their correspondence, Steve Caldor and

Brownie Baker rode the cushions down to Junction City on the evening train.

First they visited a printer, from whom they ordered the handbills. Then they went to the offices of the *Gazette*, where the evening trick was working hard on the "bulldog" issue for the following morning.

The city editor was delighted to see them. Ever since it had been started, the Boomers' Fast Line had consistently supplied the *Gazette* with some of the most colorful features they'd ever embalmed in print.

"I was just going to send a man up to see you about the extension you're planning," the city editor told them. "We've been wondering how you'll answer Mr. Cantrell."

"We're not wondering," Steve replied drily. "We know. That's why we're here now. We're bringing you good news, and we'd appreciate your saving us a couple of columns on the front page."

"Afraid I can't allow you more than one," the editor replied. You see—"

"O.K.!" said Steve. "It's your loss, not ours." He laughed gaily. "Anyway, here's the layout. We're giving every school pupil in Junction County a chance to win cash prizes and ride in the cab of the 1000. No canvassing, no selling, no fooling. Simply using the brains God gave 'em."

Thus the boomers presented their proposition to the newspapers. Remaining in town that night, they finished their mission the next day and boarded the late afternoon train for Gold Slope.

In the baggage rack above them were a couple packages of handbills. The rest would be ready within a day or two, and would be distributed in Junction City and other towns along the Northern right-of-way.

"Come to think about it," suggested Brownie, "why not go up to the burgs above Ashville on the Continental's Pacific Branch, and drum up the cause a bit?"

"What with Cantrell having been up there, I'm not sure how much good we could do," Steve responded dubiously.

"Cantrell's got 'em scared some, I'll admit, but what of it?" reasoned Brownie. "Here's the point: Those people up there would get *more* business, rather than less, when and if the extension goes through. Besides, the cost of bringing things up there from both the East and West would be cut a lot. Play up those ideas right, and you'll scare 'em just as bad the other way."

It was just about train time, and with Stanley wheeling the 1000 today, the boomers knew they'd have to decide quickly.

"Well, how about it?" Brownie demanded. "We've got about ninety seconds to think it over."

Steve grimaced widely.

"If it's the same to you," he drawled, "that's about eighty-five seconds too much. Give the handbills to Red, and I'll go out and call Jake, so he won't be counting on us."

Brownie did not answer. He was already hauling down the packages and stumbling up to the front end with them.

"FOR old times' sake," as Brownie Baker put it, they took the Continental's crack train at noon for Lombard. Despite its advertised "limited" features—shower-bath, maid, barber shop, and full-length mirrors in the dressing rooms—the day coach was dirty and smelly, and the train took all of three hours to cover the 98 miles.

Toward the end of the trip the con-

ductor drifted around for their hat checks. Brownie spoke to him:

"We're riding on one of the slickest trains in the country, so I've been told."

"Why, yes—" began the O.R.C.

"You'd have to be told, all right," Steve cut in, "'cause you sure wouldn't guess it."

"What do you mean?" the con asked.

Brownie shook his head. "This high speed has me frightened. There's no telling what the world is coming to."

"She's an exclusive train, too," his pal drawled, glancing around at the empty seats. "They allow a dozen seats to each passenger."

More than slightly annoyed by this heckling, the O.R.C. began to defend his company. He had plenty of time and he felt like talking.

"People are crazy nowadays," he stated. "Fix these cars with cut flowers beside every seat and they'd still drive their own cars wherever they wanted to go."

"I don't know about that," mused Steve. "Maybe if you birds would give the public fast, comfortable and *cheap* rides, they'd be seeing you oftener. It takes money to drive a car, after you've figured everything in; and nobody can haul people more cheaply than a railroad—if it will only fill its trains."

"I don't believe it," retorted the conductor. "Can't be done, I say. Why, if it could, you don't suppose for a second that our officials would sit back and refuse to do it? Young fellers, we got some pretty brainy men up there, and I guess they can—" He broke off suddenly. "It's no use talking to smart alecks like you who don't know a blame thing about railroading."

"We're learning fast," said Brownie.

"Who the devil are you?"

Just then the brakes went on, and the conductor began to move along. They were slowing for Lombard. The two boomers reached for their luggage.

"I'll tell you who we are," said Steve, as they rose from their seats. "We're the guys who took over a railroad line that some of your brass hats thought was no good and we made it good. We ain't got much brains, but we know how to use what little we've got. That's all it takes to run a successful railroad."

AT Lombard they had five hours to kill before the night train, with its old wooden sleeper and battered open-platform coach, began its laborious twelve-hour, 225-mile trip over the Pacific Branch to Columbia.

Dressed up in Sunday serge, the boomers were unrecognized by the citizens of Lombard. They explored the shops and roundhouse of the Continental without being accosted by anyone. All it took was the ability to walk through a terminal looking as though they owned half of it, and the two adventurers had boomed long enough to do that.

The Columbia train pulled out at eight. Steve and Brownie gave one look at the sleeper and went up to the coach.

"I'll be hanged if I can ever rest in one of them," Brownie Baker growled. "Every time I've been in one I woke up next morning feeling as though I'd been shoveling coal all night. But on a day coach I'll tuck my feet up and snooze for thirty hours straight."

"Best of all, if you ask me," Steve Caldor opined, "is an engine cab—especially if you're on overtime and waiting for the dispatcher to get you out of a hole, or if you're in the yard and the work's all done for two or three

hours. That old hay-board makes an inner-spring mattress feel like a gravestone."

In the coach they found a few other passengers, among whom were two prospectors bound for Ashville. Striking up an acquaintance with them, the boomers spent a couple of hours chewing the rag about this and that.

At about 10.30 they found a couple of empty seats. Steve turned them toward each other, while Brownie went back to the platform and brought back two five-foot lengths of wide plank.

"What the—" Steve began.

"Just a pair of hay-boards," Brownie said. "I picked them up near the station and ducked them here. I had a hunch we wouldn't be in that sleeper tonight."

At Columbia they found little sympathy either way. Few of the Columbians loved the Continental. Nearly all of the men spoken to complained about the rotten service. Since the company maintained only a single-stall roundhouse terminal here, the amount of money it spent in town didn't help much. The town had seen better days.

Here again the boomers went to the weekly newspaper and put their proposition to the owner. Although he distrusted anything connected with a railroad, he listened. Pepped up by the evident prospects, Brownie and Steve talked fast and persuasively.

"The distance from Columbia to the eastern markets would be reduced by fifty miles and a whole day," they argued. "And the distance to the West would be shortened by more than a hundred miles. We can work out a rate structure that allows you to ship and get stuff from Frisco by rail cheaper than your present river-ocean route. What is more, it would save the shippers a lot of time."

The newspaper man was reaching for the bait. "Yeh," he said, "but we could ship only eighty miles of the distance over your road. How do we know the Northern will accept your proposition?"

"They'd be tickled to death to do it," Steve argued. "Why, brother, the Northern would haul freight at cost if they thought they were taking it away from the Continental."

"We've got them where the hair is sort," chortled Brownie. "All we have to do is build that extension—with the support of the people who are going to benefit by it."

"Sounds O.K. to me," the publisher agreed. "Tell you what I'll do. I'll run a news story on the whole thing—contest and all—and we'll see how people react. Then maybe I'll editorialize a bit. How does that sound?"

"Fine!" said Steve. "The main thing is to put over the contest."

"That'll be easy. It's the best part of this cock-eyed scheme."

THE next few days were spent along the line between Columbia and Ashville. In each town, the boomers visited the biggest shippers and presented their case. It was not a hard job, for no shipper ever existed who wasn't in favor of lower rates.

At the same time, they spread the news of the contest among school superintendents and teachers, asking their advice on details for which they already had too much advice, and promising them circulars on the competition within a day or two.

By the end of the week they were back in Junction City. Here they made arrangements for the immediate distribution of handbills and circulars in all the towns they had toured. The end of the contest had been set for Friday,

May 15th—almost three weeks off—for Lawyer Anderson had found out that no hearing would take place until May 28 at the earliest. On Saturday the 23d, then, at a mass meeting in the Junction City auditorium, the winners would read their essays, and the prizes would be awarded.

As it finally worked out, the subject of the themes was: "Why I do (or do not) think the extension to the Boomers' Fast Line is desirable."

Steve explained to the newspapermen: "If any kid writes a clever essay trying to prove we're all wet, and his essay is better than the rest, it will get first prize. But doing so won't mean that we're going to change *our* minds."

Brownie was amused when he read Steve's statement in the papers. "I got a sneaking hunch that we'll get very few essays of that kind," he predicted.

They had allowed for twenty-five prizes. First was $50 in cash and a round trip ride in the cab of the 1000 on her regular run; second was $25 and also a ride in the engine cab; and so on down the list, with a free engine cab ride constituting all or part of each award.

With the help of two spinster school teachers of Junction City who thought the boomers to be "just too fascinating for words," Steve and Brownie divided the would-be entrants into several groups, so that each child would be given a fair chance.

As judges they thoughtfully picked the leading educators of Junction and Columbia counties, paying any fares and expenses resulting from their coming to Junction City for the judging and awarding of prizes.

For the best part of three weeks the contest was waged in full blast. Teachers took time out from their regular classes to instruct the young in the status of railroading in that part of the state. Enthusiastic students read, talked and argued the question among themselves. Many took their essays home and enlisted the aid of father or mother.

Practically every one of the contestants—just as Brownie had predicted—came to the conclusion that the extension to the Boomers' Fast Line was not only desirable, but a downright necessity, on which public prosperity depended.

MEANTIME, however, the boomers were not loafing around waiting for the 23rd of May to arrive. It was high time they began lining up their resources. Under ordinary circumstances the construction would cost close to $50,000 a mile for the kind of road they wanted. Since they were contemplating no less than thirty miles, with perhaps an additional ten miles from Ashville into Regal Valley—if, when and as they could stand it—the financial outlook was not very bright.

To build the proposed line for less than $1,500,000 would be a feat for any construction company to brag about. The country was hilly and the survey called for several bridges and perhaps a short tunnel. What was most important, the boomers neither had the money nor any prospects of getting it through the usual channels—namely, the banks. It was up to them to devise a way of constructing their railroad without spending anywhere near as much as tradition said they must.

Steve reviewed their prospects.

"Outside of the thirty-five thousand dollars worth of stock we subscribed or gave to people three years ago because we didn't have the money to pay them," he told the directors, "we have no obligations. Every employee is a stock-

holder, and in addition to his wages he has received his share of the earnings.

"Since we purchased and paid for our new locomotive two years ago, passenger and freight revenues have gone up three hundred per cent, while expenses are scarcely doubled. Out of that, as you all know, we have paid handsome dividends. This year, if things keep up, we can expect to clear two hundred thousand dollars, including a small dividend to stockholders, and all necessary funds for taxes and maintenance-of-way and equipment."

Approval greeted this announcement.

"Already planning on this thing," Steve went on, "we have managed to put aside almost a hundred thousand dollars, since our operating ratio was less than fifty per cent—despite, or more probably *because* of our low fares and rates.

"That will allow us to figure on almost three hundred thousand dollars. In addition, we can rustle a large amount out of you stockholder employees, business men of Junction County, and other boosters. But even all this will be far short of what is usually needed to build thirty or forty miles of railroad."

In the course of his duties as operating vice president, Brownie had been active in getting figures on construction work. Helping him was Munson, who hadn't been construction foreman on the Prince Rupert line of the old Grand Trunk Pacific for nothing. In short, Brownie was responsible for the accuracy and completeness of the final dope.

"Steve doesn't give us much to work with," he declared. "However, there is more than one way to build a railroad. I think I have a plan which will allow us to construct thirty miles of first-class roadbed, laid with eighty-pound rail, rock and cinder ballasted, with everything conforming to the A.A.R. standards."

The audience waited eagerly to discover what Brownie had up his sleeve.

"First of all," he said, "we gotta buy rails. It'll take a hundred and fifty tons to a mile. This item alone will cost us about fifty-five hundred dollars a mile. Then, for each mile we gotta pick up two hundred and eighty rail joints, ten kegs of bolts, about eleven hundred spring washers, fourteen thousand spikes, and the necessary tie plates. All of these things come to another thousand bucks per mile.

"Finally, we need about thirty-five hundred ties. Although they usually sell at a great deal more, I found a lumber firm up near Ashville that will deliver fir ties to us for four hundred dollars a thousand, thus making each mile of ties cost about fourteen hundred iron men.

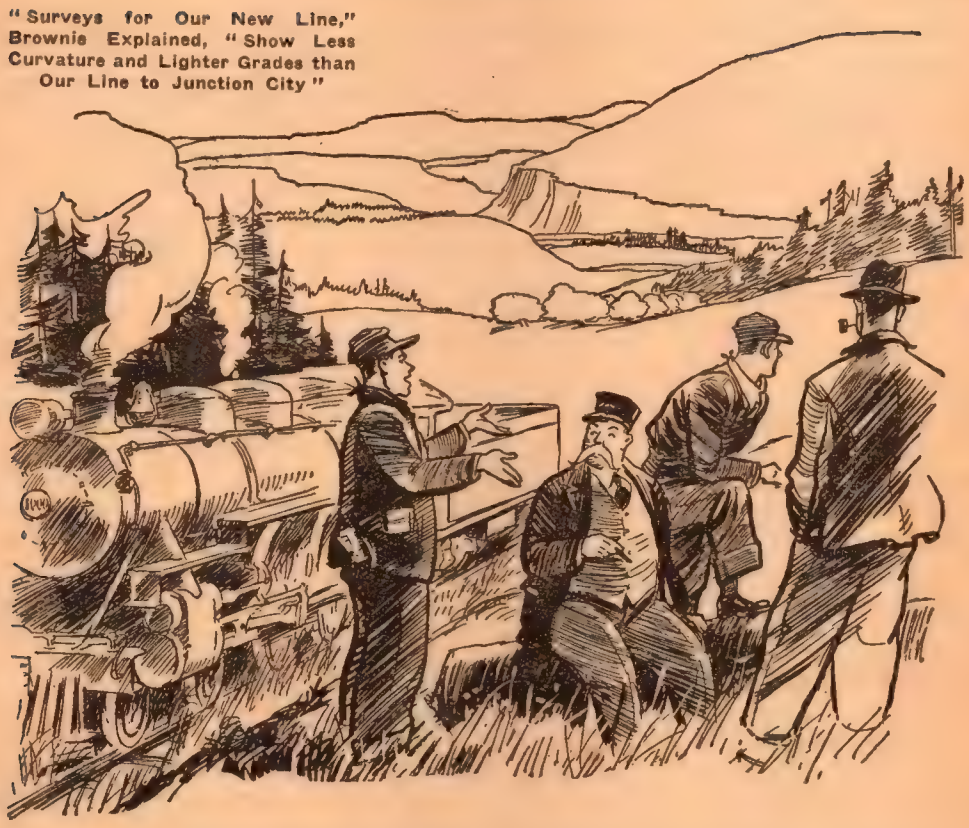
"So far I have accounted for the materials which must be bought in the open market. They amount to, roughly, between seven and eight thousand bucks a mile, including tools. This is a little over two hundred thousand dollars, all told."

THE boomers and stockholders took a few minutes to digest these figures. At length Jake commented:

"This does not leave us more than a hundred and twenty-five thousand at the most."

"That's right," Steve pointed out. "A hundred and twenty thousand, or four thousand dollars a mile for all other expenses. As construction goes, that isn't a drop in the bucket."

"Yes," Brownie explained, "the biggest item in the construction is the labor involved. We can get for nothing practically all the cinders we need in Junction City, and according to our preliminary survey we can blast enough



"Surveys for Our New Line," Brownie Explained, "Show Less Curvature and Lighter Grades than Our Line to Junction City"

rock out of Bald Eagle Mountain, when we get that far, to rock-ballast our whole line.

"As for the actual grading and filling, that, too, is chiefly a matter of labor. The Northern will rent us enough of their steam shovels and other machinery to do the job at a cheap price, and the bill will not be due until the end of the year. In any event, a few thousand dollars will take care of those items, including fuel for the steam shovel and grader.

"Along with the right-of-way, which I'll get to in a second, we've got enough wood to build us temporary trestles in the five places we need them. Later on we could fill them in or replace them with steel structures."

"What about the surveying?" Jake Heinzen piped up.

Brownie replied: "As you all probably know, the route has been surveyed and plotted, and it will show less degree of curvature and lighter grades than our line to Junction City. Some of it is public domain.

"So far we have been able to get the title to all but six miles of our proposed route simply by promising the lumber companies who own the rest to pay them after we begin operating over the line.

"But the owners of the six miles want nothing but cash, and plenty of it. The strip we want, on the edge of their holdings, is absolutely worthless. They are demanding ten thousand bucks for it. Assuming we can dispose of this little matter, we have the big question before us: Where are we going to get labor at four thousand bucks a mile,

when the usual cost is a half dozen times that?"

"We'll bite," said Steve.

"I'll tell you, then," Brownie grinned. "In this country there are at least two hundred thousand boomers—or men who were once boomers. Many of them haven't had jobs in years. Some have been hit hard; but once a railroad man, always a railroad man. We could get as many of these men as we wanted."

"And pay 'em nothing?" Jake asked.

"We'd feed 'em and pay 'em whatever we could out of whatever we have. For their real pay, however, we'd give them promissory notes entitling each to an equal part of a certain percentage of the gross income from our entire line during the five years after the extension is put into operation."

Munson scratched his gray head. "That's a couple a mouthfuls," he ventured.

"Say it again," Steve requested.

Brownie tackled the subject bravely. "Well, here's my first point. We know that our extension will be a whopping success. If we hadn't been sure up to now, the fact that the Continental is fighting us so hard ought to convince us. Right?"

"Sure, sure; go on!" Steve urged.

"Secondly, by doing some careful figuring we'll be able to make a fair estimate of our revenues when the new line is put in operation. We also know what the labor we will hire would cost us if we had to pay it cash, don't we?"

"Nothing hard to understand about that," said Munson.

"Knowing these two things, then," Brownie went on, "let's figger something like this. Let's say we end up owing all our men four hundred thousand bucks. Suppose also our business increases only a third—or even less. That'll make our gross revenues about five hundred thousand a year—almost fourteen hundred dollars a day. Now, that four hundred thousand bucks split five ways would mean that we'd have to charge off eighty thousand a year, or sixteen per cent of our total income before any expenses are deducted."

JAKE murmured: "Anybody can understand that—even the treasurer."

"But here's the point of my plan," Brownie explained. "Figuring that way, we'll offer the whole bunch of them a certain percentage of our total income each year. That'll be a sporting proposition—everything to gain and nothing to lose, since they'd be getting good board and room while working. Better yet, they'll labor like no other railroad construction gang has ever labored before. Each one will know that the fewer men we hire, the larger will be his split of the total."

"It sounds crazy," Munson commented, "but it's probably just crazy enough to work. One thing, though. Why figure their split on the basis of our revenues before expenses are deducted? Why not give 'em a larger percentage of the income after our expenses are subtracted?"

This was a problem, but Brownie came right back with: "That's exactly what we *don't* want to do! You know as well as I that almost anything can be put down as expenses. The type of men we're going to hire know it, too. Put yourself in their place. Understanding human nature, you'd realize dang well that the railroad would be run so that it wouldn't show a nickel of profit until the five years were up.

"But suppose the railroad offered you a certain percentage of the actual

gross revenues? Wouldn't you jump at the chance? Huh, wouldn't we all—if we hadn't fallen into the mess of luck we did when we came up here to hunt for gold, we'd be jumping at the chance for board and room alone."

Hastily Steve considered the proposition. With what cash they could scrape up, he reckoned they could feed and lodge the construction gangs and pay for other incidentals which required cash.

"How many men do you think we'll need?" he asked his partner.

"Two or three hundred," suggested Brownie. "It's hard to say for sure. But we can take care of four hundred a whole year on what money we've got."

"Well, suppose we offer 'em fifteen percent of our gross each year. That would mean they'd have around seventy-five thousand bucks to split up each year, or about three hundred bucks for each man."

Munson had been helping Brownie Baker with the plan, and he was quite enthusiastic.

"It's so gosh-darn simple," he declared. "Funny somebody hasn't thought of it long ago."

Steve had to admit that it sounded water-tight. Stanley merely hoped that the men could see it that way. As for Jake, he had never heard of any idea so good.

"Just think!" he exclaimed. "We are freezing out the bankers from the picture. Instead uh borrowing money tuh buy labor, we borrow labor and pay it back in money."

"We haven't got permission yet to build that new line," Steve reminded them.

"Why bring that up?" Jake growled.

"That's what we're going to take care of first of all," Steve replied, "after we bring the contest to a victorious close."

Something New in Engine Cabs

THE closing day for the contest was at hand. The judges had been notified and their transportation arranged for. The big Junction City auditorium was being decorated as though the Emperor of Ethiopia himself were scheduled to appear there.

Meanwhile, Steve was doing things to the cab of the "silver engine," the already famous 1000. When this job was finished he invited the gentlemen of the press over to the Junction City station to view her.

The journalists came on the hunch that something good was going to be shown. Steve Caldor was dressed in starched, creased overalls specially ironed for the occasion, while Jake wore his preposterous old band uniform which served as a conductor's robes on state occasion. Brownie Baker and Johnson Bar Munson and the other wandering knights of the rust were garbed in their usual working clothes.

The new departure in engine cabs was demonstrated during the noon hour, when the boomers ran down to Junction City especially for the occasion. A fair-sized crowd had gathered, and when the train rolled to a halt in front of the station the boomers found that both reporters and photographers were on the reception committee.

The other officials of the Boomers' Fast Line drew up under the cab, while Steve stood in the gangway and addressed the crowd.

"There's nothing to get excited about," he told them all. "Just a little idea we got the other day for the betterment of the service in general. You know, we were thinking about the scheme of giving the school kids rides in our cab in connection with the contest, and we wondered why we couldn't make a permanent thing out of it. There's only one regular train on our line, so we can't very well stage cornfield meets, and the cab is just about as safe as the coach.

"So we decided to reserve one or two seats in the cab each trip for cash customers. The only trouble was that a cab is a pretty dirty place. Of course, we burn oil, and all that, but even so it isn't exactly air-conditioned.

"Then we hit upon the solution. We'd clean up the cab, especially on the fireman's side, install a couple of upholstered chairs, enlarge the windows a bit, install extra heavy asbestos sheets along the boiler there, and make the engine cab just as comfortable for two pay passengers as any Pullman in the country.

"We did it. And now, ladies and gentlemen, as soon as we get our wooden ladders placed in the gangways, we'd like to have each and every one of you step up and inspect our new facilities."

Brownie scrambled up into the tender head and brought down the ladders and fastened them in place. With the reporters and photographers leading them, the citizens of Junction City filed in to give her the once-over.

What they saw was plenty. The cab was unusually spacious to begin with, since the boomers did not have to worry about many clearance restrictions on their line. Despite the unusual diameter of the short, stubby boiler, there was a lot of room on both sides of the boilerhead. For the present the boomers had not tampered with the layout on the right side, in front of the engineer's seat. But they had done things to the other.

THE fireman's seatbox had been cut down to a small cushion a foot square. The injector had been remounted outside the cab, and the blow-off cock rod had been arranged so that it entered the cab under the fireman's seat. This had left a six-foot long, three-foot wide empty space which the boomers had converted into a veritable parlor car.

The left side of the boilerhead had been heavily padded with asbestos and jacketed in thin sheets of stainless steel. The door to the running board had been rebuilt with a thin steel frame and the rest heavy plate glass. And the large front window on the side of the cab had been fitted with a cranking device that allowed it to be lowered like the window in an automobile.

Best of all were the leather-upholstered seats, the last word in comfort and beauty. Steve had picked them up at an abandoned movie theatre in Junction City.

The interior of the cab itself was painted a light gray. Not a fleck of dirt could be found anywhere. The steam gages, fittings and levers did not need polishing, for they had been made of stainless steel, according to the boomers' original designs. Even the tallowpots on the oil tray were of bright stainless steel.

While photographers got busy Steve pointed out the various little intimate features which had been installed for the greater comfort and convenience of the cab passengers. The speedometer, he showed them, had been moved where guests could see it at all times.

Not only that, but a valve operating the automatic bell ringer had been installed handily for people who wanted to know how it really felt to be an engineman. Steve did not mention, of course, that the hogger could cut out the valve in case there was a good reason for not ringing the bell.

"From time to time we'll be adding new gadgets and devices," Steve promised. "We can't think of everything at once, you know."

"Who will be the first to ride in this cab?" one of the reporters asked.

"Why, who do you suppose?" was the reply. "None others than the prize winners in the contest. They get rights over everything when it comes to sampling the very newest in land transportation."

ON Saturday evening, May 23rd, almost all of Junction City turned out for the mass meeting at the auditorium. Many other folks came from towns along the Continental's Pacific Branch, and there was even a delegation from Columbia. The prize winners had been requested to be there, but none of them knew what award they had won.

The boomers ran a special excursion from Gold Slope, charging only a half dollar for the round trip. By noon they had sold two hundred tickets, and since their car did not seat half that number, they had to resort to a makeshift.

This was the biggest single load of passengers they had ever been called upon to handle. Outside of a half dozen gondolas and flat cars, their own rolling stock was meagre. Whenever they needed an empty freight car they simply used one of another road and paid for it at the usual interchange rate of a dollar a day.

This time they "borrowed" a new all-steel B. & O. automobile car, in which they constructed benches and hauled old chairs and sofas. Against one end they put up a moving picture screen, and, with the coöperation of the local members of the International Engine Picture Club, showed movies taken along the proposed new right-of-way.

As soon as the afternoon train had pulled in from Junction City, they turned the engine around, cleaned out the car, and made ready for the great excursion. The meeting was due to be called at 8 P.M., which meant that they would want to leave by 6.30, since they had several stops to make along the way.

It was 6.32 when they pulled up at the Gold Slope station, to the accompaniment of a brass band which Jake had assembled and a chorus of cheers and yells from the paying passengers.

Tonight Steve was running the engine and Brownie was firing, while Jake was acting as conductor. Again Jake was wearing his old bandmaster's uniform. His long white handlebar mustache was carefully groomed; his white vest was actually white; and his every sentence ended in a chuckle. Old Jake was young again tonight.

It was 6.35 before Jake waved a highball to the front end. They started out with several bangs, for somebody had paved the rails with new torpedoes from the storeroom of the Fast Line. And with the loud report of the last one still ringing in their ears, they sailed down the highway of steel toward Junction City.

They stopped at Funnell for a few passengers sixteen minutes later. But a crowd of fifty was on hand, and it proceeded to jam into the coach and car, although nothing but a part of the standing room was left. At Dominion

and Speakes, too, three times as many passengers as they had anticipated were to join the excursion; and by the time they glided to a stop in Junction City, three hundred people had managed to cram themselves in the old combination car and the B. & O. box.

Leaving the engine in care of a furloughed Continental hostler who often acted as engine watchman for them, the boomers got out some banners they had brought along, formed a parade and marched up Main Street toward the auditorium. Neither Steve nor Brownie nor Jake made any attempt to change clothes for the occasion.

"Just a bunch of honest workers trying to make good in the world," Brownie wisecracked. "Every streak of black that sullies our brow is a vein of gold to us."

The auditorium was no more than a half mile from the station, so their march was of short duration. But as they entered the last block, Jake's band opened up in earnest. Playing in time for once, and playing well to boot, they pitched into the strains of "I've Been Workin' on the Railroad."

IT was 8.15 before the mass meeting was ready to go. With the exception of Jim Cornish, the entire board of directors and the operating staff of the Boomers' Fast Line was on the speaker's platform.

Steve's face was a trifle dirty, and as he sat cross-legged in his chair his gauntleted gloves pushed out of his rear overall pocket and fell to the floor. Nobody failed to notice them.

Brownie was enthroned beside him, with Munson and Stanley and Anderson on their left. To the right sat the judges, town officials, and other celebrities of the district. And down in the front rows was Jake—Jake and his band, all primed up for a blast of music that would start the doings properly.

At 8.15 Jake gave the signal. The band quavered thunderously. Then the local school superintendent introduced Brownie, who, amid roaring applause, said a few words purposely designed to mean as little as possible.

He told a couple jokes, described their new cab arrangement, and declared that since it was getting late and they had to get up early and work the next morning, they didn't want the meeting to last too long, and he'd better sign off.

Following him, Steve tackled the subject of the evening. Briefly he outlined the circumstances and conditions of the contest and announced the winners. Accompanied by a steady scatter of applause, the lucky boys and girls marched up to receive their awards.

Those who got first prize in each group read the essays to the audience, encouraged by the smiles of proud parents aunts and uncles.

The last one had scarcely finished, and the audience had not even begun to applaud, when there was a great commotion backstage. Angry voices rose, but above them all rose even higher, like the screech of a dry axle, the voice of a man the boomers knew well. It was old Jim Cornish.

The next instant, as all eyes glued themselves on the right wing, Jim bolted out onto the stage and ran to Steve. He was dressed in dirty old overalls and battered slouch hat, and he wore a three-month beard.

"Big news!" he panted, loud enough for everyone to hear in the dead silence that froze the auditorium. "We've struck it rich! There's thousands uh tons of it, I tell you! Millions!"

"Tons of what?" Steve asked dramatically.

"Copper!" bellowed Jim. "You can mine in steam shovels, and sell it fer three cents a pound!"

"Where is it?" Steve shouted, his eyes popping out.

"Near Bald Eagle Mountain!" the aged prospector cried. "Within half a mile of our projected right-of-way! All you have to do is build the line and haul the stuff away."

Recovering their wits by this time, the officials and judges quieted Jim and asked him to leave the stage until the program was over. But the program was over for practically everyone in the audience. They had heard the trumpets of Heaven, and the tin horns of earth no longer pleased them.

Before the meeting would break up, Steve had to bring Jim in and let him tell them all about the wonderful strike in the mining country twenty miles north of Gold Slope.

After the meeting was over Lawyer Anderson called Steve aside. "Why didn't Jim phone you from Gold Slope instead of driving down and busting in on your program like that?" he questioned.

Steve grinned at Brownie, who smirked back. "He could. But sometimes he gets funny notions," he drawled.

BY the time the hearing on the subject of the extension came around, there was little doubt that both the State Railroad Commission and the representatives of the Interstate Commerce Commission would decide in favor of the boomers' application.

The copper strike was genuine. The boomers had known about it eight hours before the sensational announcement, and Jim had brought in experts to verify and test before he had even told them about the find. A mining company had already come to terms. The sooner the new railroad was built, the sooner the mine could be worked.

There was only one hitch, and that was a sudden rumor that the Continental was going to reverse its stand and ask to build its own extension from Ashville.

Steve heard the news at Junction City two days before the hearing was to be held. The Continental had suddenly decided to grab off a little of what might be good business for itself, and at the same time disable the boomers' plans. It was obvious that the financial resources of a great company like the Continental would insure quicker and better construction.

The reporter said: "The Continental would like to freeze you out by convincing the authorities they can do the job better. Your safest course is to figure out some way of showing that you can do it just as well if not better, and claim that your prior plans entitle you to sole permission for building."

Immediately Steve and Brownie went to John Anderson. The lawyer agreed they needed to think fast.

"However," he said, "you get together all your dope and calculate the shortest time in which you can finish construction. That'll be our biggest talking point now—provided we need to use it."

It was probably lucky for the boomers that the date of the hearing had been set so soon, and that the copper strike had occurred only a few days before. As the newspapers had announced, the Continental had suddenly changed its plans, and it was now leaving no stone unturned to prove that it could build a line to tap the territory more quickly and cheaply and surely than could the boomers.

"It is fully twenty-three miles from

the town of Gold Slope to the copper territory," the Continental attorney claimed, "but it is only seventeen or eighteen from Ashville, on our Pacific Branch."

But here again the Continental's past rose up to defeat it. It had forgotten all about the nine-mile spur from Gold Slope to Gold Camp. Although they had run their first "train" over this stretch of track, and the boomers used it very little lately, especially since the mining activities around Gold Camp had subsided to almost nothing, it was far from hopeless.

"Eight or nine miles of our proposed extension are already down," Anderson pointed out. "We intend to use the old line between Gold Slope and Gold Camp. To be sure, it needs some attention before it can compare with our main line, but it is in fair shape right now. Thus we really have to complete only fourteen miles to reach the copper."

That decided the question. The boomers felt sure the victory was theirs, and when the official judgment was issued a few days later their joy was clouded only by the knowledge of the terrific job which lay ahead.

The Continental Springs a Surprise

WITHIN two days several metropolitan newspapers were carrying an extra long classified advertisement asking for "strong, healthy ex-boomers and other railroad men." The ad. also outlined briefly the plan under which they would sign up. It made no bones about the chance element in the plan, and urged only those who were willing to "get along on practically nothing for a while, but good grub and tobacco money" to apply.

Brownie had insisted upon such an ad. from the start. "The type of man we want is always suspicious of gold bricks," he pointed out. "And a loafer is always looking for a soft berth. By deliberately underplaying our offer we get smart men, serious men—hard-working men—none of whom expect something for nothing, and all of whom are certain to be pleasantly surprised when the day of reckoning rolls around."

Within twenty-four hours the applications began to roll in—some in person, and others by mail. For obvious reasons some preference was extended to talent from the neighboring towns, but in every case a man was finally judged on his qualifications, not the least among which, providing everything else was equal, was the number of roads whose service letters he carried.

As Brownie put it: "In these gloomy days, when a fellow has to betray his own brother to keep his job, it's only right to do something for the boys who weren't afraid to look any boss in the face and tell him where to go."

From this time on, the brass hats of the boomer pike turned over the railroad operation to their subordinates and concentrated on the task of getting the extension under way. While all of them were prepared to do almost anything, it fell to the lot of Brownie and Munson to handle most of the purchases. Jake, Steve and Stanley worked night and day trying to pick 250 men out of the thousands available.

They were flooded with job hunters. At least a thousand of the idle had managed to come in person, and many more

were applying by letter. The brass hat took their time in choosing men. It would be a couple weeks or more finally before all the materials could be assembled.

Provisions had to be bought; and construction tents and houses had to be provided before much of a force could be hired. Jake attended to most of these details. A week had hardly gone before he was able to boast that they had facilities for boarding and rooming 250 workers.

Jake himself, as hotel owner, knew just how to put together the commissary department. That was important, for a construction army works on its stomach as much as a regular army travels on its bread basket.

Of course, the boomers could not hope to use their engine, No. 1000, for construction and at the same time maintain their schedules between Gold Slope and Junction City. They were making, on the average, four round trips a day, and the night roundhouse force was more than once hard-pressed to get the engine out for her morning trip.

Sandwiching the work in between the other jobs, they began to recondition the old 15-spot for the six-month job ahead of her in construction service. They installed several new flues, tightened up her driving gear, replaced her old wooden pilot with footboards, and also installed footboards on the rear end of the tender.

THEY were still shy the necessary rolling stock. It would now be too expensive to use the cars of other roads, since they could not return them within twenty-four hours, and at least a score of flat and dump cars were urgently needed. To buy them new would mean an outlay of at least $40,000.

However, Brownie had thought of the problem long ago. The Northern had a fleet of old cars that would serve the purpose nicely. Most of them were already charged off the books, and the road was willing to let them go for less than a hundred dollars each.

"They're well-equipped with flat wheels, worn treads and bum brakes," Brownie explained as he discussed his proposed purchases with the directors, "but they'll serve for hauling rocks and supplies. When we're done with them we'll run 'em on a spur and forget about 'em."

"Which reminds me," Steve answered. "We've somehow got to plan on having enough cash to buy a dozen or so ore cars at around two thousand bucks apiece as soon as the track is through. That means we've got to put in the order within a few months."

Old Jim spoke up, and reminded them that the company which was financing the mine construction would probably buy its own cars and ship most of the ore in them.

"But they can't have enough cars on hand all the time," Steve pointed out.

"We've simply got to buy some or our interchange bills will come to more than the price of the cars by the end of the year," Brownie agreed.

"What are we going to do for motive power?" Red Stanley asked. "We can't possibly run the 1000 from Junction City to Ashville and back four times a day."

Steve thought a moment.

"We won't be operating passenger service over the extension until at least a year from now," he replied. "In the meantime, we'll run our morning passenger train to Junction City a little earlier, so that we're back here in Gold Slope by ten A.M. We can arrange the schedule for the evening trip in such a way that we'll have time for a run be-

tween Ashville and Junction and return during the night. That will leave us all day for work on the engine and the usual freight service between Gold Slope and Junction City."

"Your schedule doesn't allow for boiler washes and breakdowns, and it calls for almost five hundred miles a day," Red informed him.

Steve smiled. "Maybe so. But look here. I'll bet you a dollar to a barrel of doughnuts that our superintendent of motive power finds a way to do the trick."

Red grinned. "It can be done," he admitted. "And we always have the Fifteen-spot to fall back upon for emergency use."

"Oh, we'll be buying another engine in time for whatever passenger service we can develop," Steve promised. "But that won't be done until things have shaped up with a little more certainty."

BY the first of July they were ready to begin work. A construction camp had been erected near Gold Camp; the steam shovel and grading apparatus had been hauled up from Junction City; and more than 250 hand-picked men were getting ready for what each one wanted to make the most efficient construction work on record.

Some of them, while waiting for materials and implements, had kept busy on the nine miles between Gold Slope and Gold Camp, where the boomers were going to straighten out a few curves and cut down one heavy grade to the one half of one per cent that the boomers had set as a maximum.

The first five miles of the new line out of Gold Camp ran through hilly country. In the old days builders would have been satisfied with a succession of reverse curves, but Steve and Brownie had determined to put the track through as straight as possible. Doing so involved a great deal of hard work, but the rail adventurers put it up to the men they had hired.

Right from the start they took the men into their confidence. Twice a week they posted mimeographed bulletins in the bunk and mess houses, telling not only what they expected of the men, but *why* they expected it and what their plans were for the future.

These bulletins were no jittery pep-talks; they were as simple and straightforward as the very men to whom they were addressed.

"We've got the best men that could be found anywhere. Let's make 'em feel that way," was Brownie's motto.

Logically enough, the men did feel that way. Said one of them at supper one night: "I gotta hand it to these bozos. They get each and every one of us to feel as though we owned the blamed railroad."

Said the other: "Well, we *have* got a part interest in it, ain't we?"

And so it went. Spurred on by the realization that they were writing their own tickets, treated as though they actually deserved what they were going to get, and looked upon as human beings by men who were human beings themselves, they put their best into the work.

By the end of the month a five-mile path had been carved straight through the great hills which barred their way, and five miles of steel were stretched out in it. At the rate they were going the line would be laid by Christmas—provided the weather stayed good all fall, and provided the amount of work on the huge timber trestles did not exceed their expectations.

By the end of August they were drawing close to the copper territory, and the middle of the month found the

steel within a mile of the place where the spur to the mine would be located.

The brass hats assigned half of their force to the task of completing the right-of-way to the mine, while the rest of the men were given the job of digging out, hauling in and unloading rock ballast.

"We'll have this stretch ready to haul heavy freight as soon as the mine is opened," Steve declared.

IT was Labor Day before they were ready to start on the last—and in some respects the most difficult—half of the work. While the grading was no heavier, several temporary trestles had to be built, and two or three cuts had to be blasted out of solid rock.

The proposed tunnel was done away with by a change of location and the use of one of the rock cuts. What is more, construction would be necessarily slower after the cold weather arrived.

In a mass meeting of all the men, Steve explained the situation. He had figured the plan on the basis of labor costs amounting to $350,000 if men had to be hired in the open market at $75 a month and board. Provided that their estimate of future revenues were anywhere near right, there would be around $75,000 a year to be divided among the 250 men, and thus each one stood to get around $300 a year for the next five years, or $1,500 in all.

"If we can complete the job in four more months," he said, "your wages, in addition to the amount per month and board we are giving you now, will average about two hundred dollars a month. Everything considered, that isn't bad."

Whole-hearted cheers greeted these words. Steve went on:

"At the end of seven months we will have paid you $17,500 in wages, and it will have cost us about four times that to feed and board you. But we have allowed a hundred thousand dollars for your expenses. If you can finish before those hundred thousand are used up, whatever is left will be divided equally among you all. We want to complete the whole thing by New Year's Day. Do it and you fellows will have more than twelve thousand dollars to split. That would be fifty dollars apiece."

Spurred on by the dream of ending the whole job long before the seven months were up, the men actually doubled their effort. They not only worked overtime every day, but they worked intelligently all the time. The trestles grew up as if by magic, and the cuts slashed themselves across the hard noses of the hills at an amazing pace.

Gradually they crept closer to the goal. By the middle of October they had laid rails to the summit of the line, where the right-of-way swept around the foot of a cliff in a long curve.

They were now only seven miles from Ashville, and in the clear fall air workers who were scaling off the tops of the cliff could see in the north faint wisps of smoke which came from an engine of the Continental.

They celebrated Thanksgiving day within a mile of Ashville, almost a month ahead of schedule. It was a glorious holiday.

Two more weeks of cleaning up the odds and ends, such as hauling in ballast, and the job would be entirely done. Steve and Brownie would have to keep only a skeleton force to fill in dirt around the temporary trestles and to get the line in shape for the exacting demands of passenger traffic in the spring.

Right now there was only a little less than two miles of actual track to be laid. The situation now, however, was

peculiar. Between the line of the Continental and the north bank of Ash River there was no room for an extra railroad. In order to enter town and establish a convenient terminal it was necessary first to cross the line of the Continental System, and then to swing around beside it.

"All we gotta do now is to lay the crossing and a mile of track up to the station," Munson told Steve one snowy afternoon. "Let us thank our lucky stars there hasn't been more of this kind of weather."

"I'll get in touch with the Continental officials tomorrow morning," Steve promised.

IT was still snowing the next morning. As he trudged down the line toward the Continental tracks, Steve Caldor heard the hiss of steam, the whine of a dynamo, and the muffled clank-clank of a slowly moving locomotive. His curiosity mildly aroused, since he knew the Continental kept no light engines up here, he quickened his pace.

Gradually he made out the dark form of the engine in the early morning dusk ahead of him. He wondered why it was there.

Then the boomer heard the hiss of the air reverse and realized she was moving slowly back and forth. A second later he was able to identify her as one of the Continental's old Consolidation types.

More mystified than ever, he ran up to the gangway and caught on as she lumbered ahead. "Hey!" he yelled to the engine crew.

The hogger stuck his head out of the window. "Get off there!" he ordered. "Wanna get killed?"

"Hell, no!" Steve replied, still hanging on.

"Whaddaya want, then?"

Steve climbed up the gangway, pushed aside the storm curtains, and stepped into the cab just as the engine stopped and the hoghead threw over the reverse lever again. As he did so, an inkling of his purpose here penetrated Steve's consciousness.

"What's the idea?" he asked. "What's the idea, I mean, in running back and forth like this?"

Both the hoghead and the fireman were amazed by the question. "Of all the gol-dang nerve!" sputtered the fireman. "Who in tarnation are *you?*"

Steve grinned and took off his hat. "I'm Steve Caldor, president of the Boomers' Fast Line, whose trains will soon roll across your track and enter the fair village of Ashville. But I'm Brother Caldor to you," he said as he extended his hand.

The hoghead's face softened.

"Glad tuh meetcha, Caldor," was the reply. "We heard a lot aboutcha."

"I don't doubt it," said Steve. "Now tell me why you're fooling around like this on a cold, snowy morning. Afraid this stretch of track will snow over?"

The engineer scratched his head and looked at the fireman. "Well," he began dubiously, "the Continental ain't afraid of it snowin' over exactly."

"What's the matter, then?"

"To tell you the truth, Brother Caldor, we got instructions from the throne to stay here an' see that nobody lifts a spike out of our ties or moves a thing over our rails. I suppose you understand what that means."

Steve's warmth chilled instantly.

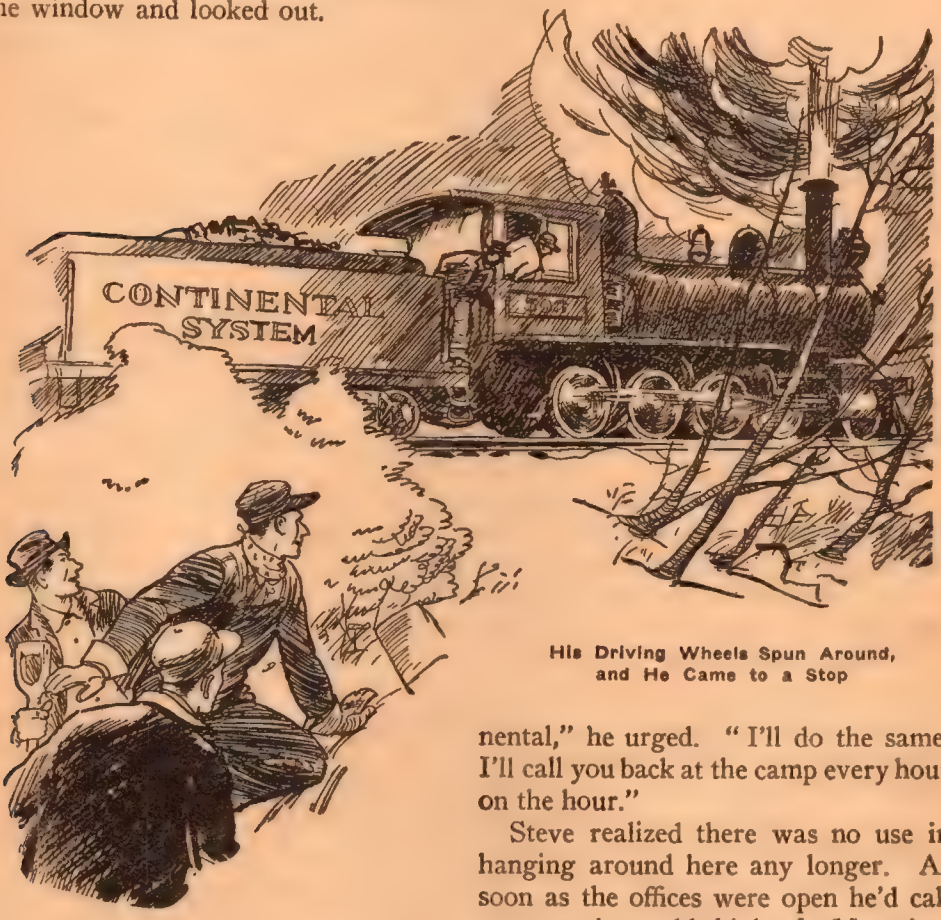
"No, I don't. Do you mean to tell me that you are going to try to keep us from throwing our rails across your main line here?"

"That's what the order says," the engineer admitted. "It's none of our

makin'. I'd ruther be out on my regular run instead of settin' up here an' pokin' back an' forth like a damn fool."

"Well, I'm a simple son of a monkey wrench!" Steve ejaculated.

The fireman got down to throw in a little coal, and the hoghead pushed open the window and looked out.



His Driving Wheels Spun Around, and He Came to a Stop

STEVE wasted no more time. He went to the Ashville depot and called the office of the superintendent in Lombard. Nobody answered. Then Steve remembered it was still very early. Next he called the house of John Anderson, their attorney in Junction City. After a while a drowsy voice replied.

Steve explained what had happened. The lawyer was at a loss to know why the Continental was doing this, how it *could* do it, or what the boomers could do about it.

"Try to get a definite statement from a responsible party on the Continental," he urged. "I'll do the same. I'll call you back at the camp every hour on the hour."

Steve realized there was no use in hanging around here any longer. As soon as the offices were open he'd call everyone he could think of. Meantime he had better go back to camp and advise the others.

That he did, and although there was much indignation, nobody had the slightest idea of what to do about it. They talked and argued, and the consensus of opinion was that the easiest way to settle the matter was to push ahead and lay the crossing by force.

Just then the phone rang. It was Anderson, and he had news. Vice

President Cantrell had just informed him that the Continental had no agreement with anyone about a grade crossing, and that it had decided the only way its line could be crossed at Ashville was by an undercrossing to be built by the Boomers' Fast Line.

"Why," protested Steve, "they can't do that! I was told six months ago that we could go ahead with our plans. To install an undercrossing would mean relocating a mile of our line. It would take a month."

"I don't know how legal their actions are right now," admitted the lawyer. "All I can say is that neither side is in a very good spot. If you could somehow get the crossing laid, you'd be no worse off than they are now."

"Oh, oh!" murmured Steve.

"However," cautioned Anderson, "if there was any trouble it would be all off. On the other hand, if the engine should go away for a couple of hours and you could lay the iron without endangering any train on the Continental's main line, there would be no way of getting back at you. Nobody has told you officially that you cannot cross the Continental at grade."

A minute later Steve hung up with a well-formed plan in his mind. He gathered together the track-laying crew, gave them brief instructions, and then together with Brownie, took two men, a couple of shovels, and several cans of valve and engine oil toward the Continental's station.

"They'll be coming back here for water inside of an hour," Steve hazarded a guess. "That's the time we've got to get 'em."

They walked down the track toward the engine. As soon as they were out of sight of the station they cleaned the snow off the rails for more than a hundred feet and poured cans and cans of mixed valve and engine oil on them. They had hardly finished their job when the rumble of the engine around the curve warned them. They threw their cans down and scattered.

As Steve had anticipated, the brother hogger was wheeling the engine back at a fair rate of speed in order not to be gone too long. If he suspected that anything was wrong, he did not show it, for the next instant his wheels hit the greased rail.

His driving wheels spun around. He frantically applied the brakes; and he came to a stop squarely in the middle of the greased section.

By the time he had ever begun to guess that something was wrong Steve and Brownie were back at the crossing. Their crew had hid themselves, and as soon as the engine had departed had started the job of pulling up the Continental's rails.

They sent their own flagman down the southbound track, reckoning that the stalled engine crew would be able to stop anything coming the other way.

To pull up the rails and replace them with the crossing was a ten-minute job, despite the snow which hampered them. And by the time the full significance of what had happened penetrated the consciousness of the brother engineer and his fireman, the dirty work was done, and the track-laying force of the Boomers' Fast Line was standing together in the snow, guarding their work against hostile trespass.

IT was a week later, at the station plaza in the rising young town of Ashville. On one side stretched the tracks of the Continental System, their polished rails gleaming in the dazzling white sunlight. On the other gleamed a newer pair of rails, following the others out of sight around the bend.

Between them gathered the greatest crowd in the history of Ashville. It was an eager crowd, an expectant crowd. Thousands of country folk had turned out to greet the first train from Junction City to Ashville over the Boomer's Fast Line.

The train had left Gold Slope at noon and was soon due. Suddenly there was a shout, and then another. In the distance was a trace of smoke. It circled to the left, stopped, and then passed out of sight behind a hill. Two minutes later the front end of the 1000 whirled around the curve and coasted to a stop on the lonely track near the Continental's station.

With the shouts of the crowd echoing in their ears, Steve and Brownie descended from the cab, while old Jake Heinzen came up from the coach. The band struck up a tune; the photographers went into action; and the celebration was on.

Later that day, when the boomers started back to Gold Slope in order to take the evening train down to Junction City, a railroad man pushed his way through the crowd and touched Steve on the shoulder. He turned and recognized the hoghead of a week before.

"Hel-lo!" he greeted. "I was in such a rush that other day I completely forgot to ask your name."

The hoghead grinned. "I'll say you were. But—"

"Tell me," interrupted Steve, "what did your bosses do to you when they found you had let us get that crossing?"

"Nothing. What could they do? But say, tell me—what did they do to you?"

Steve smiled and shook his head. "Nothing," he replied sagely. "Absolutely nothing. What could they do?"

Down in the Everglades

Photo by Jack Beater, Box 264, Ft. Myers, Fla.

FORTY years young and still stepping high, this American type, built by Richmond in 1895, is in steady service hauling logs from the back country to a large mill at Slater, Florida. Numbered 170 for some obscure reason, the little manicured wood-burner is only one of a roster used by the Dowling-Camp Company.

By special arrangement the logging trains use the Seaboard Air Line's right of way, and haul solid drags of logs from the pine woods and swamps on the La Belle branch. Part of the haul is over a trestle two miles long where the main line crosses the Caloosahatchee, the waterway from Lake Okeechobee to the Gulf of Mexico.

Another old timer in the same service is a 2-6-0 built by Baldwin in the late 1890's. She is now in the shops having her face lifted and will soon be back on the rails, a fitting companion to the older silver trimmed "Everglades Runner."

On the Spot

NEXT month's front cover painting by Emmett Watson will show a humorous incident in modern railroading. We think it will be the cleverest one we've had yet.

Heading the fiction parade will be a novelette by Ed Samples, entitled "Link and Pin." Ed is the author of "Longhorn Lannigan" and "Brotherhood Man."

Charlie Tyler will be back again with a dramatic story you'll never forget, "The Angel of Canyon Pass."

The Engine Picture Kid will present "Rolling Down to Reno," telling about the adventures of himself and Goldenrod on the old Virginia & Truckee. We scheduled this yarn for March, but somebody threw a switch at the last moment and left it on a siding while the March issue rolled by. The General Yardmaster is holding a kangaroo court to find out who's responsible.

Among the illustrated fact articles for April will be "A Race That Cost 44 Lives," by E. B. Heineman, dealing with the Atlantic City wreck of July 31, 1896, in our series of famous old-time railroad disasters. We'd like to hear from anyone who witnessed that collision.

Also: "The World's Oldest Locomotive Works," by Hugh White, and "Railway Express Messenger No. 1," by H. R. Edwards, a stirring true story of early railroad history.

Also: J. Easley's feature, "Along the Iron Pike," and the six popular departments that you can't find anywhere else in the world.

* * *

We suggest a memory-training course for rails who forget to fill out and mail us the Reader's Choice Coupon (page 143). If you don't want to clip the magazine, make your own coupon in a letter or postcard. These coupons are a big help to the General Yardmaster in making up future issues of "Railroad Stories."

The January voting was very close. Here is the line-up, in order of popularity, based on all votes and comments received at the time we put the March number to press:

1—"Phantom City," Dellinger
2—True Tales of the Rails
3—By the Light of the Lantern
4—"Engine Picture Kid in Ethiopia"
5—On the Spot
6—"Engine Wiper," Packard
7—"Lace for Lena," Pugsley
8—International Engine Picture Club
9—"Forney's Iron Horse," Curran
10—"Tiny Scrap of Paper," Critchett
11—Locomotives of the L. & N.
12—Model Railroading

Old Pictures Recall Memories

WHEN I was a boy of 10, I lived in Cheyenne, Wyo. I recall mixed trains on the C.B.&Q. running between Cheyenne and Hereford, pulled by 4-4-0 type engines Nos. 1105, 1106, 1108, 1120 and 1167. Many boyhood memories are connected with these engines. I'd like to get photos of them. To anyone sending information, plans or photos, I offer an assortment of N.P. engines taken by myself.—Bob Clifford, Clarks Fork, Ida.

* * *

IN June issue was a picture of B.&M. engine *Achilles*, No. 47, an 0-4-0 type. On the B.&L., later taken over by the B.&M., was an engine of the same type, also named *Achilles*. In the '90's she was called *Panther*, and she was a man-killer. As the B.&M. renamed and renumbered its engines soon after taking over the other road, the 2 locomotives were probably the same.—Edmund Cross, New Bedford, Mass.

"HUMPBACKED HOGS," by Arthur Curran (Dec. issue) was 100 per cent if not more. His "Old Girls That Set the Styles in Engines" in the old Railroad Man's first induced me to read your magazine. I was a kid in school then, and earned money running errands to pay for it.—H. D. Bogie, 25 Grandview Ave., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

* * *

PHOTO of S.P. engine No. 2993 appeared in Jan. issue with the statement that she had been retired from service. No. 2993 is still running on the Benson branch. Of the TW-3 engines, Nos. 2932 to 2945 inclusive, only the 2941 and 2944 have been broken up.—G. M. Best (loco photographer), 511 N. Sierra Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

* * *

GLAD to have seen the picture of old B.C.G.&A. engine No. 9 (Oct. issue). I made my student trip firing her 17 years ago.—Ward Stockham, V.C.C.C. No. 2443, Brooksville, Fla.

Photo from Albert Farrow, 132 10th St., Auburn, Wash.
Great Northern Train No. 1, Photographed near Spokane, Wash., about 1898

FRED JUKES' photo of a drag on the Alamosa-Durango line of the D.&R.G. interested me because 23 years ago I was a machinist in the shops at Alamosa and Chama. The 419 in the picture and her sister, the 418, were the hill engines used to help trains from Chama to Cumbres Pass over the Continental Divide.

Two smaller engines led the procession, with the helper behind the caboose. It was 17 miles to Cumbres wye, where the helper cut off, turned and ran back to Chama. For passenger train No. 116 the helper coupled ahead of the 10-wheel road engine to show the way. The "Y" was entirely roofed over by a snowshed, as was the turntable at Osier, a few miles west of Toltec.

One day No. 170 took a dislike to the road, left the rails just east of Toltec Tunnel and rolled down the mountainside, 2,700 feet, where the tender can be seen to this day. Engineer Lewis was spilled out as the engine turned over; but the steam dome raised the boiler over Lewis' body and continued on its barrel roll. A few years later Lewis was killed by a switch engine as he was getting off a train on a visit to Denver. —L. V. MALLORY, 236 N. 2nd St., Salina, Kansas.

* * *

I WANT to get in touch with someone having a photo of P.R.R. 8496. She was an E-2, later changed to an E-7. This was the last engine my father ran before retiring in 1914 at the age of 70 after 49 yrs. 10 mos.' service.—LEO GREENEN, 420 Cherry St., Terre Haute, Ind.

* * *

PRINT information about where historic railway material—old locomotives, track material, pictures, etc.—of interest to railroad enthusiasts can be seen. People travel the year around. A stop-over of a few hours often will enable one to see objects of interest without interfering with business.

For instance, the U. S. National Museum here has the old *John Bull* locomotive, the old boiler and wheels of the *Stourbridge Lion*, various locomotive models and pictures, first telegraph instruments, etc. Many old books on railroads, annual reports and pictures may be found at the Library of Congress.—M. J. MYERS. 707 20th St., N.W., Washington, D. C.

* * *

I USED to fire No. 209, pictured among Pere Marquette locomotives in Nov. issue.—JOHN PUGH, 13526 Cherry Lane, Detroit, Mich.

THE first locomotive built in Iowa was turned out of the Keokuk & Des Moines Ry. shops at Keokuk in Oct., '75. Every part, from the massive wheels to the small steam cock, was made under the supervision of M. Sellers, master mechanic. Her weight was 24 tons, cost $17,000. Charles Stypes, who began his 48-year railroad career in 1856 as an engineer on this road, drove the first locomotive into Des Moines. I have photos of old-time power on this road, now the K.&D.M. Div. of the Rock Island.—H. H. FULTON (op and station agent), Lewis, Iowa.

* * *

PHOTO shows the bell from engine No. 7, at one time the largest engine on the narrow-gage Painseville & Youngstown Ry. (now B.&O.). I donated this bell to the Masonic lodge here. On May 1, 1880, I became station agt. and opr. for the P.&Y. at Farmington, Ohio.

I have a collection of passes from all over U. S. and Mexico, dated between 1877 and 1910. The oldest is a Pennsy trip pass signed D. B. McCoy, supt.; countersigned C. W. Jaques, chief dispr. Also I have old tickets from a Philippine railway, found when U. S. troops captured 3 locomotives in the Philippine Insurrection. I'd like to hear from old-timers.—MARK W. HAMMON (age 75), 821 Stiles St., N.W., Warren, O.

* * *

WRECK picture on page 129, Nov. issue, reminded me that when I was a boy of 8, living in New Haven, I used to sit on a gatepost watching New Haven trains pass some 20 feet away. One Saturday afternoon in 1890 I saw an express wrecked by a broken flange on an engine truck wheel at a crossing on a curve. The engine tipped over. The engineer was spilled out of the cab with clothes wet and feelings damaged. This was the only casualty, as the train was running slowly.—CHAS. PRINCE, 20 Arlington Ave., Hawthorne, N. J.

Jobs for the Wrecking Master

Photos by Ed Macauley

Views of the Pile-up near Hackettstown, N. J., Which Occurred June 16, 1925, at 2.30 A.M., on the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western; 44 Persons Were Killed

WHO can give details of a wreck on the C.&N.W. at Malta, about 1896? I think the *Overland Limited*, pulled by engine No. 1026, sideswiped a freight train and the wreckage caught fire.—WAITE EMBREE, 133 S. 2d St., DeKalb, Ill.

* * *

WHO can give information on a wreck at Climax, Ala., in Dec., 1919? I have photos of it.

Does anyone know the legend about a "ghost train" which was alleged to have run, always at midnight, without crew and noiselessly, on the B.R.&P. from Lake Ontario to Rochester, about 1876?—MISS JERRY AMBROSE, 61 South Ave., Fairport, N. Y.

ANSWERING a Spot dept. query: Early in the stormy morning of June 16, 1925, D.L.&W. passenger Extra 1104 east, with Con. N. J. Banker and Engineer Fred Loomis, was derailed at Rockport siding 1½ miles west of Hackettstown, N. J., due to the stones and gravel being washed up on the track at a road crossing. Loomis, Banker and Jim Scanlon, head trainman, perished; also a porter and 40 passengers, mostly Chicagoans. The train was made up of engine No. 1104, coaches 23 and 33, and 5 Pullman sleepers. Most of the passengers intended going to Germany on a Leopold Newmann Tour. The Pacific type engine has since been rebuilt and is now in local service.—ED MACAULEY, 53 Baker Ave., Wharton, N. J., and FRANK J. DOMINICK, 523 Fifth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

IN 1906 I was working in Missoula, Mont., when a wreck occurred on the N.P. division on which the steel cars ran away as described in Dec. issue: A freight, including 42 cars of lumber and coal eastbound, met No. 3 at Evaso. On leaving, the engineer found he had no air. He called for brakes. The hind man and conductor started over the top, but could not hold the train down the 8-mile grade. The engine and entire train, except a freezer and caboose next to it, went into the ditch, took fire and burned up. Engineer and fireman were killed. Both brakemen were hurt. Some of the old N.P. boys working at Missoula at the time may recall this wreck.—C. E. FORMAN, 1219 Florida St., Vallejo, Calif.

* * *

I GOT many letters as a result of my comments on the Chatsworth wreck in "Spot" dept. E. T. Walbert, of Alma, Mich., sent wreck clippings dated 1887, brown with age.—C. L. HUGHES, 1611 Missouri Ave., St. Louis.

* * *

ANSWERING request for information on wreck pictured on page 134, Jan. issue: It occurred about 3:30 A.M., Nov. 13, 1912, near Arlington Ave., Indianapolis, between a C.H.&D. passenger train, engine 342, inbound from Cincinnati at 60 m.p.h., and a freight train, engine 426, on a passing track.

The crew fell asleep. Upon waking, they got the idea that the passenger train had passed. Brakeman Gross went ahead to open the switch; before he could close it, the passenger train rammed into the freight. Engineer Sharkey, Pass. Conductor Wiggings, Fireman Burke and many passengers were killed.—JOHN CHENOWETH, P.O. Box 1256, Charleston, W. Va., and GORDON HARKER (furloughed fireman, C.C.C.&St.L.), 6220 W. Morris St., Indianapolis.

SOME real railroading was done on the Santa Fe, U.P., S.P. and D.&R.G. during the 35 years succeeding 1880. I knew those roads during that time. In the early '80's an S.P. passenger train ran wild down the west side of Tehachapi Pass, was derailed and plunged into the canyon, killing all passengers. In the latter '80's a narrow-gage ferry local went into an open drawbridge in Oakland Creek, drowning many persons. I'd like to know more about these wrecks.—A. A. GENTHNER, Box 186, Electra, Texas.

* * *

ENGINEER and fireman on a freight train recently were overcome by gases in Poro-o-Tarao tunnel, North Island, N. Z. With both men unconscious on deck, the train ran down a short grade and crashed into a "Samson block," at the station just beyond the tunnel mouth. The engine fell over on her side with drivers still turning. Fifteen cars of cattle and sheep were smashed up out of the 46 cars in the train. The engine men were finally pulled out through the ventilator in the cab roof.—L. A. DE GUERRE, C.E., 404 N. I. Insurance Bldgs., Auckland, New Zealand.

* * *

READERS may like to know that "Four Aces" (formerly IIII Timken roller-bearing 4-8-4) is still wheeling Nos. 1 and 2, "North Coast Limited," over the Cascade Mts. between Seattle and Pasco.

Recently a reader asked about the S.P.&S. wreck near Pasco. My father, a carpenter in the Pasco shops, helped rebuild 33 freight cars smashed in that affair. The engineer on the passenger crossed over to look at the left-hand curve, was caught in the gangway and killed.—MICHAEL DUNCAN (railroad artist), Box 73, Retsil, Wash.

Railroad Fiction Writers

MY favorite authors are E. S. Dellinger, Earle Davis and Ed Samples. Give us more Boomer Fast Line stories. Don't worry about criticisms of romance and cuss words. A little romance adds spice to a story; and he-men use emphatic language when the occasion demands.—R. L. LORE, 230 E. Juniper Ave., Wildwood, N. J.

* * *

FELLOWS who say that Dellinger and Engine Picture Kid should be left out, don't know good stuff when they see it. Dellinger's story is the first thing I read. The Engine Picture Kid always scores a laugh.—JOHN RODEN, 52-10 72d St., Maspeth, L. I., N. Y.

* * *

JOHNNY THOMPSON ("The Engine Picture Kid") dropped in to see me the other day when he came to Temple to visit some of his wife's folks. It was quite a thrill to entertain the famous author from New Hampshire.

Recently I lived in Albuquerque, almost around the corner from E. S. Dellinger, but I didn't know it until I had moved to Texas. I hope to meet him on my next trip to Albuquerque.—M. W. NEAL, Temple, Texas.

NEXT time I read an Engine Picture story I'll think of the 6 glorious days Johnny Thompson spent here at Laredo. For 3 of those days the Mo.P. had to struggle along without my services as switching hogger, while Tommy and I painted this border town red. I have the edge on Tommy in one respect: he's an *ex*-rail, but I'm still in active service. On the other hand, Tommy knows how to write humorous yarns, while I only *try* to.—J. H. MCKINLEY, Laredo, Texas.

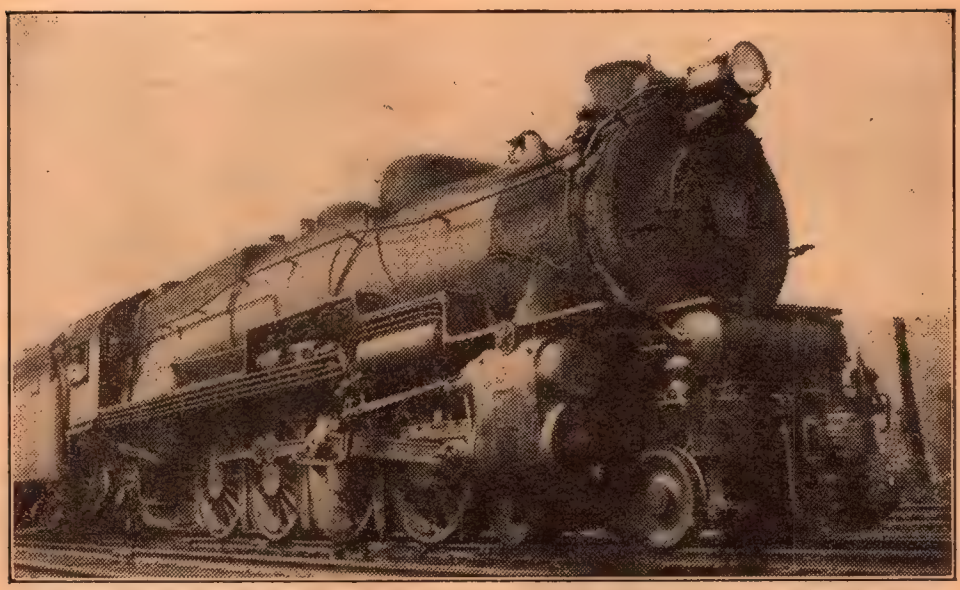
* * *

EARLE DAVIS wrote the 2 best railroad stories I've ever read: "The Boomers Come to Town" (July, '35) and "The Busses Come to Town" (Oct., '35).—ARTHUR RUMP, 10 Buckingham St., Brighton, 1, Sussex, England.

* * *

WHAT has happened to that famous Dellinger character, *"Redhot" Frost?* She was the kind of railroad gal I like to read about.—A. PEARSON, 1387 E. Blvd., Cleveland, O.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Dellinger promises to write another "Redhot" Frost story in the near future.)*



Pennsy Engine No. 6881, With Charles E. Fry at the Throttle and F. A. Larbig, Fireman

Old-Timers Heard From

HIRING out to P. M. Carrol, D.&R.G. Supt. of Bridges and Buildings, in 1882, I was sent to Divide (now Palmer Lake), 51 miles south of Denver. My job was carpenter at $2.75 a day. I helped to build section houses, tool houses, etc., then was sent to South Arkansaw (now Salida), where we were put to work on the $60,000 Monte Cristo Hotel.

When the job was finished Supt. R. M. Ridgway hired me as brakeman on the Villa Grove branch with Conductor Billy Ward. After 2 weeks of this I was sent to Bridgeport, end of construction on the main line, near Delta, where the railroad crossed the Gunnison River 4 times in 3 miles. No bridge was less than 500 ft. long, all built on 30-foot piles set between huge boulders 10 ft. below the water's surface. They were very shaky affairs. I remember 3 engines going down with their crews, none of whom were able to save themselves.

In those days a narrow-gage engine of 50 tons was considered a whopper. The Santa Fe's 65-ton "Uncle Dick Wootten" on Raton Mt. was supposed to be the world's largest locomotive. With "Uncle Dick" we would take 16 cars up the mountain, 4 at a time. These cars were then coupled up and taken on to Raton, 23 miles from Trinidad. No air, but a brake staff on each end of every Santa Fe car.—E. L. ("Doc") Cary, Rte. 4, Box 553, Houston, Texas.

* * *

MY father, John T. Fry, often tells me about the little engine used when he first started railroading back in 1867. In those days engine tanks held 2,500 gals. of water and could haul possibly 400 or 500 tons as compared to the 11,000-gal. tank and 7,000-ton-haul capacity of the No. 6881 (see photo), on which I run today.

Dad's railroad career might have started sooner, but for the fact that the Civil War was at its height. When he was 19, in 1863, he was enrolled in the Union Army. He suffered much in 1864 when kept prisoner in Andersonville for 6 months. As soon as his health permitted he turned to something to get his mind off the horrors of war. In May, 1867, he got a P.R.R. job, first as a laborer for 2 weeks, then as brakeman between Blairsville and Kiski Jct. Later he worked as flagman and extra conductor on the main line between Pittsburgh and Altoona.

"It took 10 hours to go from Pittsburgh to Blairsville then," Dad told me, "and if you tried to go over 12 miles an hour, the engine would heat up. And if you got caught crossing Saltsburg Bridge over 8 miles an hour, you heard about it."

Dad quit the railroad again in 1881, but shortly after returned to his first run as a brakeman. He later became a conductor, which he remained until he retired on pension in 1914.

And now at 91 he longs for his railroad days and wonders if there are still any of his old cronies left.—Chas. E. Fry (Pennsy engineer), 21 3rd St., Aspinwall, Pittsburgh P.O., Pa.

* * *

IS there anyone who collects tickets, etc., of railways no longer operated? I have a collection of 100 tickets issued by the M.B.&S. (now B.M.&N.W.), which hasn't hauled a passenger for 15 years. It is now a switching road.—Frank McBride, 612 E. 4th St., Muscatine, Ia.

SPEAKING of heavy loads reminds me of a Lehigh Valley excursion from Easton-Mauch Chunk locality to Niagara Falls, years ago. There were 2 specials of 30 cars, each pulled by 4-8-4 type engines. About 4,000 persons were carried and plenty were left at stations. One train stalled between Mauch Chunk and Mountain top. Its excursionists got home in time for lunch next day.

Another excursion to the Falls right after the War ran in 10 sections of 10 or 12 cars each. Ten engines were required to Mauch Chunk, 10 more to doublehead to Mountain Top. A change of engines at Sayre required 10 more—quite a call for motive power!—LUTHER REED, Orwigsburg, Pa.

* * *

ELWIN K. HEATH (Jan. issue) describes a special train on the Montpelier & Wells River R.R. as having the first Pullmans on that line, Sept. 13, 1935. I was Pullman conductor on a special carrying the Prince of Siam on a tour of the U. S. over that road Sunday, Nov. 2 1902.—W. SWEET, 721 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C.

The Great Strike of 1877

"THE GREAT STRIKE OF 1877" (Feb. issue) was mighty interesting. A man of 70, now working with me, witnessed some of the terrible scenes described in H. R. Edwards' article. His name is C. M. Longwell, a "rail" for over 50 years. As a boy of 13 living in Pittsburgh, he played hookey from school one day and saw strike sympathizers hang soldiers to lamp posts, saw them kick a flaming car of gasoline into the roundhouse and saw, also, on the same day, the slaughter of men at Pennsy station. The article and pictures recalled vivid memories to him.

Photo of D.&R.G. train climbing Cumbres Hill (Jan. issue) reminded me of familiar scenes years ago when I was spading "black diamonds" on that stretch of track.

Although Fredonia, Ariz., claims to be farther from a railroad than any other town in U. S., I think you'll find that Pineville, Wyo., is entitled to that distinction. (EDITOR'S NOTE: *We are looking into this.*) The word Fredonia means "free wives." This tiny village used to be a hiding place for plural Mormon wives when their husbands were pressed by the law. The men would bundle them into covered wagons, start them out under convoy at night, and cross the border into Fredonia. I wonder what those women's thoughts were as they trekked those miles of purple sage under the desert stars.

I enjoyed "Phantom City" (Jan. issue.) It recalled various ghost cities I've stumbled upon in my wanderings over the West. I like all of Dellinger's historical stories.

I especially like the Dellinger novelettes dealing with old Southwestern pikes. Perhaps he can weave a yarn about the cattle wars, the fights to death about water. Or the havoc that a sloe-eyed *señorita* can create among lonely railroad men. They say such kisses are like liquid fire. —DANA MAVITY (switchman), 3224 Park 16th St., Moline, Ill.

* * *

A FAST freight set out a car with a hot journal during the 1922 strike. Engine and 50 cars were backing down the main line to pick up the caboose when a gondola climbed the rail on a curve and started rolling along on the ties. The brakeman signaled the engineer to stop, but the engine was around the curve and the fireman was putting in a fire, so no one took the signal until the train was pushed over the crossing into the Acme Hotel lawn.

Traffic was tied up on the Michigan Central, S. Haven branch, and Pere Marquette until a wrecker arrived and lifted the car free at 4.30 P.M. Signal men spent 2 weeks repairing the interlocking plant. All this was on the Chicago Division, Pere Marquette.—JOHN PUGH, 13526 Chery Lane, Detroit, Mich.

In the Maple Leaf Dominion

THE C.P.R. has been denied by the Board of Railway Commissioners its application to abandon the Kootenay & Arrowhead Ry., 33 miles long, in British Columbia.—JACK MCDONALD, Rossland, B. C., Canada.

* * *

MY offer to send copies of train orders to readers brought requests from all parts of the world. I sent out hundreds of them. I hadn't realized the popularity of RAILROAD STORIES.—WM. J. PARRY (C.N.R. locomotive engineer), 906 Chatham St. East, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

MY International Engine Picture Club button is valued because when I go to C.P.R. shops the roundhouse men accord me the freedom of the place.—K. FOOTE, 1766 Fulton, Vancouver, B. C.

* * *

R. A. EMBERG (Dec. issue, page 107) unjustly and unlawfully deprived Fort William of a large part of its well-deserved population. The figures should be Port Arthur, 19,000; Fort Wilhams, 26,000.—WM. SANGSTER, 2855 Douglas Rd., Burnaby, B. C., Canada.

* * *

COMMENTS of Oscar Renshaw (Jan. issue), are much appreciated. I'd like to read Railway Mail stories.—GILBERT ROBINSON, Ass't Postmaster, Bracebridge, Ont., Canada.

Abandonments

WHEN train No. 202 pulled out of Duncan Mills, Calif., on the Guerneville branch of the Northwestern Pacific (a subsidiary of the S.P.), Nov. 14, 1935, the 23-mile line was abandoned. Lack of patronage had made it unprofitable.

The engineer was "Bill" Burns. Years ago he ran the first train into Duncan Mills. After 46 years of service on the N.W.P. he returned to officiate at the obsequies of the road which he brought into the world, so to speak.

After a picnic lunch in the plaza, more than 150 men, women and children joined railway officials and delegations from other points along the line for the last ride.—E. H. Nervo, Geyserville, Calif.

* * *

HILL CITY R.R., extending between Swan River and Hill City, Minn., built in 1908 and operated irregularly in recent years, has been dismantled.—J. M. Bickerson, Wilton, Minn.

* * *

YOSEMITE VALLEY R.R. extending between Merced and El Portal, was sold at auction Dec. 23, 1935, with 8 engines, 8 passenger cars, 235 freight cars, etc. The sale was forced by highway competition.—Alfred Rose, 310 Sycamore Ave., Modesto, Calif.

* * *

BARTLETT WESTERN R.R., in Texas, recently abandoned, has now been dismantled. Its owner, Miss Marie Cronin, has gone to Paris to resume her art career. She was one of the 6 lady railroad presidents mentioned in an article by Chas. F. Carter (June, '35, issue).—"Bozo Texino" (Mo.P. hoghead), Box 564, Laredo, Tex.

* * *

TUCKERTON R.R., 18 miles, 4 locomotives, 3 flat cars, a coach and a caboose, has lost just about all its traffic to busses and trucks. It has applied to the I.C.C. for permission to abandon its line between Tuckerton and Lakehurst via Barnegat, N. J.—R. Abbott, Atlantic City, N. J.

* * *

"PEGLEG R.R." (described in Nov., '34, issue) reminded me of a monorail from Trona, Calif., to a talc mine on the other side of the valley. The equipment was 3 gas-powered cars and one gas-electric with trailers. The track was built on the same principle as the Pegleg. It was abandoned years ago.—Bob Noon, 5541 Carlton Way, Hollywood, Calif.

The Information Booth

FOR the first time since 1929, the "Katy" is training student brakemen. All M-K-T brakemen and all but 15 firemen on the board in the Parsons district, operating six lines out of Parsons, are working regularly.—Wiley Scott, Olathe, Kansas.

* * *

STREAMLINING is merely bunk. Away back in 1905, both the Lackawanna and the New York Central set records of 105 m.p.h. without streamlining.—Walter Duffy, District Hdqrs., C.C.C., Sacramento, Calif.

* * *

MR. DUFFY'S views on streamlined gas wagons are indorsed by "Death Valley Scotty," who made the famous run on a special train on the Santa Fe from Los Angeles to Chicago in 1905. (Details in July, 1931, issue.)

"Steam engines has got Diesels and streamliners beat to a frazzle," Scotty said recently. "I talked with Tom Gallagher, sole survivor of the engineers who pulled the Coyote Special. He says that with the new tracks and not having to stop for water like we did 30 years ago, we could take hours off our old record.

"You know, they haven't beat our record in 30 years! Best the streamliners could do was 39 hours and 57 minutes from Los Angeles to Chicago. The Coyote's coal-burners made the run in 44 hours and 54 minutes; but counting time out for freezing couplings, running off the track, etc., running time was 39 hours, 34 minutes.

"I'm thinking about showing up them four-flushing streamliners. Bet I could make it in 36 hours. These railroad fellers ain't done much in 30 years, have they? Looks like it'd take an old desert rat like me to show 'em something."—Geo. Saunders, Lompoc, Calif.

* * *

WESTERN MD. R.R. is given credit (in Jan. Railroad Stories) for the highest track East of the Mississippi—4,015 feet above sea level. N.&W.'s highest point is given as 2,557 ft., at Bluefield. The fact is that at White Top, Va., on our Abingdon Branch the N.&W. reaches an altitude of 3,585 feet.—*N.&W. Magazine.*

* * *

I HAVE an old brass kerosene lamp with glass plate in one side, a mirror in the other. It was a steam gage light on the wood-burner "Topsam," No. 35, in 1854. Also have a brass plate from a lard oil can from the same locomotive, inscribed: "Me.C. Engine No. 35. Lard oil. When empty send me to Augusta; when full to Bath."

Has any other reader anything of the sort? Maybe that brass plate is the only relic of the kind surviving.—H. W. Kirkpatrick, 1158 Washington St., Bath, Me.

FOLLOWING the U.P.'s lead, the Illinois Central furnish free pillows for coach passengers during the nights, also dims lights, and eliminates unnecessary noise. Low-priced meals from dining-car kitchens are served at coach seats. Minimum prices are: Breakfast, 25c; luncheon, 35c; dinner, 40c.—GEO. CROWSON, 817 Central Station, Chicago.

* * *

CAN anyone tell me what chord, or combination of chords, to use to get the effect of a locomotive whistle in railroad songs?—LAWRENCE DONOVAN, 15-A Walk Hill St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

* * *

WHERE can I get a copy of the poem "Down the Double Iron Trail"? It's about a track walker. —MICHAEL HANNA, 1423 Owen Ave., Racine, Wis.

* * *

IN 1915 I worked on the narrow-gage pike through the exposition grounds at San Francisco. Don't remember the gage, but it must have been about 18 inches. It had 3 Pacific type engines which, I was told, cost about $5,000 each. They were the finest things I ever saw in a narrow-gage outfit. Does any reader remember enough about this outfit to furnish data?—THOS. KAAR, 6414 Sinclair Ave., Berwyn, Ill.

* * *

"RAINMAKERS," an R.K.O. comic movie, shows 2 runaway engines. To what road do they belong?—A. B. GNAEDINGER, 95 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Their general appearance and the tone of their bells indicate they are S.P. engines.)*

Two of the Earliest Vestibule Cars, 50 Years Ago

THIS adv. appeared in the Phila. *Public Ledger*, March 25, 1836: "People's Line of Cars and Stages starts every morning at half past eight o'clock from the corner of Broad and Arch Sts. and Third St. Hall for Downingtown, Lancaster, Columbia and Pittsburgh. Through in 2½ days. Express Mail Line for Wheeling—through in 50 hours."—CHAS. B. DOYLE, Philadelphia, Pa.

On the Editorial Carpet

IT seems to me there should be a market for a first-class railroad magazine. The whole appearance of RAILROAD STORIES, inside and out, savors too much of the dime novel. Your historical articles would be good if written in a serious vein instead of a semi-humorous vein. Print on a decent grade of paper so one can see details of the excellent photos you publish. Charge 25c a copy and take RAILROAD STORIES out of the cheap thriller class, of which there are already too many.—CHARLES A. PURINTON, 251 Pleasant St., Marblehead, Mass.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Years of experience have shown us that most fans prefer historical articles that are not only accurate, but also warm, human and interesting; with occasional touches of humor. Our aim is to give life to facts that otherwise would be dull and dry. We used to print on a better grade of paper and charge 25c a copy, but you readers didn't give us enough support to warrant continuing that type of publication. So we adopted less expensive paper and cut our price, for the benefit of the many "rails" who are furloughed and cannot afford the old price. We keep pace with the railroads. When the roads get back to a prosperity basis, you can expect a better grade of paper in* RAILROAD STORIES *and a more frequent date of issue.)*

* * *

THE EDITOR was glad to get personal greeting cards with actual engine photos from W. Jones, Morrisville, Vt.; H. I. Humphrey, Johnson City, N. Y.; Leonard Woynicz, 2929 Wellman Avenue, Bronx, N. Y. City; W. W. Stewart, 74 Fowlds Ave., Sandringham, Auckland S.W.1, New Zealand; Roy Carlson, Auburn, Ind.; Fred McLeod, Oakmont, Pa.; H. J. Heaney, Houston, Tex.; F. Ledgard, Sharon Hill, Pa., and others.

D. H. McClain, 3404 Telford, Cincinnati, O., sent us a card with a photo of what appears to be Mr. McClain himself holding a model of a trolley car he made, and the words, "A Trolley Full of Christmas Cheer."

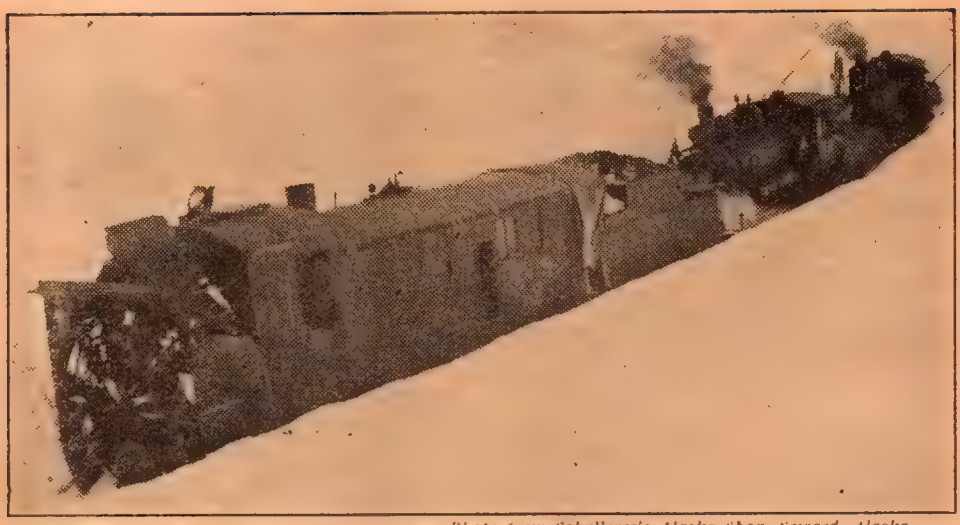


Photo from Schallerer's Alaska Shop, Seward, Alaska

Rotary Plow Bucking Big Drifts in Alaska. A Boomer, Dennis Killeen, Sent Us This Photo

A Corner for Juice Fans

L. DIEFENDERFER'S letter (Jan. issue) about early electric cars in Lima, O., reminded me of the first trolley car in Kansas City. A mile of the old cable road on Independence Ave. was used for experimenting. When running, that first car would shoot blue sparks from under all 4 wheels; the trolley truck would be a blaze of glory. At times the old chariot would pop off like a bunch of firecrackers, scaring horses off the street. The motorman wore rubber gloves and rubber boots and stood on a rubber mat. A heavy rubber mat was on the car floor.

One wet morning an old Texas cowman, whose interior was also pretty wet, tried to board the car. The grab-irons were wrapped in rubber but the cowman took hold of a non-insulated part. He was thrown halfway across the street. Scrambling to his feet, with unlady-like language, he said he could ride any darned bronc in Texas and he'd be dad-blammed if any 4-wheeled critter could keep him down. He got on the car and rode her until she was tired out and quiet.

I was told that the trouble with that first car was that the rails had not been properly bonded. —"HIGHBALL JOHN" BURNS, 1521 Luhrs Sta., Phoenix, Arizona.

* * *

THOSE who have gotten their ideas of electric lines from street cars and broken-down interurbans should visit the fine electric lines running out of 69th St. terminal, Philadelphia. The Phila. & Western operates streamlined cars with free running speed of 80 m.p.h., maximum, 100 m.p.h. Schedule time, Phila.-Norristown, 14 miles, 15 minutes, including 3 stops.

The Phila. & Westchester has 4 lines out of the terminal, with rock ballast and heavy rails, spick and span rolling stock, and granite waiting rooms in well tended grass plots.—JAMES MUNROE, 120 Hobart St., Ridgefield Park, N. J.

APPROACHING Truro, Mich., as motorman on electric train No. 90, on the Detroit United Ry., one night in 1920, I was running over 60 m.p.h. in an effort to make up half an hour lost time. A violent thunder storm was raging. A flash of lightning revealed an object 15 feet ahead of me. I fell to the floor, applying the emergency brake as I did so.

On recovering, I walked back to see what we had struck that was big enough to cave in the whole front end. I found several poles and a quarter of a mile of wire down. On resuming the trip, my eyes began to burn so fiercely that I had to turn the controller over to the conductor for the rest of the run to Birmingham.

I was put on board a train and taken back to Pontiac, where a doctor was waiting for me. More than 20 pieces of glass were taken from my eyes. Investigation showed that the lightning had knocked a pole directly in front of the train just in time for us to strike it.—JAMES CURRY, Box 66, Lantana, Fla.

* * *

MONTREAL Harbor Electric Ry. is to be abandoned, thus scrapping an investment running into many millions. Upkeep amounted to $400,000 last year. Interest on bonds is $150,000 annually. All this makes electric traction too costly. Three steam locomotives have been ordered, which will be much cheaper to operate.—J. B. LE SEUR, Malone, N. Y.

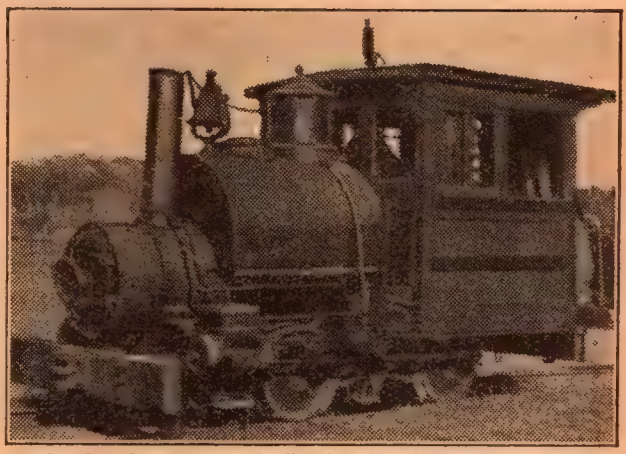
* * *

IN a recent issue someone said the Staten Island R.R. no longer used steam. This is true so far as passenger traffic is concerned, but 3 Mother Hubbard hogs perform daily. No. 28 hauls a peddler on the Perth Amboy Division, while 29 and 30 work the North Shore Division. —R. C. DAHLBERG, 192 Beach Ave., New Dorp, Staten Island, N. Y.

Daughters of the Rail

NEXT to Dellinger I vote for "The Boomer Trail" dept. and "True Tales of the Rails." I like to read about wrecks and incidents on the road, the way old-timers tell them. I would appreciate receiving a letter from any railroader who can tell such stories, especially those who have worked in Canada.

The International Engine Picture Club has helped me a lot. I like engine photos. Last June I began collecting train orders on a hint in RAILROAD STORIES; now I have more than 300. I meet the C.N.R *Transcontinental Limited* every evening at 19.30 o'clock and the through freight No. 403 every Saturday. The engineers usually have the orders ready to give me, so I do not need to ask for them.



Engine No. 2 on the Huntsville & Lake of Bays Ry. at South Portage, Ont. Photo by D. Knowles, 194 Grenadier Road, Toronto 3, Canada

The first engine cab I ever entered was on the Al. G. Barnes circus train. The fireman helped me up. I accidentally trod on the pedal which opens the firedoor and got a scare.

Last summer I was in Winnipeg where I went through the C.P.R.'s Weston shops. I saw an engine all taken apart and how tires were turned. I climbed into every engine I could in the yards and was given a ride on a switch engine. I watched a yard brakeman at work. Don't think I'd like his job. Too much running around. When the yardmaster approached, the brakeman told me to stay where I was. I sat down on a rail while the mosquitoes enjoyed a full meal. The yardmaster finally went away without having seen me.—MISS MILDRED BARR, Box 464, Chilliwack, B. C., Canada.

* * *

THIS is to thank all the railroad friends who have written to me and sent pictures, books and all manner of interesting things.

Some of you would like to know more about South African Rys. Our trains rarely exceed 45 m.p.h., largely because of our 3½ ft. gage and steep grades. However, a good deal of line revision to eliminate steep grades is now under way.

Our "Union Express," running between Cape Town and Johannesburg, covers the 1,000 mile journey in about 28 hours. Each compartment, accommodating 4 passengers, has hot and cold water. Hot and cold showers also are obtainable on this train. Seats are converted into beds at night. An attendant cleans shoes and presses clothes. An observation coach at the rear provides comfortable chairs. Good meals are provided at low cost.

In Natal Province electrification is being extended. In Cape Province suburban service is electrified. Soon Witwatersrand routes serving the Johannesburg suburban area will be electrified.

I have been working 7 years, always on railways; so I have come to regard transportation as a career.—MISS THELMA WOODWARD, Road Motor Service, South African Rys., Johannesburg, South Africa.

Union Pacific Official Photo

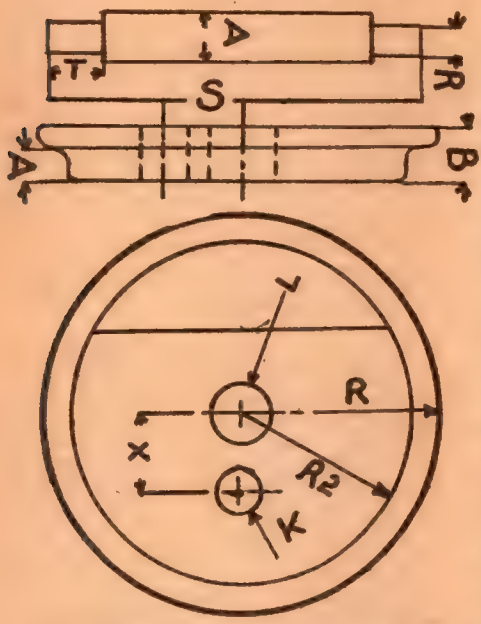
No Man's Land! A Glimpse Into One of the Coaches for Women and Children Only on "The Challenger," U.P. Train Running Between Chicago and the West Coast. This Train Was Named by Miss Lobdell (Portrait on Page 46)

Model Railroading

Conducted by Charles G. Cunningham

Driving Wheels for 4-6-0 Scale Locomotive

LAST month, in starting construction of a ten-wheeler fashioned after the old New York Central Class F-12, we told you how to build the frame. This month we're taking up the job of turning the wheels, castings for which most of you will probably buy from a model supply house, since making your own is a task that is hardly worth the time and trouble unless you're going to build a whole army of engines.



Dimensions for Axles and Wheels

PART	O GAGE	OO GAGE	HO GAGE
Wheel R	1/16"	2	3/64"
R-2	1 7/16"	23.5	23/32"
A	3/32"	2	3/64" +
B—A	1/16"	.75	1/32"
X	¼"	4	⅛"
L	⅛"	3/32"	1/16"
K	2-56 tap	0-80 tap	0-80 tap
Axle A	3/16"	⅛"	3/32"
S	1 9/16"	24	25/32"
T	5/32"	4	5/64" +
R	⅛"	3/32"	1/16"

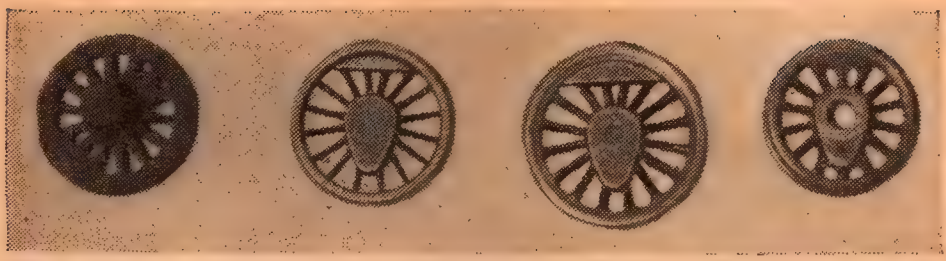
All figures without inch marks are in millimeters

Turning the wheels is simple. Put the wheel casting in a three-jaw chuck, turn the face and cut off the boss. (When making your first cut on a casting always cut deep enough so that you get under its "skin.") Then bore out the axle holes on all six wheels.

Next make a jig by centering in your lathe a piece of cold-rolled steel about three-quarters the size of your wheels. Face it across accurately and bore in its center a hole the same size as the tap and die you have on hand. Do not remove from the chuck.

Take a piece of cold-rolled rod and thread it to the same size as the hole you tapped in the steel bar. Screw the rod tightly into the chucked piece, and then turn it down so that the axle holes in the wheels will just slide on without any play. Thread the opposite end of the rod for a nut.

Place a wheel on the rod, screw up the nut, and proceed to turn the flange, tread and counterweight to sizes given on the accompanying chart. Some railroads are using flat treads, which they claim eliminate swaying and save wear. If you use a flat tread, you'll have the satisfaction of being right up with the latest developments. The usual wheel tread has a taper of one in twenty. After turning the tread on the first wheel, note the figure on the handle of your compound and turn all the other wheels to the same figure. By so doing you prevent slipping and worn side-



Driving Wheel for 4-6-0 Scale Model Locomotive, in Various Stages: (Left to Right) the Rough Casting, the Casting with First Cut, the Casting with Axle Hole Started, and the Finished Wheel. These Four Photos Should, of Course, All Be the Same Size. See Diagram on Page 138

rod bearings in the finished machine.

Drill and tap the crank pin holes as shown on the chart and drawing. The axles are made from cold-rolled or drill rod turned about .002 of an inch over the size of your axle holes. With either type of rod make sure the rod is correctly centered in the chuck, or else turn between centers. If you use drill rod, get under the shiny "skin" with the first cut.

However, don't put the wheels on the axles. Next month we're going to tell how to quarter them and also how to make a simple surface gage.

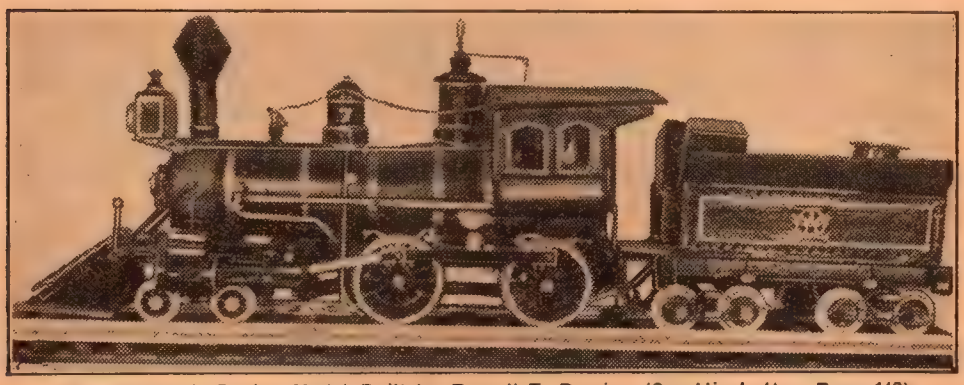
Model Engineers and Clubs

THERE are a lot of model clubs in the country, but there are room for a lot more. The advantages of joining a model club or organizing one where none exists are too great to let slip by. Many are obvious: one member learns from another, borrows from another, exchanges with another. Then, too, members can act collectively; they can send a single large order instead of many small ones to a manufacturer and enjoy a considerable discount; they can dicker with railroads for special rates on excursions to cities where other model clubs are located, or on railroad inspection trips.

Usually there is not much formality in joining a model club, and the cost is not great. All you generally have to do is to write the secretary of the club in which you are interested and ask to attend a meeting. If the layout looks good to you, and if you look O. K. to the members, the rest is simple.

But if there is no club near you, why not start one? Find out what men in your town are model builders. If you can't get the information locally, write us and we'll supply you with names of model builders in your community, or run a notice of your intentions in the Trading Post.

Sound these men out; set a meeting place and date, propose a temporary chair-



Diamond-Stack Engine Model Built by Russell F. Domino (See His Letter, Page 142)

Scale Model of 2-8-0 Type Engine Built by G. A. Vaughan. (Details on Next Page)

man, then elect the necessary officers, appoint a committee to write a constitution, and arrange for your next meeting.

Now you're under way. After you've got going, tell your local newspaper's city editor what you're doing. Furnish him with good photos of your club models, a short write-up of your activities, and the chances are good that you'll have a nice notice in the news columns. The publicity man of your local railroad also will be glad to help you. For a small rental, or maybe for nothing, he'll help you obtain a room for meetings and displays. By this time you won't need much advice or many ideas. You'll have too many of your own.

Following is a directory of model clubs and secretaries:

AKRON Soc. of Model Eng.—Bud Sutherland, 294 W. Long St.

AMERICAN Model Ry. Asso.—W. Hofford, 451 S. Cela Ave., Los Angeles.

AMERICAN Model Ry. Builders' Asso. (correspondence club for builders of ½-inch scale live steam models)—Chas. Cheever, 21 Lincoln St., Wakefield, Mass.

BALTIMORE Model R.R. Club—E. Willis, 605 Tunbridge Rd., Baltimore, Md.

BALTIMORE Soc. of Model Eng.—E. Porter, 1613 N. Chester St., Baltimore, Md.

BOSTON Asso. of Model Eng.—Percy Ross, 30 Brackenbury St., Malden, Mass.

BROOKLYN R.R. Club—H. Saler, 338 74th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

CAMBRIDGE Model R.R. Club — John O'Shaughnessy, 316 Pearl St., Cambridge, Mass.

CENTRAL Region National Model R.R. Asso. V. Underwood, 885 Sheridan Ave., Columbus, O.

CHICAGO Soc. of Model Eng.—J. Keenan, 1315 N. Monticello Ave., Chicago.

CINCINNATI Model Ry. Club—M. Goldberg, 635 Jefferson Ave., Cincinnati, O.

DETROIT Soc. of Model Eng.—R. Hill, 1098 Lakepointe Ave., Detroit, Mich.

EAST BAY Model Eng. Soc.—James Ford, 915 Broadway, Oakland, Calif.

EASTERN Region National Model R.R. Asso.—H. Albrecht, 103 Copely Rd., Upper Darby, Pa.

ELECTRIC Railroaders' Asso. (interurban correspondence)—J. Quinby, 17 Longmeadow Rd., Yonkers, N. Y.

GOLDEN Gate Model Eng. Guild—K. Adams, 2924 26th Ave., San Francisco, Calif.

FREEPORT Model Railroaders' League—P. Brauner, 155 N. Columbus Ave., Freeport, N. Y.

HARRISONBURG Model R.R. Soc.—C. Price, 279 Newman Ave., Harrisonburg, Va.

HOMECRAFT and Modelmakers' Guild—F. Harrison, 605 Roger St., Richmond, Va.

HUDSON Central Model Railroad Club (ages 15 to 18)—Ted Deshenski, 94-13 103rd Ave., Ozone Park, N. Y.

KANSAS CITY Soc. of Model Eng.—R. Carter, 3102 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.

LOS ANGELES Soc. of Model Eng.—H. Bixby, 1105 Hillcroft Rd., Los Angeles, Calif.

MASSACHUSETTS Model R.R. Soc.—Wilfred Hurley, 408 N. Main St., Brockton, Mass. Springfield Division of the above club—C. Arnold, 17 Beaumont Terrace, Springfield, Mass.

MICHIANA Model Eng. Guild—Harry Zillmer, 729 E. Victoria St., S. Bend, Ind.

MILWAUKEE Soc. of Model Eng.—Paul Czarneck, 2028 S. 14th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

MODEL R.R. Club of Milwaukee—W. Graham, 2331 S. Kinnickinnic Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

NATIONAL Ry. Historical Society—L. R. Franks, 238 E. Orange St., Lancaster, Pa.

NEW LONDON Model Railroaders' Asso.—Chas. Munger, Jr., 384 Broad St., New London, Conn.

NEW YORK Soc. of Model Eng.—152 W. 42nd St., N. Y. City.

OREGON-PACIFIC Rys—Edgar Zehrung, 7105 SE Schiller St., Portland, Ore.

PATERSON Model Railroad Soc.—W. Wright, 26 E. 20 St., Paterson, N. J.

PHILADELPHIA Soc. of Model Eng.—720 City Center Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

PITTSBURGH Model Builders' Assoc.—Walter Tesky, 208 Empire Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

QUAKER CITY R.R. Soc.—L. Dixon, 3610 Baring St., Philadelphia, Pa.

RHODE ISLAND Soc. of Model Eng.—F. Williams, 101 Paine Ave., Providence, R. I.

SOUTHWESTERN Model R.R. Asso.—Joseph Barnes, 718 Oxford Ave., Hawthorne, Calif.

SOUTH JERSEY Model R.R. Club—E. Pardee, 100 Ardmore Ave., Westmount, N. J.

WESTCHESTER Model Club, Inc.—555 Main St., New Rochelle, N. Y.
WILKINSBURG Model R.R. Soc.—W. Rau Jr., 1430 Elm St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Canadian

HAMILTON Model Club—L. Riley, 56 Fairleigh Ave. S., Hamilton, Ont.
R.R. Correspondence Club—J. Griffin, 101 Douglas Drive, Toronto, Ont.
WINNIPEG Model Ry. Club—Max Drexel, Jr., 494 Beresford Ave., Winnipeg, Canada.

NO charge is made for printing news of what the model builders and clubs are doing. Trading Post items also printed free.

When writing to any of the names listed here, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Or use a 2c "reply" postal card, which is really 2 one-cent postal cards hinged together. These may be obtained at any post office. You write on one card, leaving the other blank. The fellow who gets your double card tears off the blank one and uses it to send an answer.

* * *

MY 2-8-0 loco. is ⅜" scale. I built the frame with journal box housings, equalizing levers and Stevenson link motion. Pilot trucks are equipped with roller bearings. The leading and third drivers are blind. A motor is enclosed in the firebox, being geared to the third driver. Reverse control is in the tender. Screws were used in the entire assembly. She weighs 12¾ lbs., the tender 5½ lbs.—G. Vaughan, 7-01 127th St., College Pt., Long Island, N. Y.

* * *

YOU have written articles of construction on steam railroads but there is a system which you have never touched upon—the subway and elevated railroads of N. Y. City. These roads can furnish model makers a chance to do some very interesting and creative work. The signal system, track layouts and stations are vastly different in design from those used on steam roads. I think many model readers would like to read something on this subject, and perhaps make models of these juice lines.—J. Schwartz, 32 W. Homestead Ave., Palisades Park, N. J.

* * *

I SUGGEST we have a standard track gage of 7¼" for live steamers. Let us have more information on the live steam railroads with lots of photos.—E. Williamson, 13010 Kircheval Apts., Detroit, Mich.

* * *

I AGREE with F. Kennedy's letter in the Jan. '36 issue. Let us have more live steam articles and drop the tinplate. I want to start a real scale model club; no tinplaters. Who will help me?—J. Neptune, 251 Goodview, E. Akron, O.

* * *

INTERNATIONAL Soc. of Model Engineers is 3 yrs. old. There are no dues in this club. Equipment is loaned to members who live in all parts of the world. Postage and expenses are met by contributions.—Wm. Hale, 206 Rockview Terr., Rochester, N. Y.

* * *

KANSAS CITY Soc. of Model Engineers has a large club room furnished by the K. C. Term. Ry. In June, 1935, various railroads in Kansas City asked it to hold an exhibit. It was a great success. They have 200 ft. of track with ballast. —R. Carter, 3102 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.

* * *

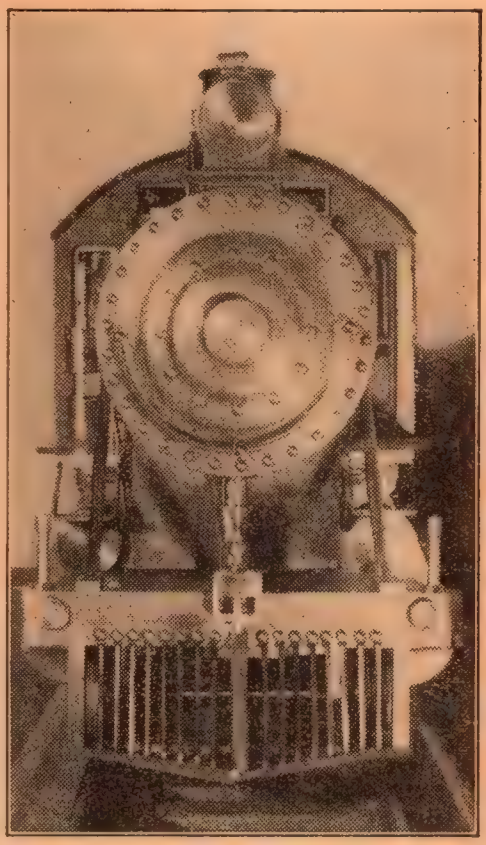
I HAVE two model roads, steam and electric. The steam road is outside, has a 2½" gage, boasts of 2-4-2, 4-8-4, 4-6-4 types, 500 ft. track and some rolling stock.—A. Gairn, Box 31, Port Nelson, Ont., Canada.

* * *

GERMANTOWN High School R.R. Club has 15 active members. Boys and girls invited to join. We've visited Baldwin Loco. Works, Brill Car Co. and the Budd Co.—E. Hainies, Jr.

* * *

I WISH to hear from readers interested in ¼" scale models. My road is named Port Chester Ridgefield & Danbury. It has a 2-4-0 live steam loco., 7 pieces rolling stock, including wedge snow plow. The track is P-shaped, has 4 switches and one truss bridge.—E. Mead, North St., Greenwich, Conn.



Another View of G. A. Vaughan's Model

THE LITTLE Southern Ry. announces that visitors are welcome on Fridays after 8 p.m.—W. Haverly, 708 S. 23rd. Ave., Bellwood, Ill.

* * *

MY model pike is named Granite Valley Model R.R. I have gas-electric car, four car streamlined train and several frt. cars all O-gage.—G. White, 43 Crescent St., Keene, N. H.

* * *

I WOULD like to hear from model builders on how to build a layout.—C. Marsh, Jr., 212 Oak Hill Pl., N. St. Paul, Minn.

* * *

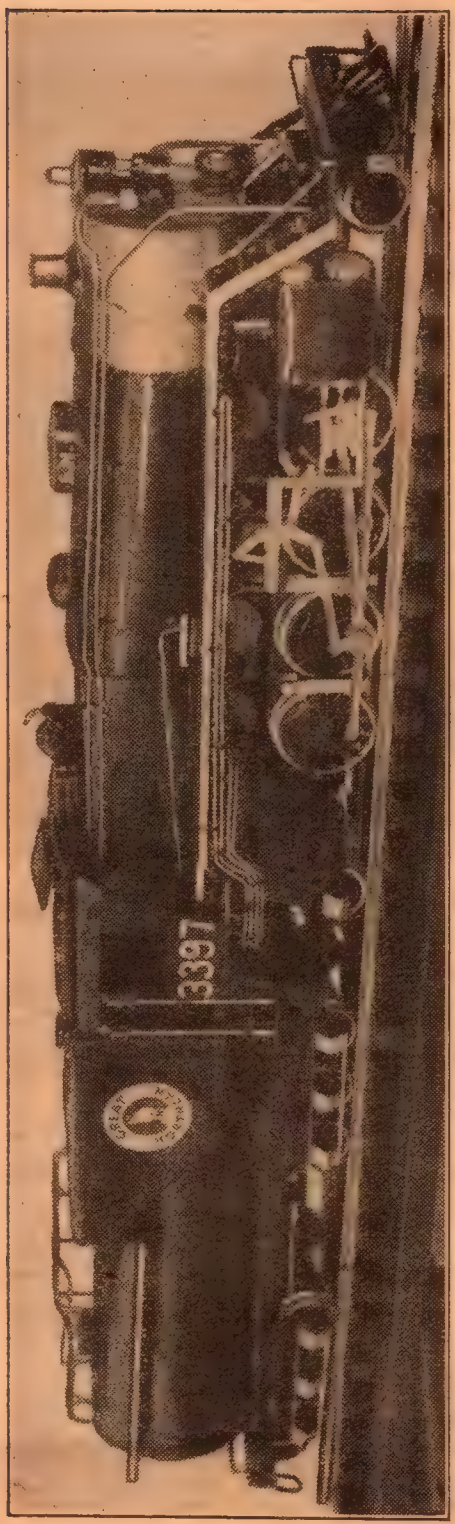
EUGENE-PACIFIC RY. has about 50 feet of track, 2 locos., 6 pass. and 5 frt. cars. It is located on a portable roadbed, operates Fri. nights in a garage. Visitors welcome.—T. Zehrung, 1801 Orchard St., Eugene, Oregon.

* * *

ST. PAUL School Railroad Club has OO-gage, 2-rail layout. Operates three engines and 28 pieces of rolling stock. Correspondence and visitors invited.—J. Gilman, Jr., St. Paul School, Concord, N. H.

* * *

BROOKLYN R.R. CLUB (Dunwood Western Lines) has a rebuilt Lionel loco. in service for 2½ years. Here's how she was rebuilt: The original drive wheels were turned down by means of a file, the wheels being held in a lathe. Pilot truck was remade with scale wheels. Tender was entirely rebuilt from wood and equipped with scale trucks and wheels. The loco. with the special outside juice collectors may be seen any Tues. after 8 p.m. at club headquarters, 338 74th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; H. W. Saler, president.



Model of Great Northern Engine, Class 08, Built by John T. Granfors at Cost of $2 in Nine Months' Spare Time (See His Letter on This Page)

ARE YOU A MODEL RAILROADER?

If you are, you need my 84-page hand book and catalog. It gives complete information on getting started, track laying, signaling, control, etc. Also prices all parts, track, signals, control units, etc. A cyclopedia of data; conversion tables, screw sizes, charts, etc., etc.

Price only 25c. postpaid

W. K. WALTHERS, 1574 W. Pierce St., Milwaukee, Wisc.

ELMER'S MODEL R.R., located at Cuddebackville, N. Y., has 1,000 ft. of track and took 3 yrs. to build.—Kenneth Goodspeed, 2018 Voorhies Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

AFTER building a model of Great Northern loco. No. 1133, I decided to make one of their Class 08 locos, No. 3397. I made her from an 8 by 10-inch photo, no plans, and was helped by various articles published in "Railroad Stories." The model is 46" long, 9" high, 6¾" wide, has a track gage of 3½" and weighs 5¼ pounds. She was constructed of wood, wire, tin cans, and other odds and ends, at a total cost of $2, and was used by the G. N. for their display during "Railroad Week."—John Granfors, 209 39th Ave. E., Superior, Wis.

* * *

STEAM is the only real power for a loco. model. Clockwork and electric-driven types are mere toys. Over here in England I am a lone hand, being the only one in this vicinity who takes any interest in American locos. I recently finished a 9½" gage Atlantic type, and have several cars.—W. Jennings, 5 Cleveland House, Dorchester Rd., Weymouth, Norset, England.

* * *

MY diamond-stack model was built at a very low cost, from wood, paper, tacks, tin, and odds and ends. Wheels were hand-carved, also valve gear. Frame is made of wood, with working springs and equalizers. I used photographs of old locos. which appeared in "Railroad Stories." Some of the finer details were supplied by my father-in-law, who ran such engines many years ago. The rails were cast in aluminum by a friend. The model took about 6 months to make, working evenings and Sundays. I am now building a NYC Hudson 4-6-2 of metal.—R. Domino, 177 Greylock Pky., Belleville, N. J.

* * *

I AM completing a Hudson in the 17/64" scale. It should be a grand model if I can manage to cut all the valve gear out of nickel silver without scratching it. I also have a Texas tank car, box car, and Pacific Fruit Express to run on my 12 ft. of scale rail.—A. F. Tait, 508 W. 139th St., N. Y. City.

* * *

I HAVE made models similar to those described by R. Zarhuise in your Dec. issue (page 123). The wheels on my cars are ⅛" in dia. The entire train is 38" long. To anyone interested in my models I'll gladly give details.—H. Ruppert, 178 Jerome St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

I WANT to start a model railroad, either OO or HO gage, in limited space. Please tell me the advantages and disadvantages of each.—H. Martin, 217 Porter Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *The war of model gages was started in England many years ago and is still being fought. O gage is excellent for anyone who has plenty of room and money. OO gage is for the fellow who hasn't so much space or quite so much money. HO is for the next man on the list. Usually OO is cheaper than O gage, depending upon how you purchase your materials or make them. OO and HO require many die-castings and hand-made parts which O gage does not. This is because detail can be had in sand castings in the O gage, where the same detail to be incorporated in OO or HO must be made in dies. O gage men say that OO fellows are not real model builders because they use blobs of lead. The difference in saving of space by using OO instead of O gage is about half. The HO men claim the same for their scale, which is about true. We'd like to hear from other readers on this subject.)*

The Model Trading Post

SUNSET Western will trade model photos with other tinplate roads.—I. Shank, 1458 29th Ave., San Francisco, Calif.

TRADE my 50-watt Ives trans. for O-gage reversible loco. Who will tell me how to make a distant reverse for an O-gage loco?—G. Zurcher, 32 4th St., Norwich, Conn.

WANTED: parts for ¼" or ½" scale Penna. E-6S loco.—W. Cooper, 1407 High St., Des Moines, Ia.

SWAP my .22 rifle, ball gloves, golf sticks and small lathe for O-gage equipt.—J. Fitzgerald, 15 Pleasant St., S. Hadley Falls, Mass.

WISH to dispose of my Lionel and Ives outfit. Send reply postal for list of equipt.—R. Hooper, Malvern Ave., Ruxton, Md.

TRADE my copies of "Railroad Stories" for A.F. O-gage trains.—H. Smith, Box No. 362, Erie, Ill.

I HAVE 61 pieces of O-gage track to trade for O-gage electric equipt.—G. Hosbach, Prescott, Mich.

WANTED: Buddy L equipt. and loco.—W. Jayne, N. Maple Ave., Basking Ridge, N. J.

WHAT offers for 100 ties, O-gage, 12 sections of aluminum rail and 200 track spikes?—W. Griffiths, R.D. 2, New Hartford, N. Y.

I OFFER my Lionel No. 262 loco., cars Nos. 607, 08, 67 ft. track and A.F. baggage car coach for what have you?—R. Averill, 155 Kimberly Ave., Springfield, Mass.

WILL trade my A.F. cars Nos. 4010, 4006 and 4021 for Lionel cars Nos. 511, 12, 13, 14, 14-r, 15, 16 or 17.—R. Foster, Box 375, E. St. Louis, Ill.

WILL trade O-gage pass., frt., and track for Erector set which builds 4-6-4 type loco.—T. Keane, 531 W. Vine St., Mitchell, Ind.

WHAT offers for my strd. gage loco, 2 pass. cars, 18 pieces track and 1 pr. O-gage hand switches?—J. Rondean, 103 Brookfield St., Lawrence, Mass.

I HAVE complete file "Railroad Stories," Lionel D.C. Reducer to trade for O-gage frt. cars, Dorfan hoppers, A.F. loco. No. 3316, or dump cars.—N. Brown, 94 Sylvester St., Rochester, N. Y.

I WISH to trade my O-gage equipt. What do you need?—D. Henninger, Tiffin, O.

TRADE my 67 issues of "Railroad Stories" for Lionel electric loco.—G. Danforth, 9 Gould St., Danvers, Mass.

WANTED: 4 driving wheels (5 in. dia.) for 1-in. scale loco.—W. Katzmann, 2393 Centre St., W. Roxbury, Mass.

EXCHANGE my Lionel No. 253 loco, 3 cars, bridge, blinker signal and business course for what have you.—E. MacDougall, 9202 215th Pl., Queens Village, N. Y.

I OFFER 307 magazines, 1,000 profit-sharing coupons, boys' books, 16 pieces of track, 7 frt., 5 pass. cars for strd.-gage equipt.—A. Kassa, 572 Broadway, Passaic, N. J.

WHAT offers for new Waltham 17-jewel watch, size No. 12. Want Lionel locos, rolling stock, track.—A. Meads, Bx. 775, Tillamook, Ore.

WANT tinplate outfit. I offer 300 assorted magazines.—C. Fiene, Steeleville, Ill.

WANTED a working steam loco .1-in. scale. Tell all specifications.—A. Carlson, 9 Court St., Belfast, Me.

WANTED: O-gage steam driven loco.—T. Koar, 6414 Sinclair Ave., Berwyn, Ill.

WANTED: live steam loco. 1-in. scale, K-4 or Atlantic.—A. Beerheide, Jr., 5113 Diversey Ave., Chicago.

WANTED: O-gage steam type Lionel loco, cars.—T. Kopp, 14 Wilcox St., Columbus, O.

I HAVE books, magazines, deep sea fishing equipt. to trade for ¼-in. scale equipt.—A. Neusser, 31-30 94th St., Jackson Heights, N. Y. City.

I OFFER timetables, "Railroad Stories," Milwaukee magazines for any O-gage loco.—C. Simon, R.D. 2, Box 43, Farley, Ia.

I HAVE catalogs to trade for O-gage loco.—J. Riordon, 1328 Juniper St., Washington, D. C.

WANTED: Ives strd.-gage steam type loco.—J. Brophy, 74 Andrew St., Kingston, N. Y.

DESIRE O-gage equipt. Offer coaster wagon or stamp collection.—T. Biel, 2233 S. Trumbull Ave., Chicago.

RAILROAD STORIES Reader's Choice
280 Broadway, New York City

Stories, features and departments I like in the March issue are:

1.....

2.....

3.....

4.....

5.....

6.....

7.....

Name.....

Occupation.....

Address.....

WANTED: ¼-in. scale running rail.—E. Jones, 305 E. 28th St., Houston, Texas.

WHAT offers for four ½-in. scale steam loco. drivers?—R. Kremer, 1070 Washington Ave., Bronx, N. Y. City.

I OFFER musical instruments for O-gage scale equipt.—R. Smith, 8529 Givins Court, Chicago.

WANTED: O-gage equipt. I offer Savage .22 rifle, various science and mechanical magazines.—G. White, 43 Crescent St., Keene, N. H.

TRADE blue print of 50-ton box car, model-making magazines, for 2 pr. Lionel O-gage couplers.—D. Martilla, Box 85, Oriska, N. Dak.

I OFFER scale pass. cars, Expo watch camera, 15-jewel Elgin watch, boat model. Want magic lantern, Ives No. 1122 loco. or Lionel 256 loco.—R. Jefferson, Box 71, Kenton, Mich.

WILL exchange various Erector parts, including Polar Cub motor, for 2½-in. gage railway equipt.—R. Sargent, W. Scarboro, Me.

WANTED: all types Lionel O-gage equipt. State Nos. and condition.—E. Fair, Box 4547 Oklahoma City, Okla.

WHAT offers for 14 sections Lionel strd.-gage track?—C. Harder, 692 14th Ave., Paterson, N. J.

I OFFER two air-conditioning machines with A. C. motors; want track, switches, etc., all O-gage.—J. Gold, 255 W. 122 St., N. Y. City.

WILL trade phonograph Pick-up (including motor), radio supplies, health lamp for modern Lionel strd.-gage equipt.—C. Preston, Box 484, Oakdale, La.

I WANT to trade my strd.-gage Lionel equipt. engine No. 385E. cars Nos. 515, 16, 13, 17 for O-gage Lionel equipt.—R. Perry, 54 Oak Grove Ave., Brattleboro, Vt.

* * *

CANADA

I HAVE horizontal steam engine and boiler, value $100, to trade for Lionel O-gage equipt.—A. Thurber, 19 Crown Bldg., Calgary, Alta.

* * *

I OFFER part 1-36 "Railway Wonders of the World" in exchange for O-gage locos and equipt.—A. McIntyre, 141 Komoka Apts., St. Paul Ave., Winnipeg, Man., Canada.

* * *

WANTED: Lionel O-gage loco. Nos. 260-E, 262-E, model builders' track, 800 series frt. cars, also steam loco. parts.—A. Gairn, Box 31, Port Nelson, Ont., Canada.

* * *

I HAVE many fiction magazines to trade for O-gage equipt.—S. Bunt, 728 2nd Ave. E., Owen Sound, Ont., Canada.

The Sunny Side of the Track

PROBLEM FOR CLAIM AGENT

THIS gem was actually sent to a railroad official by a woman whose name is not given in the "Letters" section of "Time" magazine, from which the gem is reprinted:

"Your train and engine had run over and killed my Nellie pig which I had bought last winter to raise me some pigs.

"My husband found a grave on your right of way about 300 yards east of R.R. crossing which leads to my fathers house. He dug it up and found my Nellie pig.

"My Nellie would have had pigs about the first of July. I wanted her so bad. My father owned her about 3 years and always 10 to 15 pigs. She was a very large animal and when in good flesh she would weigh 8 to nine hundred pounds. I wouldn't have parted with her for any price.

"I bought Nellie last Feby. I paid my father fifty dollars cash price and I had her bred and fed her all this time which is well worth $25.00 all this time, which would make her at the reasonable value of $75 to $100 dollars.

"If I could have that engineer by the head that run over my Nellie pig, I'd learn him better sense that he would never run over another animal again.

"My husband went to see your section foreman, he told my husband he didn't know how long the hog was laying there, but he buried my hog a week ago yesterday. My husband asked the section foreman why he did not notify him. Your section foreman said he didnt know who the hog belonged to, and wasnt his place to look up the owner.

"I'm very much surprised that you didnt notify me or at least my Father as you might of well known to come to my fathers place. Here you put me to all this bother hunting for my Nellie pig all this time and probably would never have found her if my husband wouldnt found the grave."

* * *

WHAT THE RAILROADS NEED

THE trouble with the railroads is, the ties aren't spaced right. We've been getting about the country a good bit lately, and the railroads haven't been much comfort. If you step on every tie, they're too close together; and if you take two at a stride, they're too far apart. The Government, if it takes over the roads, ought to give us ties spaced so a man can walk naturally.—New Yorker.

NOT A BAD IDEA

A NEW step toward railway comfort adopted in Japan would add gaiety to our travel if it were adopted in this country. In every station blackboards are provided on which an inscription states: "Passengers desiring to communicate with friends expected later are invited to write messages."

Here are some of the messages: "I waited half an hour, then took the 10.50 to Kyoto."

"Can't go today; please don't be angry."

"Have gone to restaurant, second floor."

Trouble is suggested by the note: "My husband returned. Come next week."

* * *

SAME REASON

PORTER: "Miss, your train is—" A precise passenger interrupted with: "My man, why do you say 'your train,' when you know it belongs to the railway company?"

Porter: "Dunno, Miss. Why do you say 'my man,' when you know I belong to my old woman?"—Canadian National Rys. Magazine.

* * *

THE HELPFUL BRAKIE

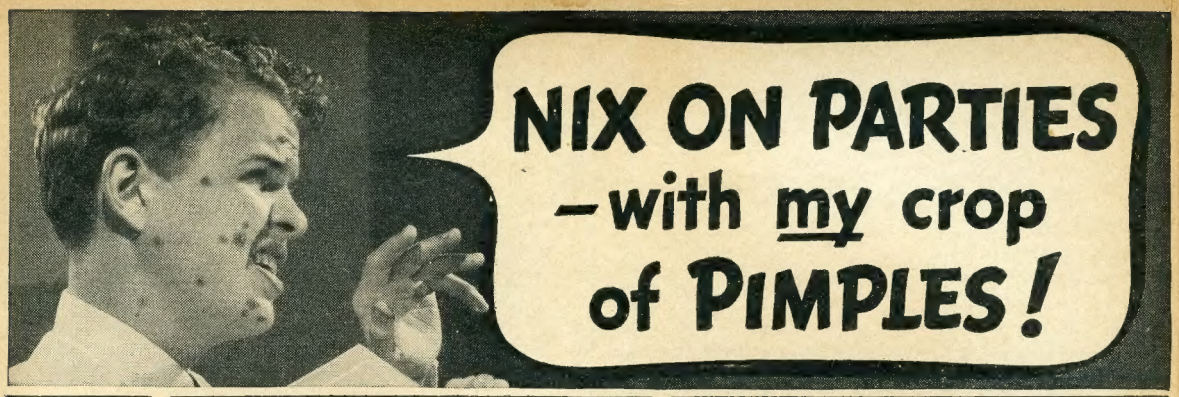
A CONDUCTOR and green brakie were in the caboose after slowly climbing a heavy grade. "Bud," said the con, "we sure had a hard pull that time, didn't we?"

Green brakie: "You're right, and if I hadn't set up five rear brakes I guess we'd 'a' drifted back."—Gilbert Fournier (ex-boomer), Auburn, Me.

* * *

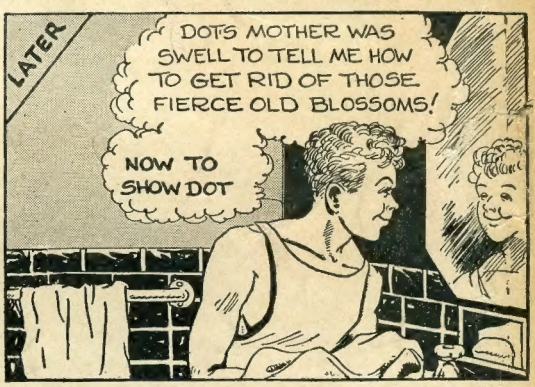
A NICE DISTINCTION

A STRING of thirteen freight cars stood in the Lackawanna yards at Buffalo. Several cars were loaded with shipments for the West and plainly were engaged in inter-state traffic. Two cars were empty, and consequently their movements were in intra-state commerce. A switchman assigned to distribute the cars on to the proper sidings fell off one of the empties and was killed. At that moment the empty cars had been uncoupled from the string, and for this reason the operation was held by court to be in intra-state commerce and the switchman's estate entitled to recover under the State Workmen's Compensation Law. Had the switchman been riding on one of the loaded cars his family would have had to resort to Federal jurisdiction.—N. Y. Sun.



BUT THERE IS HOPE FOR BILL

NEXT MORNING
WHY BILL, YOU OLD SILLY! DAN TOLD ME THE REAL REASON WHY YOU DIDN'T COME TO MY PARTY LAST NIGHT—AND MOTHER TOLD ME TO TELL YOU TO EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST!
I'LL SOCK DAN! BUT I GUESS I'D BETTER TRY THAT YEAST



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—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Don't let Adolescent Pimples kill YOUR dates

DURING THE YEARS following the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer—many young people have to fight pimples.

Important glands develop and final growth takes place during this time. This causes disturbances throughout the body The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Many doctors prescribe Fleischmann's Yeast for the correction of these adolescent pimples. It clears the skin irritants out of your blood. Then pimples disappear!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear Start today

Luckies
a light smoke
OF RICH, FULL-BODIED TOBACCO
LUCKY STRIKE
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE